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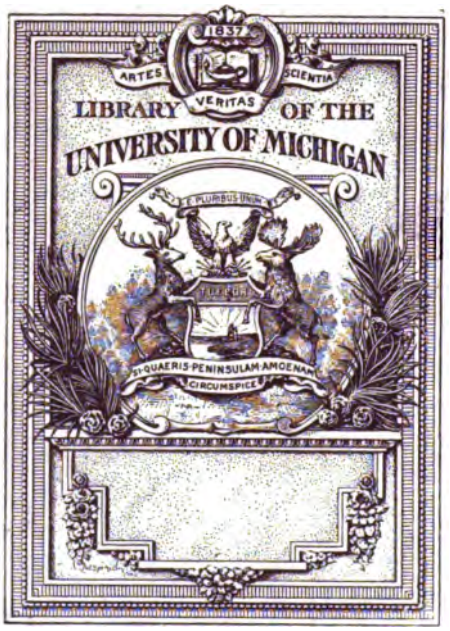
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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY 1860.

ART. I.—EDMOND ABOUT.

Ouvrages de M. About. Paris: Hachette, 1860.
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M. ABOUT is one of the cleverest of living Frenchmen. Perhaps, in his own way, he has no rival. No one in this generation has come so near the sprightliness, the worldly shrewdness, and the drollery of Voltaire. There are many passages in his tales which, without giving any painful sense of direct imitation, are almost to be ranked with *Candide* and *L'Ingénu*. Like Voltaire, M. About charms us not by direct sallies of witty writing so much as by happy turns of language and a certain well-bred impertinence of style. Like Voltaire, he has the art of treating impossible and fantastic incidents as if they were probable, and of carrying us along with a narrative that we laugh at ourselves for admitting as credible. He has the genius of dramatic construction, which enables Frenchmen alone of all people in the world to make any number of good acting plays out of the most miserable materials. Like Voltaire, too, he is fond of applying his sense and his wit to the questions of the day, and of treating political problems with that suggestive lightness which sometimes seems to open veins of rich and available thought, and sometimes invests the most serious affairs of life with an atmosphere of mockery. Unlike Voltaire, however, he never trades on the public appetite for polished licentiousness, and his books are unsoiled with any thing like coarseness. The day is also past in France when Scripture characters were considered to have principally existed that they might provide food for a neat

persiflage. Of course Frenchmen will be French, and M. About is not a devout Catholic; but his works contain little that need shock the legitimate susceptibility of a Protestant family. They are therefore well worth reading; for the language is excellent. They are very amusing, they are flavoured with too strong a common sense to be merely funny, and they illustrate a considerable section of the thoughts and feelings of modern France.

M. About's books, which are now growing tolerably numerous, may be divided into three classes. There are his lighter novels, which are pure romances of society, and which are telling because they are so well constructed and so admirably written; there are his more serious stories, and the books in which he has described his views on pictures and on the scenes through which he has travelled; and lastly, there are the two studies of current political topics, which he has published in the last year. We propose to say a few words on each of these classes of his works, to notice briefly their contents, and in some measure indicate what we think to be their value. But our object is to remind our readers what M. About has written, rather than to give any account of his works that could be thought to supersede a perusal of them. Where so much of the excellence of the composition depends on how the things are said, and not on what is said, the only way is to go to the books themselves. An abridgment of *Candide* would be a very dull and unsatisfactory substitute for the *Candide* of Voltaire.

The *Roi des Montagnes* is, we think, indisputably the best of M. About's lighter novels. It exhibits much more strikingly than any other his power of making the impossible probable, and of surprising us with the audacity and felicity of the language in which the fun and gaiety of the story are clothed. Many of our readers will remember that this king of the mountains is a brigand-chief named Hadji-Stavros, who is supposed to haunt the neighbourhood of Athens; that a young German and an English lady and her daughter fall into his clutches, whence the ladies are rescued by giving an order for their ransom on a banking-house in which the mamma is a partner, and where the brigand has fortunately an equal sum lodged; and that the German is rescued by an American, who first seizes on the brigand's daughter as a hostage, and then appears on the mountains with a revolver. The scenes that grow out of these incidents are in the highest degree comical. All is farce, and often the farce is sufficiently broad; but the language has a sustained counterfeit of gravity that gives the fun that quiet air which is necessary to make fun really enjoyable. The relations of Hadji-Stavros to the Greek government are the

groundwork of this fun. This brigand-chief is not only a popular hero, but a recognised ally of the government, having control of many members of the legislative body, and a good understanding with half the officers of the army. The contrast between western notions of a government and the Greek government, as represented by M. About, is the main source of our mirth. The position of a robber infinitely respected and much liked, with a regular band of soldiers, a daughter at a boarding-school, and a good balance at his banker's, and occupying a stronghold close to the capital, seems ludicrously incredible, until the good-humoured simplicity and cheerful truthfulness of the story gradually persuades us to accept Hadji-Stavros as the most natural and probable person in the world.

The young German, who tells the tale, hears of Hadji-Stavros before he sees him: and thus the opportunity is given for a sketch of the hero's career. The master of the house where the German lodges, in Athens, is prevailed on to narrate what he knows of the past life of the man whom he, in common with nine-tenths of the Athenians, sincerely reveres. No Greek, in fact, objects very much, says M. About, to a Greek robbing him: "Un Grec dépouillé par ses frères se dit avec une certaine résignation que son argent ne sort pas de famille." Of course there is an attitude of protest preserved, but the protest is of the feeblest kind. The native moralists complain of robbers as a father complains of the follies of his son. He scolds aloud, but loves the boy all the better secretly, and would be very sorry his lad should resemble "le fils du voisin, qui n'a jamais fait parler de lui." There was therefore no reason, in public opinion, why the Athenian should not tell the story of Hadji-Stavros without unfriendly criticism. Hadji-Stavros, he said, was the son of a priest of the isle of Tino. He was born Heaven knows in what year: the Grecks of the good old time never knew their age, for registers "are an invention of the period of decadence." He made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return was taken by a pirate and forced to turn sailor: "it was thus he began to make war on the vessels of the Turks, and generally on all those that had no cannons on board." At last he determined to set up for himself, and the beginning of the Greek insurrection afforded him an opening. "He never exactly knew whether he was a brigand or an insurgent, nor whether he was in command of robbers or partisans. All money was good in his eyes, whether it came from friends or enemies, from simple theft or glorious pillage." At this epoch every thing Greek, and Hadji-Stavros among the rest, was looked at *en beau*. "Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him, and the poets and rhetoricians of Paris compared him to *Epaminondas, et même à ce pauvre Aristide.*"

But a great misfortune overtook him. Peace was made, and he heard dimly whispered such ominous words as a government, an army, and public security. He laughed heartily when informed that his property was comprised in a *sous-préfecture*, but he became serious when the tax-gatherer appeared. He kicked that functionary from his door, and retired to the mountains; and thinking the proper time was come, he determined to marry. He married "a rich heiress of one of the best families of Laconia," but his wife died after presenting him with a daughter. Thenceforth he only lived for this child; and in order to give her a royal dowry, he "studied the question of money, learnt to speculate, watched the rise and fall of the funds, and made his band of robbers into a joint-stock company." He travelled widely; and it was during a stay in England that the sight of an election for a rotten borough in Yorkshire "inspired him with profound reflections on the nature and advantages of constitutional government." He came back determined to work the institutions of his country to his profit. "He burnt a fair quantity of villages to please the Opposition, and then destroyed as many in the interest of the Conservative party." At last his influence was so great that he had thirty deputies who were his passive tools. A celebrated minister considered it worth while to buy him once for all with a magnificent offer. They met in a most friendly way, and the minister offered him a full amnesty for him and his, a brevet of general of division, the title of senator, and ten thousand hectares of forest-land as a free gift. The brigand hesitated, but at last refused. "It is too late," he said, "for me, at my age, to change my way of living. I should go to sleep in the Senate, and should be apt, from mere force of habit, to shoot my soldiers if I saw them in the uniform I have so often attacked."

The character of Hadji-Stavros is well kept up throughout the book, and he has a wild and savage nobleness, and assumes a comic air of superiority to every thing else in Greece, which warms our sympathies as we go on. He reaches his climax in a passage in which he sketches an ideal of brigandage, which old age alone prevents him from realising. "I would give much," he says, "to be young once more, and to be only fifty years old. I dream of a new organisation of brigandage, without disorder, turbulence, or noise; but I have no one to second me. I should like to have an exact census of all the inhabitants of the kingdom, with an approximative estimate of all their property, movable and immovable. A recognised agent at each port would inform me of the intended route, and, so far as possible, of the fortune, of every traveller who landed; and thus I should know what each person ought to give me, and I should not be liable to ask too much or too little. I would establish

on each road a staff of neat *employés*, well educated and well clothed; for, after all, what is the good of disgusting one's clients by a repulsive aspect and a ruffianly air? I have seen thieves in France and England dressed with the most consummate elegance, and they did their business just as well." This seems to us to go beyond the ordinary region of French wit, and to rise to the level of the humour of *Gil Blas*. The chief then develops further his great idea: "I should exact from all my subordinates the greatest refinement of manners, especially from those employed in the department of arrests. For prisoners of distinction I would have comfortable and airy dwellings, with gardens attached. And do not suppose this would fall heavily on their purses. Quite the contrary. If every traveller who landed in the kingdom necessarily fell into my hands, I could afford to tax each individual at an insignificant figure. Let every native and every traveller merely give me one-quarter per cent on the sum total of his fortune, and I should gain by the arrangement." But two objections may be urged; and the reply to these objections is the cream of the whole speech. It may be said that this imposition would be very unjust, and that it would be illegal. Hadji-Stavros disposes of both these grounds of complaint. "Brigandage, under my system, would only be a tax on the circulation; it would be a just tax, for it would be proportioned; and it would be a normal tax, for it has been levied ever since the heroic ages. Nay, if necessary, we might simplify the thing by arranging a yearly subscription: for such a sum down natives should get a safe conduct, and strangers a *visa* on their passports. Then you say that, according to the terms of the constitution, such a tax could not be imposed without the vote of the two chambers. Ah, my dear sir, if I only had the time, I would buy the whole Senate, and would have every deputy returned to please me. The law would pass at once; and, if desirable, it would be easy to create a minister of highways." A specimen in English of a French book is not worth much, but there are little bits in this description which are striking even when translated. The calmness and virtue, the equity and impartiality, of the hoary old sinner are delightful, with his talk about his clients, his refined *employés*, and his proportional taxes. Fielding has given us something of the same sort in *Jonathan Wild*, and his satire is bitterer and fiercer; but there is a neatness and plausibility in M. About's brigand which amuses and pleases us more.

The most ludicrous scene in *Le Roi des Montagnes* is one, perhaps, in which the *gendarmes* of Athens are sent in pursuit of the brigands. The English lady is triumphant, and thinks

that the hour of her release is come, and that the odious necessity of paying a ransom will be avoided. She is soon undeceived. Pericles, the captain of the soldiers, is not only on excellent terms with Hadji-Stavros, but is a shareholder in the great robber joint-stock company. The friends meet each other with the warmest greeting, and talk at once with great candour over the affair in hand. They only dispute as to which is to have the best in the great imaginary battle, of which Pericles is to send a flaming report to the government. Pericles claims that he should be stated to have the best of it, as he wishes to have a decoration given him. The brigand says that this is rather too much, as it was he who had just made Pericles a captain. "But," replies Pericles, "it is for your interest that you should be said to be defeated, for then confidence will be restored, and travellers will again begin to go over the country." "Yes," answers Hadji-Stavros; "but if I am said to be defeated, the funds will rise, and I am speculating for a fall." When this is settled, the brigand asks for ten men out of the *gendarmes* as recruits to his band. This is considered a great promotion for them, and Pericles interests himself for a favourite. "He has no chance of rising in the regular way," says Pericles; "but if you let him distinguish himself in your troop, the government will offer to bribe him back, and so he will get his step in six months." When it is known that Hadji-Stavros will accept ten recruits, the anxiety to be among those selected gives rise to much unpleasant feeling. More particularly, we are told that "two or three graybeards said openly, that the promotion was made too much by pure favour, and that there was a shameful disregard of the claims of seniority." This demand of the veterans to have the length of their service in the regular force taken into consideration when recruiting is going on for the brigand troop is an admirable touch of humour. Pericles tells Hadji-Stavros that the guard in charge of treasure is to pass at a particular time through a particular defile; and the brigand hastens to intercept it, leaving the *gendarmes* to take care of the English ladies and their German companion. Before leaving, he charges Pericles to take every precaution against the escape of prisoners whose ransom was likely to be so considerable. "You need not fear," replies Pericles, "I am a shareholder." Hadji-Stavros had just encouraged him by announcing that the year's dividend per share would be eighty-two per cent. The expedition against the guard of the treasure turns out unfortunately, and three of the recruits are killed. When the King of the Mountains returns with this bad news, Pericles is seriously alarmed. That three of his soldiers should be found attacking a royal convoy seems,

even to him, rather strong. But the consequences he apprehends are of a peculiar kind. What he fears is, that he shall not be invited to the next court ball. "See," says Hadji-Stavros, in confidence to the German, "this is a Greek of to-day; I am a Greek of yesterday; and the newspapers say we are in a state of progress."

By the side of the description of the King of the Mountains occurs the more purely farcical description of the English ladies, Mrs. Barley and Mary Ann. They are very like the usual English people of French comedy, the *Anglais pour rire*, who give some delight to Frenchmen, and such unbounded amusement to Englishmen, in the minor theatres of Paris. The mamma confines her observations to repeating that she and her daughter are Englishwomen, and that they are not to be so treated; that she will write to Lord Palmerston and the *Times*, and have the Mediterranean fleet despatched to Athens at once, unless she has every thing her own way. She writes a letter to her brother about the money to be paid for her ransom, and ends by saying, "It is monstrous that two Englishwomen, citizens of the greatest empire of the world, should be reduced to eat their roast meat without mustard and pickles, and to drink plain water like the commonest kind of fish." This purely farcical element in M. About's books does not make them less amusing, but it brings them to a lower level. We see that, in order to produce an effect, he is satisfied to deal out a very hackneyed and exaggerated kind of wit to his minor characters. These jokes in a French novel are about as witty as if a Frenchman in an English novel were always asking for frogs. We cannot help laughing at Mrs. Barley; but the difference between the wit involved in portraying an English lady always boasting of her country, and always demanding mustard and pickles, and the wit that shines through the elaborate creation of Hadji-Stavros is immense, and makes us feel that M. About, if he often works with very fine tools, also often works with very coarse ones.

Of the other comic novels of M. About, the best and most amusing is, we think, *Trente et Quarante*. There is less brilliancy in the writing than in the *Roi des Montagnes*, and there is none of the local colouring and truthfulness of description in the midst of exaggeration; but there is almost, if not quite, as much skilfulness in handling the improbable, and in keeping the reader in an imaginary world so like the real as to produce the illusion that, after all, the story is not so unnatural. In *Trente et Quarante* there is a Captain Bitterlin, a remnant of the *grande armée*, a thoroughly pig-headed, parvenu, vain, prejudiced old soldier. Like most old soldiers in romance, the

Captain has an only daughter, lovely, romantic, and named Emma. An Italian refugee sees her and falls in love with her at first sight, and she returns his passion. But as her father considers all women deserve distrust, and require to be kept in the closest imprisonment, it is hard for the lovers to meet. The young lady's health fails, as the health of most young ladies would fail who were locked up for a fortnight at a time, with a lover outside the door and a suspicious father inside. The old officer determines to take his daughter on a little tour, and they set off for Switzerland. The lover manages to ascertain the time of starting, and takes a place in the same carriage. They journey on, and he goes with them. The Captain has no suspicion that this young Italian is his daughter's lover; but he gets dreadfully bored with the ardent affection the stranger shows for him, and the determination with which he sticks to the same route. They at last approach Baden, and the young Italian announces his intention of going there. The Captain breaks out into a violent anathema against gambling in the presence of a large party. They laugh at him, and tell him that if he went to Baden, he would gamble too. He indignantly denies this, and offers to go to Baden, to show the strength of his powers of resistance. The Italian goes first, and has two or three nights of varied fortune. He is sitting at the table playing *trente et quarante*, with twenty francs before him, which was all he had left, when suddenly he sees M. Bitterlin. In terror lest the father of Emma should set him down as a gambler, he gets up from his seat, and leaves his francs behind him. M. Bitterlin sees them, and thinks that, at least, he ought to return them to the young stranger, bore and gambler as he is. But just as he is about to take them up, he finds twenty more francs added to them. The Italian had left them staked on the black, and the black has won. Not understanding what has happened, M. Bitterlin leaves the forty francs where they are, and again black wins. A strange run of luck soon makes these francs mount to so large a pile that they exceed what is allowed to be staked. M. Bitterlin is requested to take from the heap six thousand francs, which is the maximum stake. He complies, and half dazzled by the marvel of such a sudden influx of wealth, and half interested in the game, he stakes on and on until he breaks the bank, and rises with a hundred and twenty thousand francs in his pocket. The lover hears what has happened, and rushes off by the next train to Paris. The old captain is in agony until he can restore this large sum to the rightful owner, and hurries after him. After a long search, he finds the Italian, who flatly refuses to take the money. A strong altercation ensues, and at last the Italian says that he

can see only one way in which the affair can be arranged, and that is, that he should marry Emma, and thus there would be no question as to the ownership of the money; but he entirely declines to accept her. The captain is furious, and asks him what he means by refusing his daughter. The Italian declines any explanation, and a duel is arranged. On the ground, one of the seconds of the Italian steps forward and says, that if no terms can be agreed on, the duel must proceed; but that the honour of Mdlle. Bitterlin is compromised, and that, as the Italian's death would not clear her, it would be much better he should behave as a man of honour and agree to marry her, instead of fighting her father. After much pretended hesitation, he agrees; and then all the seconds declare that the captain is bound by the arrangement, and that he must give his daughter to the Italian. He assents at last, under the hope that the worst punishment he can inflict on his adversary is to make him marry against his will, and because he is attracted by the pleasure of forcing a husband on his daughter against her will. Thus the young people get their own way, and *trente et quarante* lands them in a happy marriage.

A story of this kind bears exactly the same relation to real life as the old comedy of the days of Charles II. The incidents are so droll, and the characters all seem so sure of themselves, and so convinced that they can do what they represent themselves as doing, that we allow them to have their fling, and keep our doubts as to their possibility and respectability to ourselves. We no more think of criticising the principles and conduct of this young Italian than of being severe on the Mirabels and Wildloves of the Restoration drama. In real life this Italian would have played a very scurvy trick on a man who meant to act honourably by him, and have started on his married life with the pleasant knowledge that he had won his wife by getting several strangers to declare her honour compromised; but the whole thing is too absurd and extravagant to let such criticism appear any thing but inapplicable prudery. The machinery by which this air of false and exceptional probability is created is exactly the same in the old comedy and in M. About's story. The secret of it all is to give very minute details of each scene that is presented, and boldly to leap over all the links that ought to connect one scene with another. While we attend to the proceedings of Captain Bitterlin at any one point of his career, he seems to be doing only what is natural, as every thing is described so easily and consecutively that there appears hardly any thing else for him to do but what he does; and we are so much amused with him, that we do not care to wait and ask ourselves how he moves from one point to another. There is

nothing instructive or elevating in such reading, but we are kept in a state of great merriment throughout the volume; and as novels are written to amuse, they must be held to succeed when they amuse, provided that the character of the amusement is not positively wrong. It deserves to be noticed in M. About's favour that here the comparison of his story with the old dramatists is to his advantage; for the reckless intrigues of the Restoration heroes are much more condemnable than the artifice of a lover to decoy a selfish and prejudiced father into giving his daughter to a man whom she loves. There is also much less connection between the imaginary scene and the conduct in real life of those who study it. A spectator of Farquhar may be induced to imitate Mirabel in a very matter-of-fact way, but no reader of M. About's book would think of getting an intended father-in-law to break the bank at Baden.

Germaine is, we think, the least pleasing of all M. About's stories. It has the great fault of containing elements too tragic for the style in which it is written, and it probes the plague-spots of society too deeply. The story turns on the disappointment undergone by a certain Madame Chermidy in her efforts to legitimate her son, who is the offspring of an intrigue with a Neapolitan count. She hits on the amazing artifice of getting her lover to marry a girl in the last stage of consumption, and of having it declared in the act of marriage that the boy is the child of this young lady. Germaine, who is the victim, consents on condition of a large sum being paid to her parents to relieve them from the miserable poverty into which the folly of the Duke, her father, brought them. The count marries Germaine and takes her to Corfu, where the warm climate does her so much good, that Madame Chermidy fears that her plot will be turned against her, and that she will have only succeeded in giving herself a rival in the count's affections. To make matters safe, she sends a *forçat* to hasten Germaine's end by poison. But he gives Germaine minute doses of arsenic, and this is the very best remedy she could have; so that the more she is poisoned the better she is. Irritated by this new failure, Madame Chermidy comes herself to Corfu; and there, quarrelling with her *forçat*, she is assassinated by him. This is much too painful a subject for a light story, and comic writing is out of place when it is employed to lighten the horrors of poisoning, poniarding, and adultery. The difficulty of getting a plot which shall be interesting and exciting, and yet not too serious and horrible for a pleasant, gossiping treatment, is very considerable when the story is to be carried to any length. When the story is short, it is sufficient to take one little foible or one curious coincidence as the theme. The volume called *Mariages de Paris*, in which M. About has col-

lected a series of *feuilletons* originally published in the *Moniteur*, is accordingly much better reading than *Germaine*. One of these stories, *La Mère de la Marquise*, may serve as an example. A *bourgeoise* is intensely anxious to get a footing in the Faubourg St. Germain, and looks out for a noble husband for her daughter as the readiest means of effecting her purpose. A live marquis comes in her way, and she books him. She takes him down to her country place, and the marriage is celebrated; but on the wedding-night she learns that he hates Paris, and intends to live in the country. Determined not to be frustrated, she decoys the bride into a carriage, and elopes with her to Paris. The story then turns on the arts and the resolution with which she keeps the wife from the husband, and of the determination of the marquis not to yield. He wins in the long-run; for one day the mamma makes too long a call, and when she gets back she finds that her son-in-law has run off with her daughter. This is a very slight framework for a story; but the tale has the great merit of resting on a foible and not a crime, and so, as it is well told, it is a very agreeable provision for an idle half-hour.

Comic novelists, we may remark in passing, naturally select exaggerated and special types among their countrymen as the best material for fun, and thus often give the impression that the faults and failings which they and their countrymen most laugh at in others prevail widely among themselves. If there are two failings which are more widely attributed to the English than all others, they are want of courtesy and tuft-hunting. We Englishmen are always ready to confess our faults from a sublime feeling that no confession of faults can reduce us to the level of the rest of the world; and we may therefore say openly that we think the accusation is true, and that John Bull on his travels does sometimes treat the natives like the vermin he considers them, and that he dearly loves a lord. But in no English novel, nor in any representation of English people, have we ever met with the description of a traveller so brutal, so insolent, and so domineering, as Captain Bitterlin, or any lover of rank so frantically anxious to be noticed by aristocrats as the mother of the marchioness. Either they do these things more thoroughly in France, or M. About must have been drawing on his imagination, to the great disadvantage and discredit of his countrymen and countrywomen. We suspect that he is only painting what he has often seen in real life, and that Captain Bitterlin and the mother of the marchioness have very many counterparts within a mile of the Louvre. It does not therefore follow that we ought to consider the French discourteous and slavishly fond of rank; it only follows that the types set up by comic novelists should not be too widely generalised, and that we should be

prepared to regard them as exceptions until we know them to be susceptible of a larger application.

M. About, however, has written in a very different style. *Tolla* is as quiet and unaffected as it is sad. It was one of the earliest of M. About's writings, and is certainly one of his best. The story is based on a small volume which circulated chiefly, we believe, if not entirely, in private hands in Italy. The materials thus provided him forced him to be grave; and he had the taste not to spoil good tragedy with bad comedy. The ease and brevity with which the story is told contribute greatly to the effect it produces. But its chief charm is, that it gives us two pictures, both new, and both, so far as they go, complete. It represents the course of a love where the lover is very unworthy of his mistress, and it represents the daily life of the aristocracy of Rome. Unworthy lovers have, it is true, been painted before; but the particular shade of unworthy lover that appears in *Tolla* is new, and Roman life was wholly unbroken ground in fiction.

Tolla is the daughter of a poor count, and Lello is the cadet of a rich princely house. They love, and nothing stands in their way except the ambition of Lello's relations and his own weakness. He is really in love, and has a general wish to act honourably by Tolla; but he has all the small caution, the narrow egotism, and the calculating timidity of a thorough fool. Tolla, on the other hand, loves heartily, freely, and thoroughly, will hear no word of blame against Lello, and insists on thinking him perfection. It is this contrast between the nobleness of the girl and the meanness of the man, coupled with the sad fate which sacrifices the noble and preserves the mean, that gives its chief interest to the story; and even if M. About did not invent the contrasted characters, the details of the delineation are all his, and it is by a number of little touches that the general impression is conveyed. At first Lello will not acknowledge his love. He thinks it a masterpiece of cleverness not to commit himself or her. He sees the obstacles he shall have to encounter, and for her sake as well as his own he resolves to love her at a distance. "He considered he had won the greatest victory over himself when he had addressed Tolla in the most passionate language without ever telling her that he loved her. He made it a sort of religious duty with himself to withhold this avowal, although he lavished the equivalent on her every moment. When he got back home, he said to himself, 'I have saved two souls.' Really he had only saved himself the trouble of uttering three words." Even those three words are uttered at last, but only after the greatest irresolution on the part of Lello. He consents to give a formal promise to marry her, provided the engagement is kept secret from his family. Tolla persuades her parents to

consent to this, and they are engaged. The approach of the cholera renders it necessary that the count's family should leave Rome, and Lello thus spends only one evening with his *fiancée*. The happiness of Tolla culminates in this evening, a balmy, lovely evening in an Italian summer. As we read the story, we scarcely stop to notice the art with which this evening-scene is let into the framework of the story. For a few hours Tolla is happy, and Lello is not very unworthy of her. The count and countess are at hand rejoicing in the happiness of their daughter, while she and her lover wander among the shrubs, inhaling the sweet scents and the cool air, and talking over the plans of their future life. Even, however, in this hour of romance the difference between the romantic and the unromantic heart is permitted to appear; and we are reminded that Lello and Tolla are essentially unlike, when we find Tolla drawing a picture of herself and her husband living in a country home and showering blessings on the peasants around them, and Lello interrupting her to boast that they will eclipse all their friends and acquaintance at balls and suppers.

The lovers separate, and writing is substituted for talking. Tolla covers sheet after sheet with the outpourings of her love; but Lello is unaccustomed to composition, and finds letter-writing a great bore. He has, however, one subject of real interest: the state of his own health and the ravages of the cholera supply a theme on which he can write with some ease to the lady of his love. It is characteristic both of the man and of the country to which he belongs, that he sends Tolla the most minute directions as to what she is to do in case she is troubled with any choleraic symptoms. A hurried meeting at length brings the lovers face to face, and then for the first time Tolla thinks him less than perfect. In fact, he is so guarded and so stupid, that he cannot manage to talk to her about any thing but the silliest town gossip; on which she very naturally remarks, that if that was all he had to say, it was hardly worth while to risk so much to see her. "When will you dare to love me openly?" she exclaims. "You do not love me;" and she turns suddenly, and rides away. But absence restores the charm to her; and she has no sooner parted than she thinks she has been unjust to Lello, and writes him a pretty letter, full of warm-hearted tenderness, and humbly begging his pardon. "Thou hast thy manner of loving, and I have mine," she writes. "Let us not ask which is the best; only let us love." Lello replies that he loves her devotedly, but that he loves her as he ought to love her, and keeps his love at the bottom of his heart invisible from the world. He had a thousand things to say to her; but there were witnesses at the interview, and he was tongue-

tied. Particularly there was a passage in one of her former letters which she had underlined, and he could not quite make out why she had done so. This he would certainly have asked her to explain, only that, just as he was about to begin, he felt somebody was looking at him. After a few more assurances of affection, he ends his letter by telling her that his stomach is a little out of order, and that he could wish he was fatter; but that otherwise he is very well. At first, the character of Lello seems unnatural and contemptible; but gradually, as M. About works up a series of little touches, to make us understand the puerility, the emptiness, and the confiding folly which is produced in the higher classes by such a government as that of Rome, we come to think that Lello was probably like a good many of his neighbours.

It is not perhaps so unfair as it might seem to make Tolla so superior to Lello, although both are exposed to the same influence of ecclesiastical society. Even though the atmosphere may be unwholesome, the domestic piety enforced by the childish surveillance of the priest sits naturally on a woman; whereas a man, treated as a baby, and not allowed to think or act, gets debased and imbecile in the midst of the most religious world. The difference between the betrothed is carried out even in their religion. Tolla is anxious that Lello should be more piously disposed, and she engages him to pray. Lello, with the sickly sentimentalism that is the certain accompaniment of emasculated virtue, immediately goes beyond her, and demands that they shall have the same confessor. "We shall then have all in common,—even our sins," he says. But evil rumours are spread that he is secretly married to Tolla, and he becomes very much alarmed. He falls more than ever under the guidance of his family, and at length consents to accompany his brother on a visit to England. When Tolla's family hear this, they are justly indignant. Lello is summoned to a solemn family session, where the pictures of all the Feraldi are uncovered; and the count, after a speech of grave reproach, gives back Lello his troth. Lello indignantly refuses; he cannot for a moment think of losing Tolla. We are constantly reminded that Lello really loves Tolla with all the strength of his feeble mind, and in the depths of his shallow heart. M. About has not set himself to draw the common and easy portrait of a flirting deceiver, but the much more subtle traits of a character naturally affectionate and honest, but debilitated by the oppressive pettiness of the system under which he is living. He hears the count to the end of a second speech, in which he is told that he must either give up Tolla at once, or make a promise so deliberate, so solemn, and so sacred, that there can be no receding from it. The mode in which the

conflict of his mind is decided is one of those touches which makes us feel that M. About is a writer of real power. Lello is stupefied at first, and the very solemnity of the occasion makes him more timid and childish than ever. He begins to count mechanically the flowers of the carpet, without daring to raise his eyes. At last he raises them so as to catch the sight, not of Tolla's face, but of her hands. The poor, thin, white hands set him thinking of all the past happiness he had enjoyed. They had so often pressed his lovingly; the fingers had been so often raised in mirthful rebuke or pretended anger. They had been placed on his lips to make him keep quiet. The left hand still bore the ring which he had placed there in one of the sweetest hours of his life. The sight of these dear hands, rendered almost transparent by anxiety and sorrow, decided him; and he said with a firm and resolved voice, "I swear."

Unfortunately, however, after he had received from Tolla the sacred kiss of his second betrothal, and had returned home, he found tailors and lace-makers awaiting him to measure him for a court-suit. As he did not like to enter with such people on the reason that had now decided him not to leave Rome, he allowed them to go on with their business, and take his measure. He soon got interested in a matter so important; and the cut, length, and decoration of his court-coat soon occupied the whole of a mind that had just been full of the thought of Tolla. Of course he finds that he cannot give up his journey, and announces to Tolla that he must go to England. The poor girl has no other resource except to make him renew his useless oaths, and shave off his moustache, which, she thinks, would do something towards removing the temptation to make love to him, which she is sure all the women who see him must feel. He desires that she shall enter a convent until his return, and she consents. He sets off; and the tidings that reach her in her prison become more and more gloomy, as Lello gets more and more mixed up with the dissipations of foreign capitals. At last he sends her a letter, saying that all hopes of their marriage must be at an end, unless her father can persuade Lello's relatives to consent. The count is furious at this, and goes to consult an uncle of his, who is a cardinal, as to what he ought to do. What follows is one of the most curious parts of the story, and, to persons entirely unfamiliar with Rome, seems almost incredible. The cardinal gives it as his opinion, that since Lello had used an oath in pledging his fidelity to Tolla, and had called God to witness, the matter belonged properly to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical police, and the proper thing to do was to appeal to the cardinal-vicar. The petition of the count to the cardinal-vicar is set out in full, and it has the oddest effect to

see all the incidents of the novel recapitulated in official language. English readers, who are not much affected by the oratory of petitions, will naturally wonder what on earth the cardinal-vicar can be asked to do, and what practical result the petition can be meant to have. We find that the object is to get the cardinal-vicar to explain to the head of Lello's family that, under the circumstances, it is a Christian duty to sanction the marriage. The petition is successful. The cardinal-vicar thinks that it is decidedly a case for his interference. He sends for Lello's uncle; but, alas, Christian duty is a game at which two sides can play. The uncle assents to all his most reverend eminence says, but reveals to him that Lello's father on his death-bed had forbidden the marriage. It was a Christian duty to make Manuel respect his oath, and it was a Christian duty to respect the wishes of the dead; and in this conflict of Christian duties it was impossible to take such a decided step as arranging the marriage. The cardinal-vicar is perfectly overwhelmed with the nicety of the moral problem submitted to him, and writes to Count Feraldi to say that he can do nothing. This is poor Tolla's death-blow, and she fades away like a lily. After her death, all Rome agrees that she is a heroine and a saint, and every one is full of her wrongs. Lello is struck with a kind of milk-and-water remorse, and remains unmarried for the sake of the departed one.

Tolla is a very remarkable story, and is rich in delineation of character, which, quite apart from the materials on which the story is based, would strike us as excellent. But its peculiar charm lies in its portraiture of Roman society and Roman family life, and this must have been the fruit of long and keen observation. M. About has worked very hard before he has produced his best novels; and it so happens, that he has written two books which show how closely he observed, how many facts he collected, and how many persons of all ranks he talked to, before he tried to give the cream of his experience in fiction. *La Grèce contemporaine* gives the serious side of *Le Roi des Montagnes*, and *La Question Romaine* gives the political application of *Tolla*. We are glad to have these more elaborate productions from M. About's pen, not only for their own sake, but because they show that good stories do not come by chance, and that what seem slight touches are really due to a lively appreciation, whether consciously attained or not, of a great variety of facts. *La Grèce contemporaine* is a pleasant book, full of pleasant information, and is as interesting as any book about so uninteresting a country as modern Greece can be. M. About has also published a volume of art-criticism, which is elaborate and sensible, and shows that he has studied the works

of many different schools with a wish to form an independent judgment, and a desire to understand by patient examination the relative merits of great painters. Generally, the comic novelist is not much given to study. In this country the most he ordinarily does is to look into some odd volumes at the British Museum, and to work up his discoveries into what is called a Tale of Manners. But M. About distinguishes himself from the tribe, not only because his comedy is light, refined, and sparkling, but also because he goes through a considerable amount of serious work, and does what he does thoroughly. In one instance, indeed, he appears to us to have victimised his readers to his own appetite for useful information. In a novel called *Maître Pierre* he gives an account of the improvements which are being gradually introduced into the cultivation of the barren *landes* of France. It is very proper, of course, that an intelligent Frenchman should interest himself in a subject so important to his country; but the statistics of the proposed improvements are very dry work. They are even made more dry by the introduction of a sort of faint story, and by the constant intervention of Maître Pierre, one of those marvellously sagacious and self-denying peasants whom George Sand loves to draw. For once, we must own, M. About has taken up a subject, and failed to make it attractive. To that large portion of the English public that does not much care to know how the waste-lands of France are reclaimed, the value of *Maître Pierre* is principally to show that the author is a painstaking man, and that therefore the facts which he brings into more entertaining books may be relied on with tolerable confidence.

M. About must have been amply rewarded for all the labour he had ever undergone when the time came for him to write and publish *La Question Romaine*. It is seldom that an author has a subject exactly to suit, almost entirely new, and capable of being treated so as to gratify all his tastes and display all his powers; it is equally seldom that such a book is the book that every one wants and is looking for, and that it immediately exercises a direct and conspicuous political influence. M. About's volume was a real triumph. It gave the world unanswerable reasons for the denunciation of the temporal power of the Pope; it gave these reasons in a way that forced the most lazy to read, and the most stupid to laugh; it gave the author an opportunity of settling a score with the priests, which must have gone to the heart of a Voltairian; and it bore rich fruit at once, and acted on the public opinion of Europe so strongly as to make the violent restoration of the Romagna to the Pope simply impossible. It was a success such as Voltaire used to win in the height of his reputation, and it was a success won very much in the manner in which Voltaire would have won

Substantially, M. About's work is after the manner of Voltaire; but a century has altered the fashion of writing, and the taste of the present age demands that controversial essays should present features that were not thought of when Voltaire wrote. In order to smash the position of his adversary, we now ask that a writer should tell us what he considers to be the facts of the case. We want to see that he knows what he is talking about. We like epigrams, but cannot consent to be entirely governed by them. The epigrammatist must first make out a case which would be tolerably satisfactory in the hands of a dry statistician; he must not deal wholly in philosophical generalities, or merely introduce a few casual statements that have the air of being invented. This necessity for building wit on exact observation just suits M. About. It is the turn of his mind to be inventive in language, but not in thought. He must have a good basis for fiction and smart writing supplied to him from some extraneous source, and then he is at home. He is not a man of deep thought or fertile imagination; but he knows that facts are not to be got at without trouble, and that they are not convincing unless stated in considerable detail. He works hard, and states fully. This habit of mind, which led him to write the conscientious but wearisome tale of *Maître Pierre*, stood him in excellent stead when he had to deal with a question of current politics. He does not let off the papal government with a few ineffective generalities. He gives facts, very minute, very systematic, and very convincing. He goes thoroughly into the real, every-day, prosaic results of priestly government. He examines the amount, in hectares, of land that is wasted by being held in mortmain. He calculates exactly how much the papal revenue costs to collect. He gives an elaborate table to show the fortunes of the Roman nobles. When he has to tell us that there are some clever and eminent laymen even in Rome, he gives us the names of the leading sculptors, painters, and engravers. It is this detail that carries us with him. It makes us feel, not only that we laugh at his bidding, but that he has a right to bid us to laugh. He has personally travelled over almost every part of the Roman territory. He can give us a local reference for every assertion, and he has seen the greater part of what he describes. His book, therefore, ended the question whether the papal government was a decent and a tolerable government, and left only the question unsettled whether, however bad, it must be endured.

There is also another difference between Voltaire and M. About. It was the task of M. About to show up the priests, to make them ridiculous, and to put them out of the pale of serious discussion. This would have been an office that Voltaire

would have had as keen a pleasure in fulfilling as any one who ever breathed. But he would have gone to work in a manner that is considered quite inadmissible at the present day: he would have scoffed at the religion of the priests even more than at their follies, and would have merged his attack on the papal government in a general denunciation of Christianity. The times have changed, and M. About admirably represents the change. There is not a word in his book that can be construed into an attack on Christianity. He does not indulge in fierce sarcasms against priests and every thing priestly; he merely treats them good humouredly, as if he were on a level much above that which they occupy, and they afforded him amusement by the pranks and follies they were kind enough to exhibit. He does not insult them, he merely makes fun of them. He gives his sentences a hundred little turns which serve to remind us how infinitely a man of the world is superior to such a creature as a Roman monk. He affixes to them a character of imbecility and of the most grotesque meanness; and he thus creates an impression which is more adverse to ecclesiastical government than any which could be produced by the most savage and sustained attack.

There is a good instance of the treatment of religious questions adopted by M. About in a description he gives of the feast of St. Anthony, as celebrated by the peasants in the neighbourhood of Rome. There is no expression that can exactly be objected to, and yet the result is to make the popular religion seem intensely silly. He tells us that if we wish to estimate rightly the zeal and simplicity of these peasants, we must watch them on a feast-day. Men, women, and children, all run to the church; a carpet of flowers is strewn on the road, and joy beams on every countenance. You ask what it can be that causes this. It is the feast of St. Anthony. The mass is chanted and music played in honour of St. Anthony. A procession is organised to fête the saint: the little boys disguise themselves as angels; the men put on the habit of their societies. Here are the peasants of the Heart of Jesus, here those of the Name of Mary, here the Souls of Purgatory. The procession gets slightly confused; they kiss and kick and fight, all in honour of St. Anthony. At last the statue comes out of the church: it is a wooden doll with very red cheeks. Victory! The crackers go off, the women cry for joy, the babies cry at the top of their voice, "Long live St. Anthony!" In the evening there are splendid fireworks, and a balloon, shaped so as to resemble the image of the saint, mounts above the church and bursts magnificently. "St. Anthony would be very hard to please if such a homage did not go straight to his heart; and the peasants would be very exacting

if, after so enchanting a festival, they complained because they had not got enough bread to eat."

This last sentence is a type of the whole work. After we have been amused, if not edified, by the description of the religious festival, we are gently and indirectly led to remark that the upshot of all this superstitious folly is, that the government starves its subjects. There is no ambiguity in the conclusion to which M. About brings himself and his readers. He states plainly, what he proves by every variety of proof, that "the caste of ecclesiastics reigns in a conquered country." The inhabitants are at war with the priests, and the priests with the inhabitants. M. About, indeed, would have us believe that the priests do not do the people any good, either as regards this world or the next. At any rate, in the cities the people are made positively irreligious by the religious system to which they are exposed. M. About tells a striking story to illustrate what the priests have made the people think of God. A boy from Rimini was driving him during his travels, and they began talking on a subject which led the boy to express his religious belief. "Dieu? Je crois bien que, s'il y en a un, c'est un prêtre comme les autres." Of course such stories never do any religious system full justice. A hundred stories could be brought on the other side, telling how the sick and penitent have been aided by the proximity of religious assistance. But this story of the boy of Rimini does not stand alone, and there are numberless other proofs adduced to show that the government of the priests is a source not only of suffering but of demoralisation. As the book proceeds, we quite sympathise with the contempt M. About feels for his enemies, and are prepared for the careless indifference with which at the end he discusses the difficult question, What is to be done with the Pope? He comes to the conclusion arrived at in the Emperor's famous pamphlet. The Pope might, he thinks, keep the city of Rome, and retain his palaces, temples, cardinals, priests, princes, and lackeys; Europe would provide sustenance for this little colony. "Rome," he goes on to say with lively irony, "would then be encircled with the respect of the universe as with a Chinese wall, and would be, so to speak, a foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy. The country would not suffer from it more or less than a veteran suffers from a ball that his surgeon has forgotten to extract." Good-humoured contempt can scarcely go further than this.

So far as the style of such a work can be separated from the matter, the style is as nearly like the style of Voltaire as a modern style, free from direct imitation, can be like the style of an author who wrote a century ago. There are many pass-

ages in *La Question Romaine* which have at once the ease, the sparkle, and the malice of Voltaire—passages in which the style is every thing, and yet where the effect goes beyond any thing that style alone can produce, because the matter lends weight to the style. There is, for instance, a description of the Roman lottery system, which is somewhat tinged perhaps with the misrepresentation and irreverence of Voltaire, but is as striking and as effective as if Voltaire had written it. The evils of lotteries, when patronised by the government, have been exposed over and over again. It is also very obvious that these evils seem more glaring when the government that patronises the lottery is composed of the teachers of the Gospel. To have said that, in spite of this, the lotteries are maintained because they feed the papal treasury, would have been true, but commonplace. The wit and the animosity of M. About suggested to him a much more telling way of attacking the patronage which the pontifical authorities bestow on lotteries. He assumes that this patronage is bestowed because lotteries have such good religious effects, and exemplify with such curious felicity the doctrines preached by the priests. The lottery, he says, is not only a consolation for the poor, but in the States of the Church it forms a very appropriate part of public education. "It habituates the people to believe in miracles, by showing how beggars may be enriched as if by magic. A good ticket is like a present from Heaven; it is so much money fallen from the sky. The people know that no human effort can ensure three particular numbers being drawn; so they count only on the Divine goodness: they apply to the Capuchins to get them good numbers; they undertake solemn acts of devotion; they humbly ask for the inspiration of Heaven before going to bed; they see in dreams the Madonna all covered with figures. Certainly it is a great and wholesome lesson for all. Those who gain learn to praise God for his bounties; those who lose are punished for having coveted temporal blessings. Thus all the world is benefited, and especially the government; for this game brings it in two millions a year, without reckoning the satisfaction of having discharged a duty." M. About writes in French, and not in English, and his neat sentences are rather flat when translated; but even a translation shows how much can be done by putting such a point in a telling way. We may suspect that the follies of the ticket-buyers are exaggerated, and we feel some uneasiness at religion being handled so lightly; but, at any rate, the main object of the writer is fully attained, and we pass away from the subject with a general impression that, in encouraging lotteries, the priests are even worse than we supposed.

This spring, M. About has published another political work

of a much slighter and more ephemeral character. It is called *La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe*, and contains a comic account of the mode in which he thinks the territory of Europe ought to be distributed among those who have claims on it. It is a pleasantry, or an extravagance, rather than a serious contribution to practical politics. A number of persons, each representing one of the chief European nations, are gathered together at the Hôtel du Louvre, and after dinner is over they agree to speak in the name of their several countries, and to say what each is prepared to give up and accept. A French captain is president, and every one else makes sacrifices and receives indemnities. The lady who represents England cedes Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, and gets Egypt. "I can promise you," she says, "that henceforth there shall be no opposition to the construction of the canal. The great and generous English nation is incapable of hindering any work of general usefulness, when it would be to its own advantage to carry it out." France alone will take nothing. The captain explains that he does not want any more territory, but will devote himself to make his country happy and prosperous, to restoring the independence of the Assemblies and the liberty of the press. M. About asks us in his preface not to take his jokes for more than they are meant to be. He never intended this to be regarded as a serious work. The thoughts were passing through his mind, and he amused himself with fancying what he should like, and what he thought might be arranged, if every one was different from what they are and Europe was an Utopia. Some of the thoughts lying at the bottom of this jocose distribution of the map of Europe are undoubtedly his real convictions. He thinks it true, and worth impressing on the European public, that if a general war is to be averted, there are nations which must make considerable sacrifices. He is also one of those persons who believe, or try to believe, that the present despotic and arbitrary character of the Empire is merely temporary, and that the time will soon come, if it is not come already, for the Emperor to change his part, and rule over a free people. But all in the pamphlet beyond these elementary thoughts is not entitled to be classed among the expressions of political opinion. It is written for the pleasure of writing it; and probably the hope of mystifying his readers was not among the least of the inducements which led M. About to compose it. The whole point of the thing, so far as it has a point, lies in the absence of any serious meaning, and in the license of fun which is taken with the subjects spoken of. The Pope, who in the more serious pages of *La Question Romaine* was merely confined to the walls of Rome, is now sent to Jerusalem, where he takes a cottage, and

has Antonelli to live in the floor above him; as, he says, he should not feel quite comfortable unless he was under his old friend and counsellor. This is pure burlesque, and is meant to be so.

La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe bears the same relation to *La Question Romaine* that *Germaine* and the other stories of Paris life bear to *Tolla* and *Le Roi des Montagnes*. M. About is never himself when he gets away from the basis of facts which he has observed and collected. There is the same emptiness in this new pamphlet as there is in those of his novels where M. About only exhibits the amount of experience of life which is necessary for the composition of light comedy. The wit that is intended to compensate for this emptiness is generally lively, but it is sometimes strained. Perhaps the difference between the smart vagueness of this account of an imaginary party at the Hôtel du Louvre and the effective definiteness of M. About's account of the Papal States is worth studying on this side the water. English novelists are very fond of taking up political subjects and alluding to them more or less fully. But vague opinions on politics, however neatly put, are very worthless things; it is only when a novelist works as hard as ordinary dry politicians work that his book is instructive and valuable. Brilliancy of style and a ready sense of the comic are most admirable adjuncts when they accompany such an amount of honest investigation and shrewdness of perception as are displayed in works like M. About's *Question Romaine* and Mr. Trollope's volume on the West Indies. But vague speculations on politics are generally worse when they proceed from a novelist than when they come from more prosaic men; for they are aided by the story and the style, and a needless degree of suspicion is engendered lest they should possibly have more in them than they appear to have. We must do M. About the justice to say that he is well aware of this, and that he seems to see as distinctly as could be wished that when he is embodying the floating dreams or opinions of the day in funny or epigrammatic sentences, he is not doing a very great or useful thing. Without saying any thing severe of fugitive productions like his last, we may express a hope that when he next takes up his pen he may employ it to a better purpose. The pamphlet on Prussia, which has recently appeared with his name, has so evidently been written to order, that we need not criticise it further than to regret that he has abandoned the position of an independent writer; and to remark that he does not seem to have placed much brilliancy of style at the command of the government in return for the thoughts that were communicated to him.

ART. II.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ANCIENTS.

The History of Herodotus. A new English version, edited with copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information, and embodying the chief results, historical and ethnographical, which have been obtained in the progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical discovery. By George Rawlinson, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford; assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. In four volumes. Vol. II. London: John Murray, 1858.

A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece. By K. O. Müller, late Professor in the University of Göttingen; continued, after the Author's death, by John William Donaldson, D.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 3 vols. London, 1858. Chapter xl.: "Aristotle."

Aristotelis Opera omnia quæ extant uno volumine comprehensa, sejunctis quantum potuit ab genuinis suppositiciis, genuinis autem rectius quam antehac factum ordinatis, præmissa introductione cum argumentorum conspectu, adjectoque rerum indice. Edidit Carolus Hermannus Weise. Lips. 1843.

THE history of the physical sciences exhibits something of that periodic character, that tendency to come back to the same point, which marks so many human affairs, from the merest trifles of dress and fashion to the deepest thoughts and feelings of mankind. A comparison of the earliest youth and the present mature age of these sciences might almost make us think that we have made little advance; at any rate, it might be sufficient to check that inordinate self-satisfaction with which men ignorant of all time and all knowledge that is past are too apt to regard the time and the knowledge that is present.

The physical sciences begin, as they end, in the widest generalities; they begin, not as the sciences, but as science. The thoughts of the ancient naturalists may have been inaccurate or false, but they were thoughts about the *prima philosophia*, which is the highest and ultimate development of all knowledge. If science seems thus to spring up as a single and unbroken stream, it is destined, after many and wide separations, after many stagnant shallows and dangerous rapids, at last to form again one single stream, and to flow in one undivided channel. The connection of the sciences is only another phrase for the

same union as that in which they began; to us every-day, science, not the sciences, becomes the true and proper word to express our studies in nature. We more and more come back to the simplicity of early thoughts; the age of distinctions and clear, sharp divisions is the middle age in the history of science; the youth and old age are times, not of distinctions, but of unity and identity.

The infancy of the sciences is a time in which the elements are thought to be few; the forces that operate on them are conceived of as few likewise. In the middle ages, every thing tends to diversity and number; the minds of inquirers are occupied with the vast variety of substances, the vast variety of forces. But in still maturer age every thing tends to bring us back to the original simplicity of conception; we find the apparently numerous elements are but forms of a very few elements; the apparently numerous forces are but utterances of one or two primary forces.

Again, the infancy of the sciences knows of no distinction between things spiritual and things physical. In modern times, we are wont to regard these two classes of things as related by analogy; the ancients, at least the very earliest philosophers, thought of them as of one class and identical; and this difference in conception is often somewhat bewildering, and must ever be borne in mind, if we would enter into the meaning of their speculations. Now, without attempting here any proof of such a proposition, we think it may be fairly asserted that the course of modern discoveries tends to lead us to a more and more close connection of the spiritual and physical worlds—to make us believe that force, in whatever form, never is, nor can be, due to any thing but spirit.

And does not this adult age of the world seem reproducing the speculations of the first dawn of philosophy? What are attraction and repulsion, under all their thousand forms, which play so large a part in modern science, but the φιλία and νεῖκος of Empedocles? Were not the atoms of Democritus a splendid dream, if nothing more, of Dalton's great discovery of the atomic theory? Did not Lucretius assert the existence of latent heat?* Did not Philolaus the Pythagorean maintain that the earth revolves round a central fire? and did not Heraclides and Ecphantus, whilst denying the local motion of the earth, assert it to have a rotatory movement round its own centre, like a wheel?† And what are all the splendid speculations of Oken and Geoffroy and Goethe about the morphology of animals and plants but repetitions of Plato's theory of original forms? So truly are they such, that Owen, in summing up the subject,

* Lucret. i. 900. † Plut. de Placit. lib. iii. c. 13.

finds the simplest expression of the whole matter in a reference to the thoughts and the language of the old Greek.

Surely these are not all mere fortuitous coincidences, but rather these old speculations have in them somewhat of intuition and insight. For it cannot be doubted that the mind of man is, in a sense, set over against nature; so that the thoughts of man have a tendency to run parallel with the creative thoughts of God, that is, with the facts of nature. If this were not so, we should have nothing but mere hap-hazard to guide us in our discoveries; we should find nothing of that intuitive insight into nature which is the only guide in all inductive experiments, the *anticipatio naturæ* of Lord Bacon; nothing of that intimate alliance between nature and genius which Schiller so well describes:

> "Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigen Bunde;
> Was der eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiss."

And as in the childhood of each man there are, amongst all his foolish and infantile thoughts, thoughts which in their simplicity and beauty seem more divine than the best thoughts of his graver years, so perhaps in the infancy of our race, amidst many idle and untrue dreams about science, there are some thoughts of nature that rise beyond the level of the more cautious period of exacter science, that seem more directly like shadows in the mind of man of thoughts in the Divine Mind.

The first efforts, then, at exact observations in natural history, as distinguished from science at large, are not to be expected from the philosophers; they come from a different source, the poets and the travellers. Thus, in the Hebrew literature, we have in the book of Job those most poetic descriptions of the horse, of leviathan, and of behemoth, that in their force and beauty have never been excelled. In the Psalms, in the poetry of Solomon, and in the far loftier poetry of the Prophets, there are allusions of exquisite beauty to the trees, the flowers, and creatures of the Holy Land, which only want some one to do for them what Mr. Stanley has done for the geographical notices of the Bible to bring them to our minds with a greatly augmented vividness and reality.

And as it is with the Jews, so it is with the Greeks; their poets give us their earliest materials in natural history: and the earlier amongst them perhaps even the most simply and most sincerely love and sing of natural things, not for association, not for metaphor, but for their own sake. Take Anacreon, for instance: how full he is of themes from nature! the rose, the pigeon, the swallow, the spring-tide, and the grasshopper, each claim a poem. And even when dealing with subjects remote

from our present object, he shows the same familiarity with natural history; as, for instance, in his spiteful little verse about womankind, where he compares her beauty with the other means of defence which nature has given to other animals. By way of specimen, let us take the pretty little poem on the Grasshopper, which Cowper has neatly translated:

" Happy songster, perched above,
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king,
From thy perch survey the fields,
Where prolific Nature yields
Naught that, willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.
For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing
Sweetly the return of spring,
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.
Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly; thou and he are friends.
Nor thy never-ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has Nature else to show
Godlike in its kind as thou?"

Or what can more perfectly describe the simple enjoyment of Nature than such lines as these?

τί κάλλιόν ἐστι βαδίζειν
ὅπου λειμῶνες κομῶσιν,
ὅπου λεπτὴν ἡδυτάτην
ἀναπνεῖ Ζέφυρος αὔρην;

It has been often said, and truly, that the great dramatic poets of Greece have but little of this feeling for nature and natural beauty in themselves; that their inspiration is drawn far more from the agora than from the fields, from the haunts of men than from the solitudes of nature. And so, when they do allude, as oftentimes they do, to the objects of natural history, it is generally in some relation or association with civil life or political history. Perhaps there are no lines in the Greek tragedy more justly celebrated for their beauty as a description of natural scenery and things than the chorus in the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, where the poet describes the glories of his own village home (668-719, edit. Dind.).

"Stranger, before thine eyes
The silver-soiled Colonos lies,
Whose homesteads fairest are
In a land that is all fair,
A land of noble steeds.

Here the shrill nightingale
Pours forth her tuneful wail
Among the soft green glades,
And the dark ivy-shades;—
Or clearly comes her song
From those deep-hearted bowers,
Many-fruited clusters bearing,
Where the sun may never shine,—
Never pierce the summer showers,—
Nor may the winds of winter roar.
But the god, himself appearing,
Haunts the grove for evermore,
Following his maids divine.

Here, day by day, amid the dews,
Blooms the narcissus, clustering fair,
Wherewith the goddesses did use
In elder times to wreathe their hair.
Here bright the golden crocus gleams,—
Nor ever fails
The wandering of sleepless streams
Through these broad-spreading vales;
For, all day long,
With current pure and strong
His fruitful-making waves Cephissus pours along.

The bands of Muses haunt the spot,—
Nor is it all forgot
Of Aphrodite, with her reins of gold.

And it was never told
Of all the Asian land,
Nor of the Dorian isle
By Pelops ruled of old,
As of *this* happy strand,
Whereon the gods do smile,—
That *there* doth grow, self-sown,
(Unkept by hand of man,)
Dread of each hostile clan,
The glorious tree of spears;—
Aye, nowhere is it known
To spring and flourish so joyously
As here,—the gray-leaved olive-tree,
Whose fruit doth feed the little child.

Sign of ruth and ruin wild,
Token of destroying rage,
From hasty youth, or gray-haired age,
Shall sear its branches never;—
For it is guarded ever,
By the all-seeing eye of Maurian Jove,
And by blue-eyed Athene's looks of love.

And yet more remains to tell
Of this mother-city's pride,
Greater praise than all beside,—
That the god who loves her well
Gave her a goodly race of steeds,
Goodly foals of noble breeds;
And gave the sea-waves evermore
To dash upon her happy shore.

Child of Chronos! such is she,
For 'tis thou, most mighty king,
O Poseidon, who didst bring
Her to such prosperity.
For was it not through thee
That the mighty steed did feel
First, in *her* streets, the taming curb of steel?

And the oar, the mighty, the well-rowed oar,
Bounds, well-pulled, from her sea-girt shore,
In her children's outstretched hands;
While the Nereid bands
Float all day,
Hundred-footed, around its way."

And yet how different is this from the verses of Anacreon, where the description of the natural object is enough in itself, is the end! Here it is only a mean towards other and dearer thoughts; so that the olive is loved, not for its light gray-green or its dark and gnarled stems, but as the mother of spears; the waves, not for their unnumbered smiles, their marvellous mysterious life, but as bearing the triumphant galleys of Poseidon's favourite city.

Aristophanes would afford many a morsel to any one carefully searching into the natural history of the ancients; for whilst he made nature, like every thing else, subserve the purposes of his boundless humour, he yet looked on it with the eye of a true poet. *The Birds*, from the very necessity of its subject, affords many clues into the ornithology of the Greeks, and many a quaint observation on the habits of the feathered races. We cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting Mr. Frere's most Aristophanic translation of the Hoopoe's song, calling together the great council of the birds: it will at any rate serve to show how wide a range in ornithology the play extends over.

"Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop,
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of an humble, gentle bill,
Smooth and shrill,

Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrowed plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of a bolder, louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and thrushes,
On the summer berries browsing,
On the garden fruits carousing,
All the grubs and vermin snouzing.

You that in a humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead,
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies your enemies;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon, pursued and slain.

You that in a squadron driving
From the seas are seen arriving,
With the cormorants and mews,
Haste to land and hear the news.
All the feathered, airy nation,
Birds of every size and station,
Are convened in convocation.
For an envoy queer and shrewd
Means to address the multitude,
And submit to their decision
A surprising proposition
For the welfare of the state.
Come in a flurry,
With a hurry scurry,
Hurry to the meeting, and attend to the debate."

The travellers are, besides the poets, the chief early source of exact observations in natural history. These observations are, of course, oftentimes found in connection with stories to which we are bound by every possible motive to refuse our credence—such stories, for instance, as those about the phœnix, or the wonderful pismires that filled the camel's panniers with gold. The whole subject of the apocryphal and mythological animals of the ancients is one of great interest. It would be interesting to inquire how far the stories in question are, like other marvellous stories, founded on fact; how far it is possible that animals like those told of may in fact have existed; or, again, how far the fossil remains of the real monsters of the old world may have suggested to the vivid imaginations of men the monsters that we now call fabulous. But into this we are not going to enter.

Of the early travellers, of course none is so noteworthy as old Herodotus; and in passing one may observe how the mar-

vellous natural history of the land of the Nile seems to have struck both the Greek and the Hebrew intellects, as the books of Job and Herodotus will testify. His description of the crocodile is so interesting, and on the whole so faithful, that we shall not hesitate to put it before our readers, availing ourselves of Mr. Rawlinson's translation (lib. ii. cap. 68-70).

"The following are the peculiarities of the Crocodile: during the four winter months they eat nothing; they are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest; for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet, when it is full-grown, the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more.

It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame. Unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue; it cannot move its under-jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves the *upper* jaw, but not the *under*. It has strong claws, and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches: hence it happens that, while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze; at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth, and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

The crocodile is esteemed sacred by some of the Egyptians, by others he is treated as an enemy. . . . .

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabours. The crocodile hears its cries, and, making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease, otherwise he gives great trouble."

In this account there are observations which strike one by their truthfulness and exactitude, as, for instance, the comparison between the size of the egg and the full-grown animal. And others of Herodotus's statements which are not perfectly accurate are yet better far than silence, for they are respectable "guesses at truth."

The question whether the crocodile has or has not a tongue seems to have been greatly ventilated amongst the ancients; and the sculptors and antiquaries of Rome, as M. Humboldt assures us, amused themselves in giving or denying a tongue to their crocodiles, according as the one or the other of these opinions prevailed. The true explanation, no doubt, is that which M. Humboldt has stated in his very interesting discussion of the point, namely, that the tongue of the crocodile is throughout its length attached to the lower jaw, so that it is entirely deprived of all freedom of motion, and, in fact, does not figure as a tongue at all.* Again, though the upper jaw does not in reality move on the lower, the statement of Herodotus is fully excused by the fact, that "the lower jaw is protruded backward beyond the skull, which occasions the upper one to appear movable."† And even the story about the trochilus has found an apologist in M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

But what, far more than aught besides in Herodotus, impresses us with a sense of his real scientific insight is the account which he has given us of the geological formation of Egypt.

Having described the formation of land by the deposit of earth, and illustrated this by the process going forward with the Acheloüs and other rivers, he thus proceeds:

"In Arabia, not far from Egypt, there is a long and narrow gulf, running inland from the sea, called the Erythræan, of which I will here set down the dimensions. Starting from its innermost recess, and using a row-boat, you take forty days to reach the open main, while you may cross the gulf at its widest part in the space of half a day. In this sea there is an ebb and flow of the tide every day. My opinion is, that Egypt was formerly very much such a gulf as this: one gulf penetrated from the sea that washes Egypt on the north, and extended itself towards Ethiopia; another entered from the southern ocean, and stretched towards Syria; the two gulfs ran into the land so as very nearly to meet each other, and left between them only a very narrow tract of country. Now if the Nile should choose to divert his waters from their present bed into this Arabian gulf, what is there to hinder it from being filled up by the stream within, at the utmost, twenty thousand years? For my part, I think it would be filled in half the time. How, then, should not a gulf, even of much greater size, have been filled up in the ages that passed before I was born, by a river that is at once so large and so given to working changes?

Thus I give credit to those from whom I received this account of Egypt, and am myself, moreover, strongly of the same opinion, since I remarked that the country projects into the sea further than the neighbouring shores; and I observed that there were shells upon the

* "Sur l'os hyoïde et le larynx des oiseaux, des singes, et du crocodile," in his *Receuil d'Observations de Zoologie et d'Anatomie comparée*, Paris, 1811.

† Cuvier, Animal Kingdom.

hills, and that salt exuded from the soil to such an extent as even to injure the Pyramids: and I noticed also that there is but a single hill in all Egypt where sand is found, namely, the hill above Memphis; and further, I found the country to bear no resemblance either to its border-land, Arabia, or to Libya—nay, nor even to Syria, which forms the sea-board of Arabia; but whereas the soil of Libya is, we know, sandy and of a reddish hue, and that of Arabia and Syria inclines to stone and clay, Egypt has a soil that is black and crumbly, as being alluvial and formed of the deposits brought down by the river from Ethiopia.

One fact which I learnt from the priests is to me a strong evidence of the origin of the country. They said, that when Mœris was king, the Nile overflowed all Egypt below Memphis as soon as it rose so little as eight cubits. Now Mœris had not been dead 900 years at the time I heard this of the priests; yet, at the present day, unless the river rise sixteen, or at the very least fifteen, cubits, it does not overflow the lands. It seems to me, therefore, that if the land goes on rising and growing at this rate, the Egyptians who dwell below Lake Mœris, in the Delta as it is called, will one day, by the stoppage of the inundations, suffer permanently the fate which they told me they expected would some time or other befall the Greeks."*

Now here we have not only a conclusion to a large extent accurate and just, but we find Herodotus making observations and using a method of reasoning singularly in advance of much of the speculations of far later geologists; and what, above all, is most noteworthy, is the entire grasp we find him to have of the explication of geological facts by the means of existing causes operating through vast periods of time; a principle that has only been established within comparatively late years, by the labours, beyond all others, of Sir Charles Lyell. Take it altogether, and it is impossible to deny that this passage of Herodotus is a most observable contribution to geological science.

It was hardly to be supposed that such a mind as that of Socrates should have devoted any part of its strength to the study of nature, and not have left a marked impress upon it. True it is, that in the passage in the Phædo† where Socrates

* Lib. ii. cap. 11-13: Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. ii. pp. 14-17.

† Phædo, p. 96, edit. Steph. Is it possibly to some early speculations of Socrates in natural history that Aristophanes alludes in the absurd passage about the flea (Clouds, 143 et seq., ed. Dind.), or was he talking unmitigated nonsense?

"*Disciple.* This is the question,
As it was put but now to Chærephon
By our great master Socrates to answer,—
How many of his own lengths at one spring
A flea can hop: for we did see one vault
From Chærephon's black eyebrow to the head
Of the philosopher.
Strepsiades. And how did t'other
Contrive to measure this?

narrates his vehement love as a young man for the study of nature, he tells us of little else as its result than a certain bewilderment of mind, which ultimately made him turn his thoughts from natural to moral science. But in the Memorabilia of Xenophon we have a conversation which, even in the most superficial survey of the natural history of the ancients, it is impossible to pass over.

Socrates is engaged in conversation with Aristodemus, who was notorious for his irreligious freethinking habits; and after getting from him the admission that there were men whom he admired for their wisdom, the master goes on:

"Whether do those who make figures devoid of sense and motion, or those who make living beings endowed with sense and activity, seem to you the more deserving of our wonder? *A.* By Jupiter, those who make living beings are much the more so, unless it be that these things arise by some chance, and not by design. *S.* Of the two classes of things, those as to which we are in the dark for the sake of what they exist, and those which are manifestly for some purpose,—which do you judge to be works of chance and which of design? *A.* It seems that those which exist for some purpose are the works of design.

S. Does it seem to you, then, that he who in the beginning made men gave to them on purpose the various organs of sensation—eyes to see things visible, ears to hear things audible? *A.* What would have been the good to us of smells if our nostrils had not been given to us? What sensation should we have had of things sweet or pungent, or all the pleasures of the palate, unless the tongue had been inserted as the judge of these things?

S. And besides this, don't you think that there is a great likeness to a work of providence in this,—that since the sight is delicate, it has eyelids for doors, which, when there is any need of using the sight, are drawn back, but are closed together in sleep; and that not even a breath of air should harm it, the eyelashes are planted in to form a network, and that the parts above the eyes have the eyebrows as a cornice, so that not even a drop of sweat from the forehead can harm it;—or this, that the hearing can take in all sounds, and yet never be filled; —or this, that in all animals the front teeth are able to cut, but the hinder teeth are able to receive from the former, and triturate what they thus receive;—or that the mouth, through which creatures take in all that they desire, is placed near the eyes and the nose: . . . . all these things that are thus providently brought,—are you at a loss whether they are the works of chance or design?

A. No, by Jupiter, but if one looks at it in this way, these things do certainly seem like the work of some wise and creature-loving arti-

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Disciple. Most accurately:
He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax,
Which, hard'ning into sandals as it cool'd,
Gave him the space by rule infallible." *Mitchell.*

ficer. *S.* The implanting in them a desire for offspring, implanting in mothers a love of bringing up their young, and in those who are nourished the greatest desire for life and the greatest fear of death:—surely these also seem like the contrivances of some one designing that there should be living creatures?" (*Memor.* book i. ch. 4.)

In this passage we have, as we believe, the first distinct statement of the relation of ends to means in the natural world, and of the arguments to be based thereon. Hence there take their rise two great lines of thought, or rather two distinct applications of one and the same thought. On the one hand, this relation has been used to prove something about the maker from the thing made; and thus forms the whole basis of the great argument from design in natural theology,—that argument which, thus sketched in outline by Socrates, has in after-times been filled up and adorned with a great wealth of illustration by Cicero and Seneca amongst the ancients, and by such writers as Ray, and Boyle, and Derham, and Paley, amongst the moderns.

On the other hand, in the firm grasp which we find in this passage of the relation between means and end lies involved the whole of what we now understand by teleological anatomy,—that portion of the science which includes all the most brilliant discoveries of Cuvier, and those who have followed in the same line of research. For if there be such a relation between means and end, then we may argue from the one to the other, and from any given means to the end; and, again, from this end to other means; and in this simple process of ascent and descent lies the whole method of this branch of the science. Let us suppose the jaw-bone of some extinct quadruped is before us, and we find that its molar teeth are trenchant and knife-like; from this means we argue to an end of the creature, namely, its carnivorous habits: and from this end, thus ascertained, we travel again down to other means, namely, the form of its feet, which we are sure must have been, not hoofs, but claws. Now in this simple illustration, and in every like reasoning, however complicated it may appear, there is but one postulate,—we mean the relation of means to end: and though to us it now seem an axiom, it was not always so; and to the clear enunciation of it by Socrates, in the passage we have quoted, we suspect natural science, no less than natural theology, to be under no slight obligation.

Next in our survey we come to Aristotle, the greatest name in natural history amongst the ancients, as in well-nigh every other department of human thought. His works on this subject, mutilated and imperfect as they now are, would be a sufficient claim to a foremost rank amongst the heritors of fame; but to have been the founder of comparative anatomy, the most accu-

rate systematiser of the animal kingdom, and the most scientific of all ancient naturalists, is but a by-work for the mind of Aristotle, and constitutes a claim to renown that is almost lost in the magnitude of his other fame. He not only studied an immense variety of species, he arranged them with that systematising genius which is one of Aristotle's chief characteristics; so that, to quote the language of Baron Cuvier,* "the principal divisions which naturalists still follow in the animal kingdom are due to Aristotle, and he had already pointed out several which have recently been again adopted after having once been improperly abandoned; he is the most patient scrutiniser into the habits of animals, the most skilful and scientific of ancient comparative anatomists."

There is one quality in Aristotle which we suspect has done more than any other to bring the minds of other men into subjection to his,—and that is the infinitude of his powers of exact observation. One perpetually rises from his pages with a sense that every thing which one ever has seen or thought, or ever can see or think, was known to Aristotle, and is to be found somewhere in his works. What is the use of troubling to unravel nature, or examine and chronicle facts, when you have a perfect index and schedule of all nature and of all facts in the master's works,—when, in fine, you have every thing duly folded up and endorsed, and put into its right pigeon-hole? Turn to the *Organon*, and you have all logic; or to the *Morals*, and you have every thought and every difficulty that ever occurred to you in your most speculative moments; and yet such a perfect knowledge of practical every-day affairs as makes one almost believe Aristotle must have been looking over one's shoulder all through life, and jotted down notes of all one's doubts and difficulties. In his natural history it is just the same; you find speculations of the most abstruse kind, and at the same time observations on the most familiar facts—discussions, for instance, whether birth be for the sake of being or being for the sake of birth; and again, notes about the horrid night-wailings of the cats, and dogs eating grass as medicine,—and all these alike put into their rank and place. The universe at first seems a somewhat miscellaneous heap and medley of things; whilst Aristotle seems a well-ordered museum of all that is valuable in it. Why be immersed in matter and picking over the dustheap of creation, when every thing of value is already got out and arranged in the proper place within? This feeling will steal over even a modern reader of the Stagyrite now and then, and we are sure it was one great source of the despotism he exerted over the middle ages. The most observant of all men put a stop to

* *Biographie Universelle*, s. v. Aristote, par MM Clavier et Cuvier.

observation—he had done the work for mankind; and his followers, stunned with the magnitude of his inquiries, abandoned his method in despair, and studied, not his objects of study, but himself.

Aristotle has but little about induction in his logic; but his method in physical science is as inductive as Lord Bacon's. His prejudice against the ideas of Plato must have led him in this direction, and so seconded what was evidently the native bent of his genius. "Every where," says Baron Cuvier, in the article from which we have already quoted, "Aristotle observes facts with attention; he compares them with acuteness, and seeks to ascend towards their common ground; thus his Poetics is founded upon the works of Homer and the great tragedians; his Politics upon the constitutions of a great number of Greek and barbarian governments; and his Natural History upon those infinite observations which the generous assistance of Alexander enabled him to make."

To give some notion of the character of Aristotle's zoological studies, we translate the opening chapter of his Natural History:

"The differences of animals are according to their modes of life, their actions, their characters, and their parts, concerning which we will speak generally at first,—and afterwards we will discuss them in relation to each species in particular. The differences according to their modes of life, their actions, and their characters, are such as these,—that some of them are water animals, some land. The water animals are so in a twofold manner: some because they pass their lives and gain their subsistence in the water, and inhale and exhale the water, and when deprived of it are no longer able to live, as is the case with most of the fishes; whilst there are other creatures which gain their subsistence and pass their time in the water, but nevertheless do not inhale water, but air, and rear their young out of the former element. Of this kind are many footed creatures, as the otter and the latak and the crocodile; and winged animals, as the shag and the diver; and footless creatures, as the water-serpent. Some animals gain their subsistence in the water, and are unable to live out of it, but yet inhale neither air nor water, like the jelly-fish and shell-fish. Again, of water animals, some are marine, some fluvial, some dwelling in salt marshes, and others in fresh marshes, as the frog and the water-lizard; and of the marine animals, some are of the deep water, some of the shore, some of the rocks. And of land animals, some take in and give out the air, which is called inhaling and exhaling, as man and all the land animals which have lungs; but some do not take in the air, and yet live and get their food on the land, as the wasp and the bee and the other insects. I call those animals insects which have incisions along the body, either on the upper side, or both on the upper and on the lower side. Of land animals, many, as I have said, get their food from the water; but of water animals, which take in sea-water, not

one gets its food from the land. Some animals in the first states of development live in the water, and afterwards change into other forms, and live out of it, as occurs with the caddis-worms on rivers—for from them come the flies. Again, some animals are stationary, others locomotive. The stationary animals are in the water; for not a single land animal is stationary. In the water many animals live by adhesion, as many kinds of shell-fish. It seems that even the sponge has some sensation, an evidence of which is, that it is more difficult to tear it off, if the movement is not made stealthily, as they say. Some animals both adhere and go free, as a certain kind of the so-called jelly-fish: for some of these getting free at night, take their nourishment. And many animals are free, but incapable of motion, as shell-fish and the so-called holothuria. Some animals are swimming, as fish and the molluscs and soft-shelled animals, as the lobsters; others are walking, as the class of crabs,—for this, though a water animal, naturally walks. Of land animals, some are winged, as birds and bees; and these, again, differ amongst themselves in a certain way, for some are footed; and of the footed animals, some are walking, some are creeping, some wriggling; but not one of them is solely winged, in the same way in which the fish is solely capable of swimming; for even the animals whose wings are of skin walk, and a bat has feet, and a seal truncated feet. And some birds are weak-footed, which are therefore called the footless bird (the swift); for this little bird is strong-winged; and almost all the birds that are like it are strong-winged, but weak-footed, as the swallow and the martin; for all these birds are alike in habits and in their wings, and are similar in appearance. But the swift makes its appearance the whole season, whilst the martin is seen and taken only when it is wet in the summer, for, on the whole, it is a rare bird. Many animals are capable both of walking and of flying. There are also the following differences as to their modes of life and their actions. Some animals are gregarious, others solitary, both of footed animals, winged animals, and swimming animals; and some are both gregarious and solitary. And of both these kinds, some are political animals, others are disunited. The gregarious are such as, amongst birds, the pigeon kind, the crane, and the swan; but of the birds of prey, none are gregarious; and amongst swimming animals, many kinds of fishes, as those which they call the dromas, the tunny, the palamyde, and the amia: but man is both gregarious and solitary. Those animals are political amongst whom the work of all is some one common thing, which is not the case with all the gregarious animals. Such are man, the bee, the wasp, the ant, the crane; and of these, some are under rulers, some without any government, as the crane and the bee kind are under rulers, the ant and very many others without government. Some, both of the gregarious and of the solitary animals, are local, others are migratory. And some are carnivorous, others fruit-eating, others omnivorous, others feeding on particular things, as the bee and spider kinds; for the former use for food honey and a few other sweet things, and spiders live by preying on flies; and other animals use fish as their food. Some animals hunt, and

some store their food, and some do not. Some have dwellings, others no houses. Of those having dwellings, the mole, the mouse, the ant, the bee, are examples; whilst many insects and quadrupeds have no houses. Again, as to their localities, some are dwellers in holes, as the lizard and the snake; some above ground, as the horse and the dog. And some burrow holes, and others do not; and some are nocturnal, as the owl and the bat; and some live in the light. Again, there are the tame and the wild; some perpetually, as man and the mule, which are always tame, and others wild, as the panther and the wolf. Others are capable of being quickly tamed, as the elephant. Again, in another way; for all races which are tame are also wild, as horses, oxen, pigs, sheep, goats, dogs. Some have the power of making a noise; some are voiceless; others are endowed with voice; and of these, some have a language, others are inarticulate; and some are garrulous, others silent; some songsters, others without song. But all have this in common, that they sing or talk most when rearing their young. Some creatures haunt the fields, as the wood-pigeon; others the hills, as the hippoe; and others consort with man, as the pigeon. . . . . Moreover, some animals are given to defend themselves, others to keep watch against danger. Those are defensive, which either make attacks on others or defend themselves when wronged; those are watchful, which have something in themselves which is a means of escape from suffering. With the following distinctions also do animals differ as to their character: for some are mild and hard to enrage, and not obstinate, like the ox; others passionate and obstinate and stupid, like the wild-boar. Others are prudent and fearful, like the stag and the hare; others mean and crafty, like serpents; others generous and brave and well-born, like the lion; others noble and fierce and crafty, like the wolf;—for that is well born which is sprung from a good race; but that is noble which will not depart from its own nature. And some are inquisitive and mischievous, like the fox; others high-spirited and loving and fawning, like the dog; others are mild and tameable, like the elephant; others are modest and ever on the watch, like the goose; others envious and vain, like the peacock. But of all living things, man alone is deliberative; many animals share in memory and the power of learning, but to exercise remembrance no other being save man is able."*

* Animal. Hist. lib. i. c. 1. The last observation in this chapter, which is to be found in a fuller form in the 2d chapter of Aristotle's tract on Memory and Recollection, is a very interesting, and, as we think, just observation on the comparative psychology of man and the lower animals. Fuller, in his chapter on Memory, in *The Holy State*, has the same remark. After observing that memory is "twofold, one the simple retention of things, the other a regaining of them when forgotten," he goes on to say, "Brute creatures equal, if not exceed, man in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without any other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her muce! How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean, as I may say, of air, steadily steer herself home, without help of card or compass! But these cannot play an after-game, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the meditation of discourse."

The distinction which we have endeavoured to indicate by the words 'me-

Few things, perhaps, show more vividly Aristotle's scientific instincts in natural history than his appreciation of the real character and relations of the aberrant forms of animals. We have, in the passage already quoted, seen how he appreciates the bat as a quadruped: he has elsewhere (*Nat. Hist.* lib. vi. c. 11) described with accuracy the position of the whales as mammiferous and viviparous animals, and as breathing air like ordinary quadrupeds. The notices which he has given of the seal are still more curious and interesting; he not only has given a particular and, we believe, correct sketch of its habits (*ibid.* lib. vi. c. 11), but he shows in one passage how the fins are the homologues of the feet of ordinary quadrupeds; although, as he remarks, the hinder ones assume a form very similar to the tail in the fishes (*ibid.* lib. ii. c. 1). In another passage (*ibid.* c. 3) he adduces the character of its teeth as an evidence of its being an animal closely connected with the fishes; in another he accounts for the absence of an external ear possessed by ordinary quadrupeds, on the ground that the purpose of such an ear being to collect the movements of the air, it would be useless to an animal living, not in the air, but the water (*De Gen. An.* lib. v. c. 2).

In this point of view, his discussion of the relations of the ostrich, the most quadruped-like of all birds, is very curious:

"The African ostrich," he says, "has the organs in part of a bird, in part of a quadruped. For, inasmuch as it is not a quadruped, it has wings; and inasmuch as it is not a bird, it does not fly in the air, and its wings are useless for flight and covered with hair. Moreover, inasmuch as it is a quadruped, it has upper eyelashes, and the parts about the head and the upper parts of the neck are bare, so that its eyelashes appear more hairy; inasmuch as it is a bird, its lower parts are covered with feathers, and it has two feet like a bird, but cloven-hoofed like a

mory' and 'recollection' as equivalents to the *μνήμη* and *ἀνάμνησις* of the Greeks respectively, has never, we think, gained any firm foothold in our language or thoughts. But the passage from Fuller shows that it was not unknown to our elder writers; and so in Spenser it has given rise to the distinct impersonations of the old man Eumnestes and the boy Anamnestes, who tends him (*Faerie Queene*, book ii. canto 9):

"His chamber all was hanged about with roles
And old records from ancient times derived,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scroles,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker-holes.

Amidst them all he in a chair was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to fet,
A little boy did on him still attend,
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft, when things were lost, or laid amiss,
That boy them sought, and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,
And that old man Eumnestes, by their properties."

quadruped, for it has not claws, but hoofs. The reason of this is, that its size is that not of a bird but of a quadruped. For, generally speaking, it is necessary that the size of birds should be very small; for it is not easy for a body of great mass to be moved through the air" (*De Part. Anim.* lib. iv. c. 13).

Allowing for a little exaggeration in the statement that this bird is cloven-hoofed, this account is substantially accurate; and it is curious to find Cuvier, in his *Règne Animal*, reproducing, not only several of the statements in a not dissimilar form, but giving the like reason with Aristotle for the ostrich's incapacity to fly.

By the side of that anatomy which takes cognisance of the final causes of the different animal forms, there has sprung up, and at length reached a definite development, another anatomy, which has to do with the forms of animal life, as abstracted from all consideration of the ends to which they are applied,—that science which is known as morphology. This latter science has grown up as it were by necessity, because it has been found that the law of final causes will not account for all the facts that need accounting for, and that under all reasonings from final causes there lies an assumption, for a long while understood, and now at length expressed, of a community or identity of form, except so far as varied by the diverse final causes. Thus, for example, if I find a single bone of some extinct quadruped, and find certain differences between it and its nearest known ally, which involve a difference of food or habitat, or mode of life, I shall conclude that there were certain differences in form corresponding with these differences of food, or habitat, or life; but, except to that extent, the animal I should reconstruct would be alike in form. Such reasoning is found by experience to be sound; and whilst at first sight it may appear to proceed on the purposes of the animal structure alone, it does in fact involve and assume another principle, namely, that of a community of form, or type, irrespective of the identity of end. And this community of type we every where find throughout nature: we find it first running throughout all the members of the different kingdoms of nature, and secondly, running through all the different parts of the same animal or plant. Thus, for example, we find all the infinite variety of the forms of the flowers of phanerogamous plants developed out of a few simple forms, the stamens, the petals, and so forth; and we find, again, that all the parts of every plant are but modifications of one and the same simple part, namely, the leaf; and the same might easily be illustrated with regard to quadrupeds and the vertebra, as the simplest element of their structure. But we should be wandering too far from our purpose into this most inviting part of natural his-

tory, which seeks out, amidst the varying phenomena the ideals of nature, the creative thoughts of the Creator,—if we may so dare to say; which makes one feel that in the plan of nature order and beauty stand far above even its own glorious and unselfish utilitarianism.

Did Aristotle know any thing about this part of natural history? We answer that the homologies of the different parts of the human frame did not entirely escape his observation; and in the 11th chapter of the first book of his *History of Animals* he has some curious observations on the relations of its parts, comparing the upper and the lower, the fore and the hind, and the right and the left, respectively. But into the higher law of morphology, that which depends on a recognition of form as distinct from the end, he had no insight. This is strange, when we consider that no treatment of natural history was perhaps ever so well suited to bring out the exact issue raised by morphology as that which Aristotle pursued. In the *Physics* (lib. ii. c. 3) he had already laid down and defined the four kinds of causes which are to be inquired into. These are, as every one knows, first the material cause, as in the case of a statue, the brass; secondly, the formal cause, the idea and exemplar in the mind of the craftsman; thirdly, the efficient cause, as the craftsman himself; and lastly, the final cause, the end and object for which the statue was wrought.

Now it is upon this classification of causes that Aristotle has mapped out his discussions on natural history; and it will be at once seen that such a division of the subject necessarily discriminates between the two branches of anatomy,—the teleological and the morphological,—that which has to do with the final, and that which has to do with the formal causes. The actual form of any given animal is, so to speak, the diagonal between these two causes; and thus the mode of discussion proposed by Aristotle invited almost of necessity an attempt to resolve the diagonal into its component forces. Moreover, Plato's doctrine of ideas had raised the same question, though in a yet more transcendental form; so that the existence or non-existence of morphology came inevitably before Aristotle. But, as we have seen, he never attained to any conception of the law of form in the animal structure; and in a passage in which the four causes are recapitulated by him in their application to zoology, he affirms shortly, and without any reason given, that the formal and final causes are in this case one and the same,* thus negativing the existence of the science in question.

It would be unreasonable and absurd to blame Aristotle for not grasping the principle of morphological anatomy; but if any

* De Generat. Anim. lib. i. c. 1.

defence were needed, it might be found in this, that he did not then know whether teleological reasonings alone were sufficient or insufficient to answer all the problems presented by the forms of animals; and until he knew that they were insufficient, he had no need to resort to any other principle. For, in fact, morphology has been discovered because teleology has been found insufficient, and has left a residual phenomenon which morphology alone can account for. Indeed, it must be admitted that as we can perhaps never feel sure that we know exhaustively all the purposes of a creature, or all the relations of organs to their purposes, the doctrine of morphology lies open to the objection of being supported only by arguments from our ignorance; so that with the knowledge of Aristotle, it would perhaps have been rash rather than praiseworthy to have invoked into the explanation of animal forms any other principle than that of final causes.

He who compares the natural history of the moderns with that of the ancients, even in its most scientific development, will of course be struck with the vast advance made in the collection and comparison of facts, the correction of errors, and the improvement of the means and method of observation. But he will be struck too with another thought, which it will be well for him also to ponder,—we mean, that almost all the great ultimate questions which presented themselves to the ancients present themselves to us also in nearly the same form, and with nearly the same difficulties attending their solution.

Thus, for instance, the great question about the development of animal life and form, how far the need has gone before and caused the development, or the development has preceded and owed its origin to design,—the question, we mean, which has of late years been popularly raised by the *Vestiges of Creation*,—was familiar to the ancient naturalists; and there were among them, as among us, two parties, the one for and the other against what we may call the development theory. Thus Aristotle (*De Partibus An.* lib. i. c. 1) says that the first natural philosophers held, "that from water running into the body the stomach arose, and all the organs devoted to the reception of food; and that by the passage of the breath the nostrils were rent open." From this view he expresses his dissent, and sums up his conception of the matter in the very Aristotelian remark, "that birth is for the sake of being, and not being for the sake of birth." But the debate still survived, and reappears amongst the Roman naturalists. Lucretius has discussed the subject, in a way which might at first sight be confounded with the views of the Stagyrite, because he does not put the use before, but after, the creation of the organ; but the motive with which this is done is essentially

different, because Lucretius conceives the organ to have preceded the use, not by design and with a view to the use, but by accident only, the use being a thing purely casual:

> "Nil ideo quoniam natum est in corpore, ut uti
> Possemus; sed quod natum est, id procreat usum.
> Nec fuit ante videre oculorum lumina nata;
> Nec dictis orare prius quam lingua creata est;
> Sed potius longe linguæ præcessit origo
> Sermonem; multoque creatæ sunt prius aures,
> Quam sonus est auditus; et omnia denique membra
> Ante fuere, ut opinor, eorum quam foret usus.
> Haud igitur potuere utendi crescere causa."
>
> Lib. iv. 835-843.

The modern doctrine of development tells us, as has been often said, that we are only fishes in a higher stage, and that we each have been a fish ourselves. Now Plutarch* has a story which forcibly recalls this statement of the modern doctrine; for he tells us that Anaximander taught that mankind were originally born of fishes; and that when they had been nourished up and became able to help themselves,—reached a proper stage of development, to use more modern language,—they were then cast forth, and took to the land; and that for this reason the philosopher affirmed fishes to be the father and mother of mankind, and on that ground forbade the eating of them. We wonder whether it would be possible to discover the secret author of the *Vestiges* by a general invitation of all the *savans* of the country to a white-bait dinner.

The spontaneous generation of animals is another of those ultimate questions in natural science of which we have spoken. Every schoolboy, at least of the type with which Lord Macaulay was familiar, remembers the recipe which Virgil gives in the fourth Georgic for the production of bees where the hive may have lost its usual colony, whereby a brood of insects is raised from the blood of the slaughtered heifer:

> "Interea teneris tepefactus in ossibus humor
> Æstuat: et visenda modis animalia miris,
> Trunca pedum primo, mox et stridentia pennis,
> Miscentur, tenuemque magis, magis aera carpunt,
> Donec, ut æstivis effusus nubibus imber,
> Erupêre." *Georgics*, iv. 308.

It is impossible to read these lines and not to recall the acari which Mr. Crosse saw, or thought he saw, developing on the stone in his galvanic battery; and the question raised by the two narratives is identically the same. If one may judge from rather a brief passage in his Treatise on the Soul (lib. ii. c. 4, § 2), Aristotle did not deny the possibility of spontaneous genera-

* Plutarch, Conviv. Disput. lib. viii. quest. 8, § 4, edit. Wytt.

tion, but seems to have confined it to the lower and rudimentary orders, to animals, in short, which he conceived as without any powers of reproduction.

Many other instances might be adduced to confirm the observation that the ultimate questions of natural science remain the same; and to show that though more powerful weapons may be wielded, and more numerous troops engaged, the battle still rages round the same positions as it did in the times of Aristotle and Lucretius.

This observation on the identity of the ultimate questions of natural science to Aristotle and to ourselves, is not without its bearing on any inquiry into the possible limits either of that science or of the human mind. No doubt in every case, whether it be theology or natural science, the inquiry into the limits is an *a priori* one, because the limitations result not from the nature of the object, but of the subject—from the smallness, not of the thing, but of the mirror; so that in the end the question, What are the limits of knowledge? resolves itself into this other, What are the limits of our powers of knowing? Nevertheless valuable suggestions towards the solution of this *a priori* question may be gathered from the experience of mankind: wherever we find something on which the successive waves of science, the strongest efforts of man, have been beating for ages, without making the least advance, or creating the least motion, we may begin to suspect (we say not that we may conclude) that there we have something which can never be passed by the human mind with its now powers, that there we have one of those limits where God has said to the human mind, as to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Art. III.—MICHELET'S LIFE OF RICHELIEU.

Richelieu et la Fronde. Par M. J. Michelet. 8vo. Paris, 1859.

This work is the last which has appeared of M. Michelet's amusing historical notices. It includes the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII. and the beginning of that of Louis XIV., that is to say, the administrations of Richelieu and Mazarin. Those thirty years (from 1629 to 1659) are perhaps the most important in French history. In the course of them France was raised from a second-rate power nearly to her present position, her army became the first in the world, and the supremacy

of her formidable rival, Austria, was destroyed, apparently for ever.

In spite, however, of the glory and the promise of this period, no Englishman can rise from its records without disgust and depression. Under Richelieu it was the reign of tyranny, hatred, fear, and treachery between every class, and almost between every individual. The king, the queen, and the queen-mother, deceived, distrusted, and detested each other, and they all joined in hating Richelieu.

M. Michelet is not an historian; he is a describer of scenes. He instinctively seizes on all that is amusing, and his picturesque language fixes his narratives in the memory. But his series of pictures, like an historical gallery, is intelligible only to those who are familiar with the persons and the lives of the originals. We therefore think it advisable to prefix a short summary of the events which preceded those which are contained in the volume before us.

Queen Marie de Medicis was, say the historians of the time, neither sufficiently grieved nor sufficiently surprised by the assassination of Henri IV. She had never deserved nor obtained his affection, and she now looked forward to a long period of power and of freedom; for the little Louis XIII. was only ten years old.

Her expectations were deceived. Her weak and vicious government revived the pretensions of the upper classes, restrained for a time by Henri IV. and his minister Sully. The money which Sully had accumulated was squandered on the princes and nobles, in the vain endeavour to suppress insurrection; and seven years had not elapsed before Louis XIII., at the instigation of De Luynes, exiled his mother, and caused her favourite minister Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, to be murdered within the walls of her palace.

She was followed into exile by the comptroller of her household, Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu.

Born in 1585, he was at this time thirty-two years of age. The church was not his choice. He had already embraced a military career, when in 1605 his elder brother, the Bishop of Luçon, retired into a convent. The family could not afford to lose a bishopric, and Armand was compelled to abandon the sword for the crosier. He spent two years in study at the Sorbonne, and was consecrated to the see of Luçon before his twenty-second year.

Early in life he showed consciousness of his powers, and eagerness to exercise them. He first attracted attention by his eloquence in the States-General of 1614. His speech in favour of the royal authority and of the regency recommended

him to the notice of Concini, who introduced him to the queen-mother. The person and manners of the young prelate gained her heart, and she appointed him high almoner to Anne of Austria, the bride of Louis XIII., and, in 1616, secretary of state.

During his brief period of office he conciliated all parties. After the death of Concini the king intimated to him that he did not count him among the evil counsellors of the late minister. The new favourite de Luynes held a similar language. But the time was past for Richelieu to occupy a subordinate position, and he resolved to withdraw till he could be a master.

The two following years he spent in retirement at Avignon; meditating, we may believe, the gigantic projects which he lived just long enough to accomplish.

In 1619 he was recalled to effect a reconciliation between the king and his mother; and, to reward his services, Marie de Medicis asked for him the cardinal's hat. He obtained it in 1622.

For a few years Richelieu was devoted to his benefactress, and we trace his influence in the unusual wisdom of her advice to the young king. The council, however, was still governed by Luynes, and after his death by Brulart de Puisieux. He was turned out in 1624 by La Vieuville, who, to win the favour of the queen-mother, introduced Richelieu into the council, after a feigned resistance on the part of the cardinal, and a real reluctance on that of the king. In six months La Vieuville was in prison, and Richelieu reigned supreme.

A total change took place in his demeanour. The subtle and insinuating courtier became the uncompromising statesman, scorning remonstrance and punishing opposition. Louis XIII. was captivated by the prospect of glory opened before him. He had at last found a minister strong enough to hold the sceptre which fatigued his feeble hand.

Protestant alliances were formed. The marriage of Madame Henriette-Marie and Charles I. was concluded, and an army sent into the Valtelines to check the pope and the House of Austria.

The revolt of the Huguenots in 1625 interrupted Richelieu's foreign policy. A long civil war ensued, which terminated in the celebrated siege of La Rochelle. The capture of this, their principal stronghold, in 1628, for ever crushed the Protestants as a political party.

The hands of Richelieu were now free to pursue the war in Italy; and amidst the frost and snow of the early spring of 1629, he and the king crossed the Alps at the head of their army, took Susa, imposed a French alliance on the Duke of Savoy, and drove the Spaniards out of Casale.

Louis XIII. had courage, but not perseverance. He had soon become tired of the siege of Rochelle; he was now equally weary of the campaign in Italy. In spite of the representations of Richelieu, he left Susa on the 28th of April, and proceeded to extinguish the dying embers of the Huguenot rebellion in Provence.

The cardinal joined him on the 19th of May, but a severe attack of illness confined him to his bed; and Louis indulged himself in slaughtering his own subjects, and burning his own towns. A lasting peace was finally settled on the 28th of June 1629. The Huguenots were required to lay down their arms, to swear allegiance, to raze their fortifications, and to reëstablish the Roman Catholic ritual; but they were allowed the free exercise of their religion.

It was not enough for Marie de Medici that she retained her seat in the council, and that she had been regent during the absence of the king: she could not forgive Richelieu's independence or his growing indifference. She detested his policy, and she reproached him with his heretical alliances abroad, and his ingratitude towards herself. A violent quarrel was the result, which ended in his dismissal from the office of comptroller of her household. On this the king wrote with his own hand the patent which appointed Richelieu prime minister, leaving a blank for the salary to be filled up by the cardinal himself.

He was already high admiral, under the title of Superintendent of Navigation. The strong places of the Calvinists were delivered into his hands. Saumur, Angers, Honfleur, Oléron, and the Ile de Ré were his. A guard of honour attended him, and his magnificence exceeded that of the king. His presence was again required in Italy. The troops of the emperor were besieging the capital of his ally the Duke of Mantua. Richelieu once more exchanged the robes of peace for the sword and buckler, the buff jerkin, and the cocked hat and red plume, in which he has been so often described. He was generalissimo of the army: two marshals of France were under his orders, and the same honours and obedience were paid to him as to the king himself.

In two days he became master of Pignerol and Chambéri. On the 10th of May 1630 the king and his minister met at Grenoble. They marched together upon Savoy, and in less than a month subdued the whole country. Still Mantua was not relieved, the pass of Susa was once more in the hands of the enemy, and Richelieu felt that the campaign had failed in its real object. The queens loudly demanded peace; but Richelieu persuaded the king to attempt another descent upon Italy.

Louis XIII. did not get beyond St. Jean de Maurienne.

In the beginning of September, illness forced him to return to Lyons. The struggle that followed between the queens and Richelieu forms one of the first pictures in M. Michelet's volume.

When the king reached Lyons, he became so seriously ill that his decease was hourly expected. As usual, the surgeons aggravated the evil by their barbarous remedies. In the faces of all around he read nothing but anxiety for the moment of his death. He hardly dared to taste either food or medicine for fear of poison. Yet, except for the pleasure of cheating his enemies, he could hardly wish for a longer life. There never was a more melancholy one. Gloomy, suspicious, and taciturn, he was in all respects the opposite to his father, the gay and genial Henri IV.*

In his domestic relations he was most unhappy. His mother, Marie de Medicis, preferred to him his brother, the clever and profligate Gaston; and tried, not without success, to alienate his wife.

Anne of Austria was quite ready to love her young husband. "Sa beauté brune ne déplaisait pas à la jeune reine," says Mme. de Motteville; and when for a short time she suspected him of a partiality for the Connétable de Luynes (afterwards Mme. de Chevreuse), she fell ill with jealousy and vexation. After a time, however, stung by his coldness and neglect, surrounded with bad companions, she gave at least an excuse for his suspicions. He felt his own unfitness for government. He had neither scientific nor literary pursuits. Out of doors he lived with horses and dogs; in doors he was persecuted by ennui. He frequently asked one of the courtiers to sit with him at a window, "et puis ennuyons-nous, ennuyons-nous;" and he soon succeeded. He tried to kill the time by all sorts of trifling manual employments. He made locks, he preserved fruits, and he took lessons from his cook in larding.

His religion partook of the gloom of his character. He rejoiced in the sufferings of the Huguenots; and at the siege of Montauban, from the windows of the castle he watched the struggles of the wounded, left to die in the dry moat. He amused himself for hours in mimicking their contortions. And yet he was not without good and great qualities. In an age of almost unbridled license, his moral conduct was pure. His choice of ministers was conscientious. When, at length, he fell under the dominion of Richelieu, his sole motive was the welfare of France. Although, when viewed from a distance either of space or of time, by surrounding nations or by pos-

* M. Michelet throws some doubt upon his legitimacy, as he does upon that of most of his characters. Our own James I. he asserts to have been the son of Rizzio.

terity, the great statesman appeared to his contemporaries, and appears to us, omnipotent, his tenure of office did not depend on the affection or on the fear of his sovereign. He was neither a favourite nor a master.

During the king's illness at Lyons, the two queens, one of whom hated Richelieu for having begun to make love to her, and the other for having left off, extorted from Louis a promise to dismiss their common enemy. When the cardinal returned to Lyons to wear the laurels which he had well earned in his victorious campaign, his situation was nearly desperate. The French envoys had taken advantage of the king's illness, and of Richelieu's absence, to sign, without authority, the Peace of Ratisbon. The emissaries of Gaston, whom he had always persecuted, filled the town, eager to clutch the crown from the brows of the dying monarch. Whether the king lived or died, Richelieu seemed lost. By a miracle the king recovered. At this moment the queens introduced a new character upon the stage.

Louis XIII. had always some reigning favourite—some very young man, whom he undertook to bring up in the way in which he should go; but till now he had appeared to be insensible to the charms of female beauty.

"Still weak from the effects of recent illness, the king," says M. Michelet, "went to return thanks at the shrine of St. Jean de Lyon. The eyes of the convalescent fell upon a new-comer, Mdlle. de Hautefort. This Aurora, as she was called, on account of her rosy complexion and her waving hair, gilded now by the reflection of the painted window, seemed a ray from heaven—a new life—to the royal Lazarus. He ordered the hassock on which he was kneeling to be carried to her. A northern maiden would have been overcome with surprise and confusion, and have committed some blunder. She, however, with a slight blush, which added to the brightness of her large blue eyes, took the hassock, and, without using it, placed it respectfully by her side."

From that day the king was an altered man. He became assiduous in his attendance in the queen's circle, avowedly for the new maid-of-honour. Entirely devoted to her royal mistress, Mdlle. de Hautefort used her influence in favour of Anne of Austria, whose mouthpiece she became.

What was Richelieu to do? He tried to soften the heart of his old patroness the queen-mother. He established himself in her barge as it slowly descended the Loire, and he passed long hours on one knee by her couch "filant le parfait amour," trying to revive a spark of an extinct flame.

It was in vain. The queen-mother reached Paris more angry, if possible, than ever. She demanded his dismissal. The king seemed to waver. In the midst of the discussion Richelieu

burst into the apartment, and entreated her forgiveness. She replied by a torrent of abuse. The king fled to Versailles. Marie de Medicis remained at the Luxembourg in triumph, and received the congratulations of the courtiers.

Richelieu had the wisdom to follow his master. Louis XIII. already had missed him. Oppressed by public cares, surrounded by enemies, foreign and domestic, what should he do without his right hand? At that instant Richelieu appeared. He humbly tendered his resignation, and was commanded to remain.

So ended the 11th November 1630, the famous *journée des dupes*, by which the only gainer was Richelieu.

Clemency was not one of his attributes. Death, exile, and imprisonment were the fate of the enemies who were already rejoicing over his downfall. The king never again attempted to part from him.

Somewhat similar to the relation between Louis XIII. and Richelieu, and equally galling, was the bond which united the cardinal to *his* prime minister, the celebrated Père Joseph, who, under his flannel robe, hid a heart as ambitious as that of his patron.

"In spite," says Michelet, "of his bare feet, his rope girdle, and his humility, he aimed at the cardinal's hat, which would no doubt have enabled him to supplant his friend. Richelieu, who saw his object, tried as early as the year 1628 to get rid of him by shutting him up in a country town. He offered him the bishopric of La Rochelle. But Joseph, with equal cunning, declined the honour of being buried alive, and insisted upon remaining a Capuchin. Joseph had four chief secretaries belonging to his order, an establishment of his own, horses, carriages, and apartments in all the royal palaces. Nothing pleased the king so much as to see the ministry filled with these gray gowns. He thought that much might be permitted to a king who provided Capuchins with carriages.

On the other hand, Richelieu, who had experienced the falsehood of Joseph, while he made him so important, took care to keep him under his eye. He said that he loved his dear brother so much that he must live with him. So the Père Joseph, with his Capuchins and his secretaries, were established on the same floor and in the same apartment with the cardinal, who was thus himself a spy upon this chief of spies."

Joseph was violently anti-Austrian. A contemporary historian (Tallemant des Réaux) says of him, that he imagined himself born to defeat the House of Austria; and at this time he assisted Richelieu in obtaining the king's consent to the masterpiece of his foreign policy,—the alliance with Gustavus Adolphus.

The Thirty-Years War was raging. The leaders of the Catholic party were the two fanatical heads of the House of Austria,

the Emperor Ferdinand II. and Philip IV. of Spain. They thought that the banner of their faith was a cloak for every crime. Under its cover they oppressed their own subjects, broke faith with their allies, and persecuted their enemies without hesitation or remorse.

In 1629, the emperor, after exterminating heresy by the sword in Austria and Bohemia, prepared to reconvert Protestant Germany. At the head of his armies was Wallenstein.

We insert Michelet's description of this great adventurer. The portrait, indeed, is too picturesque to be faithful. The shadows are blacker, and the features more exaggerated, than the colouring or the forms of nature; but it is an impressive sketch, after the manner of Rembrandt:

"He was a tall, thin man, of sinister aspect and doubtful origin. He signed 'Waldstein,' in imitation of the great German families; his round head pronounced him of Sclavonic race. Every thing about him was contradictory. His reddish hair would have proclaimed him German, if it had not been qualified by his dark olive complexion. He was born at Prague, amidst ruin, fire, and massacre, and went forth from Bohemia like an evil spirit to ravage and destroy the rest of Germany. Each peak of that volcanic country still seems to be dyed in blood. Wallenstein had no faith and no God; he trusted in the stars, in fate, and in gold. At first a Protestant, he changed his religion for his first wife's large fortune, which he realised in base Austrian coin, and bought up confiscated estates: afterwards he bought soldiers, regiments, armies. The avalanche increased daily.

Sombre, silent, inaccessible, he spoke only to pronounce sentence of death, and yet all flocked to him. Was it a miracle? No, it was natural. Wallenstein made the soldier a king, and gave him absolute power over the people, their property, their lives, their women and children.

There can no longer be crime; for all is permitted,—the horrors of sack and pillage, and the delirium which follows victory, renewed every day in defenceless villages and families; men beaten, wounded, and murdered; women passing from hand to hand; the voice of weeping heard every where. Yet no complaints. How was it possible to reach Wallenstein, intrenched in the midst of his camp? The spectre was blind and deaf.

An excellent Dutch picture in the Louvre represents a wretched countrywoman kneeling in urgent entreaty at the feet of a captain in red velvet. She looks so miserable and so dirty, she has evidently suffered so much, that one knows not what more she can fear. They have killed her husband and children; how can they harm her? In the background is a group of soldiers throwing dice. What is their stake? Perhaps this woman; the pleasure of torturing her. She is made of flesh and blood, poor creature, and she shudders."

Such was the army, and such, or nearly such, the leader,

which the wicked folly of Gaston called to ravage the fair plains of his country.

The army of Wallenstein amounted to 160,000 seasoned troops. Besides these, many bands, almost armies, in Germany, Poland, and Italy, were ready to join him, in order to fall upon the rich prize of France.

Two centuries later, in our own day, we have seen a mighty conqueror, regardless of the ruin of nations and of individuals, and of every thing but the satisfaction of his own ambition, advance with apparently resistless force to destroy all intellectual and moral progress, and to establish the dominion of the sword. But Providence will not suffer such a career to remain unpunished. In the seventeenth century a champion was raised up in the person of the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus, in whose favour M. Michelet allows himself the only burst of genuine admiration contained in the volume.

We have copied his portrait of Wallenstein; we give as a pendant that of Gustavus:

"He was tall; it has been said that he was the tallest man in Europe. His forehead was broad, his nose aquiline, his eyes were light gray, small according to the engravings, but penetrating, although short-sighted. He inherited from his German mother a tendency to fat, which was probably increased by his calmness and serenity in a life of danger and struggle. His size was inconvenient, as he could scarcely find a horse to carry him; but on one occasion it saved his life—a bullet which would have killed a thin man buried itself in his flesh.

His temperament was sanguine, and subject to short fits of irritation, at which he himself laughed when they were over. He exposed himself too much, like a soldier more than a general. These are the only faults that have been attributed to him, and they leave him more nearly perfect than seems to be compatible with human nature.

He was wonderfully just, and never complained when unsuccessful in private affairs before the Swedish tribunals. In the horrible Thirty-Years War, when there was neither law nor God, he appeared as a divine avenger, a judge, nay as Justice herself.

The perfect purity of his camp was in itself a revolution. One of his men, who had just stolen a cow, felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Turning round, he beheld the good giant Gustavus, who gently addressed him in these words: 'My son, my son, you must offer yourself up to justice;' which meant, you must be hanged.

He was the representative of the oppressed principle, Protestantism, which then in Europe represented liberty. For his father became king of Sweden only in consequence of the ruin of the Catholic John. Gustavus was king as her defender against Poland and the Jesuits. While yet a child, his father pointed him out as the avenger of this cause: 'I shall not complete this work,' said he; 'it will be my son.' Germany understood that it was to be so. And when Gustavus reached the age

of twenty (in 1614), the great and enlightened towns of the empire — Strasbourg, Nuremberg, and Ulm — named him as their defender against the house of Austria.

He had received an excellent education. He wrote and spoke German, Dutch, Latin, Italian, and French; he understood Polish and Russian. But, what was still more important, in the twelve years' truce between Holland and Spain, numbers of officers of all nations, who came to serve in the Swedish army, taught to him the famous Dutch art of war. He was, in fact, the successor of Prince Maurice.

It was a war of sieges, of canals, and of marshes. But the master of real strategy,—the art of manœuvring on a grand scale in the field, —was in Sweden. Pontus de la Gardie was the first upon whom the light of this new system dawned; it shone fully upon his son Jacques, who put it in practice, and taught it to Gustavus."

The principle of this new system was that of moral force as opposed to brute force. The victories of Wallenstein were achieved rather by numbers than by discipline, and the premium which he offered was license. Gustavus came, not to conquer, but to deliver. He trusted in the courage of his men and in the righteousness of his cause.

But M. Michelet, as we have seen, will not allow even his favourite Gustavus to have been the inventor of the new art. Europe of course owes it, as she does every other good thing, to France.

"A Frenchman had discovered a mode of warfare opposed to the three systems which were then in vogue. It may be thus described— that real strength lay not in the dash of the Turks, the storm of their cavalry, not in the weight of the imperial cuirassiers, nor even in the walls and skilful fortifications of Holland,—but in human walls,—the firm foot-soldier in the open field,—and in the breast of man."

M. Michelet seems to have forgotten that the power of the foot-soldier had already been discovered by Spain. The famous Spanish infantry was invincible till 1643, when its destruction at Rocroy was the first triumph of the grand Condé. As we do not find in other historians the same importance attached to the lessons of Jacques de la Gardie, our readers will perhaps forgive us if we attribute the improvement to Gustavus himself. Otherwise, how could he lay claim to the preëminence which was freely granted to him by his great rival Wallenstein, later by Turenne and Condé, who raised their hats when his name was mentioned, and lastly, by Napoleon, who places him among the eight great generals of ancient and modern times?* If we deny him the inventive faculty, he falls from the first rank of men into the second,—from the man of genius to the man of talent; the

* Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugène, Frederick II., and Napoleon.

essential difference between whom is, that the man of genius is an originator, and the man of talent an imitator.

In 1629 Gustavus had reigned eighteen years, and was already famous by his victories in Denmark, Russia, and Poland. A truce of six years with the latter country had just been effected through the mediation of France and England. Gustavus was able to turn his attention to the internal affairs of his kingdom. The liberality and ability of his administration proved that in more tranquil times he might have been as celebrated as a statesman as he was as a general. But he was not long suffered to rest on his laurels. Wallenstein had marched unresisted across the north of Germany, and was laying siege to Stralsund, a fortress opposite to the island of Rugen, whence it was but a step to the coast of Sweden; he had created himself Admiral of the Baltic, and was forming a fleet whose destination could not be doubted. Gustavus felt that he could no longer stand aloof. A Swedish contingent was despatched, which saved Stralsund; and he assembled a state council to deliberate on the expediency of himself taking the field. Most unwilling were the Swedes to part with their good king. They insisted on the distance, the difficulty, the danger, his slender resources and small army. The great Chancellor Oxenstijerna, who enjoyed the implicit confidence of his master, was against the measure. Afterwards he spoke of the king's resolve as of a divine impulse; no persuasion could shake it. On the 19th of May 1630, Gustavus bade a solemn farewell to his subjects, and on the 30th left the country which his life and death were to render illustrious, but which he was to see no more.

We have not space to recount here the history of his campaign, the results of which are well known.

The success of Gustavus procured to him at length an open and regular alliance with Richelieu. It was signed on the 23d January 1631. By this treaty France agreed to pay an annual subsidy of 400,000 crowns towards the war, on condition that Gustavus should spare the possessions of the Duke of Bavaria and of the Catholic League. The moral effect produced by this alliance was prodigious. But it was not long before Richelieu, like the ignorant disciple in the fable, was thrown into consternation by the power of the spirit which his own charm had raised.

All that Richelieu could do was, while nominally the ally of Sweden, to encourage the neutrality of the Catholic states, to promise them a support which he could not afford, and, on pretence of protecting Lorraine, to lay hands on it himself.

At length, Wallenstein having resumed the command of the imperialist forces, Gustavus suffered a severe check before Nu-

remberg. A reaction in public opinion is one of the few things which may always be safely predicted. The world was tired of admiring the virtues and wondering at the deeds of Gustavus. Because on this one occasion he was not victorious, he was of course vanquished for ever.

So thought Gaston, duke of Orleans,—Monsieur, as he was generally called,—who, since the exile of the queen-mother, had been brooding over past follies, and hatching new disturbances in the Low Countries.

He was a specimen of a clever fool; he was devoid both of moral sense and common sense. He was a craven both in mind and body; his conduct was always either weak or wicked, or both. Under Louis XIII., as under the regency, he was ever in revolt and conspiring with the enemies of his country, often without a chance of success, and still more often defeating his own plots by his clumsy irresolution. He generally escaped punishment by betraying his accomplices; for, like Louis XIII., though never without a favourite, he never had a friend. Though so deficient in judgment, his talents were above the average. He was an admirable speaker, his memory was excellent, and he was a proficient in several branches of science.

Imagining the power of Richelieu to be indissolubly bound up with that of his great ally, Gaston resolved upon a decisive blow. He was sure of the assistance of Spain and Lorraine; and he despatched emissaries into France to secure that of the nobles. He was especially desirous to gain Henri, duc de Montmorency, the governor of Languedoc.

Till now the loyalty of this nobleman had been unblemished. Godson and favourite of Henri IV., devoted to his sovereign, for whom he had gained several battles, the fate that could least have been expected for him was to die as a traitor.

After many misgivings, Montmorency consented to join Gaston's cause.

We must pass over Gaston's ignominious failure, and the capture and condemnation of Montmorency. Petitions poured in from every quarter for Montmorency's pardon. Foreign powers interceded. It was all in vain. "With the head of Montmorency," said the cardinal to Louis XIII., "his party will fall." The king had perhaps another motive besides the interest of the state. The beauty and misfortunes of Anne of Austria had touched the heart of Montmorency. He styled himself "Chevalier de la Reine;" and when taken prisoner, her picture was found bound upon his arm. Montmorency's accomplished wife, Marie des Ursins, was first cousin to Louis XIII. Her affection for her husband, which neither trial nor time could shake, was well known. She made every possible effort to save

him; so did his sister, the Princesse de Condé. But Louis XIII. would neither see them himself, nor permit them to penetrate to the prisoner.

Gaston saved himself by signing a treaty containing these words: "That he would not interpose in favour of those who had joined with him on this occasion for their own purposes, and that he would not complain when the king obliged them to suffer the penalty which they deserved."

Louis XIII. and Richelieu proceeded to Toulouse. Montmorency was removed thither on the 27th October. His trial began on the next day. He pleaded guilty, was condemned on the 29th, and beheaded in the court of the Capitol on the 30th. The statue of Henri IV., which stood in the centre, was sprinkled by his blood.

He died like a saint, forgiving all his enemies. In his will he left a valuable picture to the cardinal. On the night before his execution the whole town was in commotion. The streets swarmed with people demanding his pardon, with loud cries, under the windows of the palace, where Louis XIII., sombre, taciturn, and resolved, sat playing at chess,—his own the only dry eyes in the chamber.

"Many of Montmorency's friends," continues M. Michelet, "the principal members of his household, were punished for having followed him—a novelty which excited scandal, even indignation. It broke through the old connection between vassal and lord, client and patron, servant and master. No master henceforth but the king and the state. It was a terrible but a necessary severity. It was the commencement of the reign of law; and, considering the manners and opinions of the time, there was both danger and grandeur in daring to strike the blow. The desired effect was obtained. For a long time the party remained without a head; civil war was impossible; and Spain had lost her lever. Conspiracies were reduced to the chances of assassination. But there was a base cruelty in the mode of punishment, which excited mortal enmity against Richelieu. The execution of the noble followers of Montmorency might have been forgiven, but not their being sent to the galleys to row on the same bench with plebeian convicts. Even the daring act of Montmorency's death was done in a cowardly manner. Without doubt, it was the cardinal's wish, but he had not dared to advise it. He had shown the courage of a priest; not striking himself, but presenting the knife. He felt terribly alone."

It is extraordinary that Richelieu chose this very moment, his hands red with the blood of her chevalier, to pay court to Anne of Austria. We compress the picturesque language of M. Michelet. Found out in her perpetual plots with Spain, suspected of collusion with Gaston, the queen's position was humiliating. She had been forced to accompany this southern

expedition as a hostage whom it was not safe to leave behind. The king attended her circle every evening, but spoke only to Mdlle. de Hautefort. Immediately after the closing scene at Toulouse he returned to Paris, leaving her in the hands of the cardinal, who had *carte blanche* to treat her as he pleased. Richelieu made an accommodation with Spain the pretext for his sudden change of conduct. It is true he was not young and handsome, but he was successful and all-powerful. Essential to Sweden, desired by Spain, aggrandised by the victories of Gustavus, the abasement of Lorraine, and the discomfiture of Monsieur, Richelieu seemed to hold in his hand the fate of Europe. Richelieu led the terrified court and the trembling queen in triumph down the Garonne into the Gironde. At Bordeaux he expected to enjoy the mortification of the governor, the Duc d'Epernon. This old man was near eighty, and perhaps the shock would kill him. What a satisfaction it would have been to the cardinal to bury him as he passed through!

Vain hope! At Bordeaux the scene changes.

Richelieu falls dangerously ill; and the old governor, surrounded by armed retainers, walks every morning into the cardinal's bedroom to ask him how he does, and frighten him almost to death. The queen and court start without him, and proceed to enjoy the magnificent fêtes which his presence would have spoiled. At La Rochelle there were all sorts of rejoicings,—triumphal arches, tournaments, naval reviews, concerts, and balls. The queen was dancing when news arrived which turned all this feasting into mourning. Richelieu was out of danger, and Gustavus was dead. He fell on the plain of Lützen on the 6th of November 1632.

"All that romance writes," says M. Michelet, "of the fate of heroes was accomplished literally in him: To save the world, to die young, and by a traitor's hand." He goes on to say, "In the terrible battle of Lützen, Gustavus overpowers Wallenstein; beats, wounds, cripples, and overthrows him; kills his famous generals, even him who was the very incarnation of war—Pappenheim, who at his birth was marked with two bloody swords on the forehead. Gustavus was returning, tranquil and pacific and trusting, as usual, from the dreadful execution. His only companion was a petty German prince, who had frequently changed sides. A shot is fired, and Gustavus falls. The companion flies, and goes straight to Vienna."

We are happy to be able to disbelieve that Gustavus died by treason. It would have been, like the death of Cordelia, too sad for the justice either of truth or of poetry. But our author, trusting to the inspirations of genius, did not think it worth while to study the facts. Gustavus was killed in the beginning of the battle. Pappenheim did not come up till near its close;

otherwise there would have been no battle at all. Gustavus would never have attacked a force numerically so superior to his own. Gustavus had already made one successful charge at the head of his gallant Swedes, and already made sure of victory. He led them on again; the foe proved too numerous, and the Swedes retreated, not perceiving, in the thick fog, that they had left their king in the hands of the enemy. A pistol-ball shattered his arm, and, feeling faint, he requested the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg (the *homme suspect* of M. Michelet) to lead him out of the battle. An imperial cuirassier then shot him in the back; and he is reported to have said to the duke, "Take care of yourself, brother; I have had enough." He fell from his horse; and a party of the enemy coming up, asked who he was. "I *was* the King of Sweden," said Gustavus, and expired. His white charger was seen galloping riderless over the field, its housings covered with blood. The Swedes knew that their king was dead. Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar assumed the command of an army as eager as he was to avenge their common loss. Wallenstein's troops were completely routed. In vain did Pappenheim's arrival turn the scale for a moment in favour of the imperialists. They were overpowered by the furious onslaught of the Swedes; and Pappenheim fell covered with wounds, willing to die since the mortal enemy of his faith was slain.

So ended the memorable battle of Lützen, in which perished perhaps the greatest hero whom the world has ever seen. If the Reformed Church had her saints as well as her elder sister of Rome, we should see many a stately cathedral and decorated altar dedicated to the memory of Gustavus Adolphus. Yet he had none of the bitter exclusiveness which sometimes adheres to sanctity. He was gay and genial, and so sure of his own faith, that he was willing to allow perfect liberty to those of a different persuasion. We read of no persecution sanctioned by him. All Europe, foes as well as friends, mourned for him. For himself, however, his early death was perhaps not to be regretted. Scarcely a cloud had dimmed the splendour of his career. Years might have brought their cares, and ambition and power their temptations, and in time they might have obscured the radiance of a character whose perfection, as it now stands, is an everlasting glory to human nature.

It is a satisfaction to reflect that our own countrymen contributed to the success of this great general. In his third campaign Gustavus was served by fifty-seven British officers and 10,000 men.

With him, in spite of the skill and the bravery of his successors, the unity and the progress of the Protestants was at an

end. At Nordlingen, in 1634, the Swedes, under Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, were completely routed, and their prestige destroyed. France then stepped in as the champion of Protestantism, and enabled Bernhard to obtain on the Rhine successes so great that they were beginning to excite the jealousy of Richelieu, when Bernhard died, in 1639, at the early age of thirty-five. Sudden death was so frequently the fate of those who stood in the cardinal's way, that strong suspicions were entertained of poison.

During the few years which followed the death of Gustavus, the arms of France were far from successful. Richelieu's mania for centralisation allowed no discretion to his generals, each of whom had an associate who was at the same time a spy. So little was there of national feeling, that the court rejoiced at the discomfiture of the minister.

Foreign affairs were not the only subjects of Richelieu's anxiety. There seemed no end to the plots of the incorrigible queen. M. Michelet thus describes her at this period of her life:

"Queen Anne of Austria in 1637 was no longer young. She was of about the same age as the century; but she retained the extreme freshness of her complexion; it was all lilies and roses. Flaxen and Austrian in her early youth, her hair had grown darker; she was becoming more Spanish. But as she was fat, her incomparable fairness had only increased. Flora became Ceres in the full meridian, the royal splendour of summer.

She nursed her beauty a little too much; eat a great deal, and got up very late, either from southern indolence, or for the sake of her complexion. She heard one or two Low Masses, dined copiously at noon, and then visited some convent. Of sanguine temperament, proud and passionate, she yet was weak; her attendants called her *toute bonne*. She was, especially when young, charitable to the poor; her heart was loving, credulous, unguarded. Mme. de Chevreuse, who knew her well, said to Retz, 'Put on a dreamy air, forget yourself in admiration of her white skin, her pretty hands, and you may do what you like with her.' Her ignorance and incapacity made her the tool of interested lovers and intriguing women.

She betrayed whilst she flattered. She had drawn nearer to Richelieu; she asked favours of him; she even visited him at Ruel, and accepted his fêtes and his collations, and his verses.

Richelieu was not quite a dupe; he was uneasy at so great a change; and at this very moment he was planning a little plot which should banish Mdlle. de Hautefort, the queen's advocate—her virtuous spy."

He directed the king's attention towards Mademoiselle de Lafayette, a relation of the Père Joseph. She had not the enchanting loveliness of the *Aurora*, but she possessed qualities which captivate the affections more securely than mere beauty.

She was dark, slender, and delicate; and her large black eyes were full of tender or lofty feeling. Louis, for the first time, knew what it is to love and be loved. Louise de Lafayette was not dazzled or corrupted; she felt intense pity and sympathy for the man who, betrayed by all who were nearest and dearest to him, was dying of premature old age, alone in his splendid solitude. In her society Louis shook off his reserve, and showed all the better parts of his nature, his high principles and real kindness; he told her all his griefs and cares.

Richelieu could not induce her to betray the secrets of her friend. As she refused to be his instrument, she was to be his victim. Through her confessor he worked upon her scruples, and when Louis, in a transport of passion, urged her to accept an apartment in Versailles, and to become wholly his, she was advised to put an impassable barrier between herself and her royal lover. Soon afterwards she announced to the king her intention of taking the veil. He long combated her resolution, but in vain. She entered the convent; but the struggle ended in a serious illness.

Richelieu triumphed; so did the queen, little knowing that she was on the eve of the most bitter humiliation in her life. One of her letters to Madame de Chevreuse, who was dying of ennui in her exile at Tours, fell into Richelieu's hands. It contained allusions to her correspondence with Spain, Lorraine, and England; it had been written at Val de Grace, and it was said that a young cavalier strikingly resembling Mme. de Chevreuse rode from time to time from Tours to the convent. Richelieu obtained permission to revisit the queen's apartments at Val de Grace. His emissaries, however, found only books of devotion and instruments of penance. In the hope of extorting evidence, her confidential servant Laporte was thrown into the Bastille.

The queen at first swore before a priest, on the holy communion which she had just received, that she had written only to Mme. de Chevreuse. The cardinal warned her that he knew more; then, sending away all witnesses, alone with Richelieu, she made a partial confession, throwing herself on his mercy, and promising never to offend again; she offered to him her hand, but the cardinal drew back with respectful gravity.

The fear was lest Laporte might tell still more.

To prevent this, Mdlle. de Hautefort, disguised as a grisette, her golden locks well hidden under her cap, procured admission to the Bastille, and contrived to transmit to Laporte a letter, telling how far, but no farther, he might confess. The queen's personal danger was over, but not her humiliation. The king never addressed her, and the courtiers scarcely dared to raise their eyes to the window of her apartment. She was forgiven,

but in disgrace. To reinstate her a miracle was required, and, by the intervention of a saint, a miracle was accomplished.

The intimacy between Louis XIII. and Louise de Lafayette did not cease on the threshold of the convent. From behind the grating of the parlour, she was still permitted to see the king; and her influence became greater than ever. She used it, as she thought, for his happiness. She never ceased to urge him to dismiss the pernicious minister who held him enslaved, and to be reconciled to his wife.

She pleaded so eloquently in behalf of Anne of Austria, that at last she succeeded; and in the following year, on the 5th September 1638, the whole nation went mad with joy on the birth of that sublime mediocrity, the prince who was to carry out the designs of Richelieu without his genius, the future Louis XIV.

"Richelieu," says M. Michelet, "was speechless. His fate was to be in the hands of the Infanta of Austria, the Spanish regent. In the dry, short compliment which he addressed to the queen, the words stuck in his throat—'Madam, great joys are silent.'

The future was dark. Richelieu, it is true, need no longer fear Gaston. But who would be the queen's lovers? That was the question. Hated by her to such an extent, could he induce her to accept a creature of his own? A man without family and without root, a foreigner, a priest, an adventurer without birth, suited him better than any other. This, if I am not mistaken, is the chief reason why he soon after adopted an Italian, whom he presented himself to the queen as resembling Buckingham, the acute, the crafty, the handsome Mazarini. Did Richelieu know the man whom he placed so high in France? Perfectly; he knew him to be base, and therefore he chose him. He had seen him false and ungrateful to his earliest patron the Père Joseph. In the beginning of 1638, Joseph, seconded by his young kinswoman Lafayette, had been working against Richelieu. He had made the king promise to recall the queen-mother, and to ask the pope for a cardinal's hat for himself. The pope dared not. Richelieu opposed the claims of Joseph, and urged against them those of Mazarini. Joseph saw that he was cheated. An attack of apoplexy struck him in May; the world said that he was poisoned. He fled from the cardinal's house to his own convent, received bad news from Rome, and died in two hours after, on the 18th of December 1638.

Mazarini had calculated that, as his excellent patron the Père Joseph was at the point of death, it was advisable to be on the spot, to insinuate himself into the place while it was yet warm. He established himself in the house of his intimate friend Chavigny, whom he afterwards betrayed, as he had betrayed Joseph. He came, he said, to yield himself soul and body to the great master of politics, to study under him. Richelieu, who, in spite of his greatness, had some foibles of pedantry, took him at his word, and made him his pupil. One day, as his niece returned from the theatre, the cardinal said to her, 'Whilst

you are amusing yourself, I am forming a statesman.' Richelieu saw the value of the tool which he was making. He who had known so many men, had never seen one so acute or so mean. Though not to be deceived, he was to be subdued by hope and by fear. He resolved to push him, and at last obtained for him the cardinal's hat."

Such was the first appearance in France of the man who, with neither strong passions nor elevated feelings to interfere with his love of power, with a heart never at variance with his head, though execrated and despised by all, yet beat every rival, oppressed France and its sovereign for fourteen years, and finally died possessed of more absolute power than Richelieu himself.

Soon after the birth of the Dauphin, the cardinal treated the court to a grand fête—the ballet of *La Félicité publique:* and this when the arms of France in the Netherlands, in Spain, and in Italy, had met with repeated disasters. But Richelieu was not to be dismayed.

In 1640 the scene changed. France turned to good account the revolutions in England, Spain, and Portugal. Arras was wrested from Spain, and soon afterwards General Harcourt entered Turin. At the same time Richelieu's nephew, the young Admiral Brézé, whose career was as glorious as it was short, defeated the Spanish fleet before Cadiz. The rejoicings for these victories were mingled with thanksgivings for a domestic event; a second son, Philippe, duc d'Anjou, was born to Louis XIII. on the 21st September 1640.

The humiliation of the House of Austria seemed at hand. The sun at length pierced the clouds, and prepared the way for the serene evening which was to close the stormy career of the minister. For the present, however, he was not allowed to pursue his policy in peace. His enemies at home were powerful allies to his enemies abroad. Marching steadily forwards, he had trampled on all that impeded his progress. Princes and nobles he had reduced to insignificance; the parliament he had deprived of privileges—usurped indeed, but sanctioned by custom. The people, exhausted by famine and rapine, called aloud for peace. Still no peace could be made till Austria was subdued.

Plot followed plot, detected, punished, and renewed. One after the other, Richelieu condemned to death the Duc de la Valette, the brother-in-law, and the Duc de Vendôme, the brother of the king. A more formidable conspirator, the Comte de Soissons, was killed by an unknown hand at the head of his rebel army.

But the worst of all was to come. Richelieu nourished a serpent in his own bosom. He had at length succeeded in separating Louis XIII. and Louise de Lafayette. He obtained

the banishment of Mdlle. de Hautefort. Thinking female influence too powerful, he presented a new favourite to the king, a handsome boy of seventeen, Cinq Mars, the son of his old friend D'Effiat. The king took a violent fancy to this youth, and the insolence and pretensions of the new favourite knew no bounds. He despised the place of *premier écuyer*, hitherto granted to the king's companions. "C'était bon," he said, "pour de petits gentilshommes;" for himself, he would be *grand écuyer*. So he was styled by the court, "M. le Grand." Luxurious and dissipated in his habits, he soon became wearied of the dismal monotony of the king's life, and he made frequent escapes to Marion de Lorme, and to his former jolly companions. These irregularities shocked the grave and decorous Louis XIII., who tried to reform him, and set spies upon his actions. Perpetual quarrels were the result; and the king used to draw up *procès verbaux* signed by the valets, and submit them to Richelieu, who in turn lectured the unhappy favourite.

Once or twice he intruded on secret conferences between the king and his minister. At last Richelieu crushed his ambition with indignant scorn. From that day he swore the death of the minister.

He had only to look round to find accomplices in every rank. He became the nucleus of a wide-spreading conspiracy, at the head of which was the queen, supported by the Dukes of Orleans and Bouillon. The king himself seemed to desire the death of the tyrant; he repeated that he wished to get rid of him,—"s'en défaire,"—though he objected to the assassination of a priest. The connecting link, and, from his high character and attainments, one of the chief members of this plot, was François Auguste de Thou, the son of the great Thuanus.

The object of the conspiracy was, that after the king's death, which could not be distant, the regency should be assumed by Anne of Austria. For this purpose it was necessary to kill the cardinal; for it was known that he had the will, and it was believed that he had the power, to prevent it. The governors of the provinces and of the fortresses, and the commanders of the armies, were his creatures, or at least his friends: they might not be able to prevent his assassination, but they would avenge it. Foreign aid was therefore called in; and Fontrailles, a cousin and friend of Cinq Mars, concluded, in the names of Gaston, duke of Orleans, the Duc de Bouillon, and Cinq Mars, a treaty with Olivarès, by which Spain engaged to invade France immediately with 12,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, Spanish or German veterans, and to place in the hands of Gaston all the fortresses that should be taken.

The declared purpose of it was to force a peace between the

two crowns. The true one was to make the queen and her party the real governors of France.

Whether M. de Thou was ever cognisant of the details of this treaty is a question; that he knew of its existence, and disapproved of it, is certain. He was of a legal, not a military family; and at this time foreign intervention was always courted by the military factions, and disclaimed by the legal ones; but his affection for the queen, his love for her favourite Mme. de Guémenée, and his patriotic desire for peace, to which the cardinal seemed the only obstacle, blinded him to the treasonableness of the domestic part of the conspiracy, though not to its foreign portion.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 25th of January 1642, the king and the cardinal left Paris to conduct the siege of Perpignan.

France was exhausted by her long warfare; she could supply neither money nor men. Richelieu was obliged to diminish the taxes, and to exchange the offensive for the defensive in all points save one. All forces were to be directed towards the Pyrenees. In his own words, he resolved to "strike no longer at the members, but at the heart of the enemy." Perpignan won, he expected Louis XIII. to cross the Pyrenees, enter Barcelona in state, and proceed to dictate peace at Saragossa.

Richelieu's retinue was more numerous and splendid than that of his sovereign, whom he followed at the distance of a day's journey; for the same resting-place could not accommodate both. From time to time they met in the large towns. On each occasion Richelieu observed the decrease of his own favour and the increase of that of Cinq Mars. More than once the project for the assassination was on the point of completion, but the hand of the favourite trembled. At Narbonne Richelieu's nerves fairly gave way. He declared himself too ill to go further. The king, accompanied by Cinq Mars, joined the camp on the 22d of April.

Many weeks were passed by the cardinal in mortal suspense; but he had a powerful ally at court in the person of Cinq Mars himself, whose triumphant interference, joined to his ignorance and incapacity, wearied out the patience of the king. News of a reverse in Picardy arrived, and Louis XIII. began once more to miss his minister.

Richelieu had left Narbonne on the 27th of May. A few days earlier he dictated (for the abscesses which covered his body and extended to his right arm prevented his writing) a will, in which he bequeathed the Palais Cardinal (now the Palais Royal), and a considerable sum from his own privy purse, to the king. He started in a miserable state of mind and body. Once more

fortune seemed to have deserted him, and he might expect to linger out his few remaining days in exile. He proceeded slowly towards Tarascon, where he was sure that the governor of Provence would afford him a refuge. He was overtaken, however, by Chavigny, who arrived from the camp with a letter from Louis XIII., asking advice, begging pardon, and concluding with these words: "Whatever false reports may be spread, I am more attached to you than ever; we have lived together too long to be ever separated; and I wish this to be known to the whole world."

The king received in return a despatch which he little expected. It was a copy of the treasonable treaty with Spain. How it fell into the hands of Richelieu may for ever remain a mystery. M. Michelet, who, as we have seen, is not blinded by the charms of Anne of Austria, ascribes this treachery to the queen. It is certain that, of all the conspirators, she alone was unpunished.

Chavigny found the king at Narbonne, returning ill from the siege. Cinq Mars had imprudently followed his sovereign. When he saw Chavigny, he became aware of his danger. He put off flight till too late. The order for his arrest was extorted from Louis with great difficulty. He attempted to escape, but was discovered hidden in the bed of the wife of a *bourgeois;* taken, and sent to Montpellier.

Orders were sent to the army for the arrest of De Thou, who was conveyed to Tarascon; and at the same time the Duc de Bouillon was seized in Piedmont, and dispatched to Pignerol.

Louis XIII. left Narbonne immediately, and proceeded to Tarascon, the scene of his first interview with Richelieu. Once more these two august invalids were in each other's presence; each almost on his death-bed, but each implacable as ever in his resentments; each hating and distrusting, but each necessary to the other.

A small bed was placed for the king by the side of that of his minister, who had the generosity and the tact to spare him all reproaches. Louis XIII., in return, laid all the blame upon Cinq Mars, and exhausted himself in expressions of attachment and protestations of fidelity.

Too feeble to return to the camp, the king proceeded to Paris, leaving unlimited powers with Richelieu, who remained in the dismal castle of Tarascon, under the same roof with his victim De Thou; who, in the lower vaults, waited in silence unbroken, save by the monotonous roar of the Rhone, to be led out to death.

The Duke of Orleans was travelling slowly towards Burgundy, expecting Cinq Mars, when he heard of his arrest. In

his terror, he despatched his creature, the Abbé de la Rivière, with letters to Richelieu, owning his guilt, and offering a complete revelation. The cardinal answered, that plenary confession had a right to absolution both from God and man. Gaston, overjoyed, replied by a detailed accusation of his accomplices. He exaggerated the facts, and even invented imaginary details. In his first panic, he had burnt the original of the treaty with Spain, but he was willing to swear to its contents.

Furnished with this important testimony, Richelieu left Tarascon, on the 17th August, for Lyons.

A few years back there was exhibited in Pall Mall one of Delaroche's fine small pictures, representing the attenuated form of the cardinal, wrapped in his scarlet robes (an appropriate livery for the bloody work he had in hand), reclining on a bed in his gorgeous barge, and towing after him De Thou. The funeral *cortège* slowly ascended the river, and did not reach Lyons till the 3d of September.

The trial lasted ten days. As usual, the penalty was paid by the inferiors. The Duc de Bouillon escaped by sacrificing Sédan, and Gaston by his base perfidy. However, no persuasions on the part of Richelieu could induce him to confront his associates.

Sentence of death was pronounced upon Cinq Mars and De Thou on the 12th, and executed in the afternoon of the same day. It is said that Louis XIII. drew out his watch at the hour of his favourite's death, and said, "Cher ami doit faire à cette heure-ci une vilaine grimace."

The piety, the chivalrous bearing, and the courage of Cinq Mars and De Thou, during the trial and on the scaffold, blinded the world as to their real guilt. A sort of halo of martyrdom was cast around them. Four or five miles above Tours, on one of the finest reaches of the Loire, stands a castle, still perfect, except that its towers end abruptly, without battlements, a few feet above the curtain. This is the château of Cinq Mars, its towers "razées à la hauteur de l'infamie."

Richelieu left Lyons for Paris immediately after the trial. He could not bear the motion of a carriage. He performed the journey, which lasted five weeks, either by water or in a magnificent litter, fitted up with red damask, containing his bed, a table, and a chair for an occasional visitor. It was carried by relays of eighteen guards. The walls of cities had to be broken down to admit of its passage, and scaffoldings were erected to raise this vast machine to a level with the apartments which were honoured by the occupation of the cardinal-king. On the 17th October he reached Paris, was received with almost royal honours, and immediately retired to Ruel.

Richelieu had indeed reason to triumph. Every day brought tidings of the success of his vast combinations. In the north, and in the Low Countries, the Spanish army was held in check by the Count d'Harcourt and Marshal Guébriant. The princes of the north of Italy, that beautiful land, whose destiny has long been to be torn in pieces by the pretenders to her favour, rejected the continual oppression and interference of the House from which their country was to suffer so much in future ages, and formed an alliance with Savoy and with France. The allies took Tortona on the 25th of November, and thus obtained possession of the Milanais south of the Po. The sovereignty of the province was awarded to Prince Thomas of Savoy, who held it in fief from the crown of France.

In Germany, Torstenson, the last of the successors of Gustavus, drove the Austrians out of Silesia, and a great part of Moravia; and on the 2d November was fought a second battle of Leipsic, as glorious to Sweden as the first. Reinforced by Guébriant, the Swedes subdued nearly the whole of Saxony.

The war in the Pyrenees, the chief object of Richelieu's solicitude, was brought to a successful termination. Both Rousillon and Catalonia became provinces of France. All this glory and power could not give peace of mind to the dying statesman. Since the execution of Cinq Mars, he felt that the king hated him. He dreaded, not the death which was advancing towards him with giant strides, but the knife of the assassin. Ignorant and yet suspicious of the part taken by the king in the late conspiracy, it was Louis XIII. whom he chiefly feared. On the rare occasions when the king visited him, the apartment was filled by his guards, who retained their arms; an unheard-of insult to royalty. He did not yet feel himself safe. He insisted upon the banishment of three of the king's favourite attendants—Messrs. Tilladet, De la Salle, and Desessart, officers of the Royal Guard. Louis XIII resisted long, but in vain, with this consolation, that their pretended disgrace would not last long, as the cardinal's days were numbered.

To lookers-on it seemed, however, an even chance which should precede the other to the tomb. The king's health was failing fast; Richelieu by no means despaired of recovery. He returned to Paris, and on the 15th of November he gave a dramatic entertainment, at which, however, he was not able to be present. The piece, an allegorical tragi-comedy in five acts, was called *Europa*. In it "Ibère" and "Francion" dispute the hand of the princess "Europa," and it ends with the triumph of "Francion."

On the 28th Richelieu was attacked by violent fever, and spitting of blood. The symptoms increased. On the 2d Decem-

ber his life was despaired of. Public prayers were put up in all the churches, and the king had a long conference with the minister to whom he owed so much. After asking the king's protection for his family and descendants, he advised him as to his future policy, recommended Mazarin as his successor, and composed with him an act, afterwards registered by the parliament, which, after recapitulating the various conspiracies in which Gaston had been engaged, excluded him for ever from any share in the government or in the regency, in the event of the king's death.

After the king's departure, Richelieu asked the physicians how long he had to live. Wishing to flatter him, they replied, that "God would work a miracle sooner than suffer the extinction of one who was so necessary to the welfare of France." His niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, running in, exclaimed, "Sir, you will not die: a holy woman, a Carmelite nun, has received the revelation." "My dear," he said, "we must laugh at all that; we must believe only in the Gospel;" and turning to the physician nearest to him, "Speak to me," he said, "not as a doctor, but as a friend." "Monseigneur," was the reply, "in twenty-four hours you will be dead or cured." "That is speaking out," said Richelieu; "I understand you."

The sacrament was then administered to him. "Here is my judge," he said, when the consecrated wafer was presented to him,—"my judge, who will soon pronounce my sentence. May he condemn me if, in the course of my ministry, I have had any other aim than the good of the Church and of the State." "Do you forgive your enemies?" said the priest. "I have had none but those of the State," was the reply.

The symptoms continued to increase. He bore them with admirable patience and fortitude. He gave way but for an instant, when bidding adieu to his niece, "the being," to use his own words, "whom he had most loved on earth." All around were weeping; for the terrible minister was, by the testimony of his contemporaries, the best master, kinsman, and friend that ever existed.

He preserved the same composure throughout his long agony, which lasted till towards noon on the 4th of December, when, with one deep sigh, his great soul left the wreck of what had been its tenement on earth.

The king whose reign he had made glorious, the people whom he had raised to supremacy, alike were relieved by his death.

Richelieu had trampled on his contemporaries. He could not, therefore, be judged fairly by them. It required the calm estimation of later ages to place him unrivalled as he now stands

among statesmen. Since the days of Charlemagne till the advent of Henri IV., France had been retrograding in the scale of civilised nations. The great king died before he could accomplish any effectual reform. Richelieu carried out his projects, and added to them with a firmer hand and a more enlightened capacity.

He extended the country to its natural limits by his systematic conquest. He improved the army, created the fleet, encouraged commerce, gave the first impulse to the arts, fixed the language by founding the celebrated Académie Française, protected literature, and quelled for a time the intolerable tyranny of the nobles. For all these benefits France has to thank him. But such complete changes could not have been made so suddenly without despotism and centralisation; and from these evils she is suffering now.

It was a system of government dependent on its head; and what head could be found to replace its author?

Art. IV.—THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN.

Histoire du Merveilleux dans les temps modernes. Par Louis Figuier. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette, 1860.

The history of human error, if such a book could be written with any approach to completeness, would probably be the most instructive work existing in any language. A Khalif Omar would be justified in destroying a Serapeion of volumes, if it were preserved. It would be an exposition of all human science: for since the apprehension of opposites is the same, to recognise error as such is to be possessed of the truth from which that error is a departure. It would also be a record of the gradual steps by which men have learned that which they now know. For, according to the saying of a French philosopher, no true hypothesis was ever yet established on any subject until all possible false hypotheses had been suggested, tried, and found wanting. These false hypotheses, therefore, arranged in chronological succession, would show us the slight element of reality contained in the earliest and most imperfect of them, becoming greater and greater, and the error associated with it less and less, as time advanced, and thought exercised itself on the problem to be solved.

But although, in certain departments, a gradual, steady increase of discovered truth, and relative diminution of ignorance and mistake, are observable in the past, and may be confidently predicted for the future, in others the pretence that we are wiser than our fathers seems to be a very groundless boast. We must distinguish the theoretic errors of philosophers, which have their basis in false intellectual assumption or inadequate induction, from the follies and delusions which appear at intervals like epidemics, fastening on the weaker minds as physical epidemics do on the frailer physical constitutions within their range. The former are but the miscalculations of a fallible judgment, which observation and experience are sure to correct, and which once refuted are refuted for ever. The latter bear resemblance rather to the hallucinations of the insane. They spring from vitiated perceptive powers. The experience which should refute them is itself perverted. The study of this latter class of errors is purely melancholy and humiliating. It is, however, instructive, and at the present time seasonable. The very aberrations of the human mind obey a law. Our nature being the same, and the experience to which it is subjected in its main features the same in all ages, since similar causes, acting under similar conditions, will produce similar results, the delusions into which men fall, generation after generation, will be in substance identical, in outward seeming only different. This fact may be turned to practical account. Madmen who were deemed incurable have been known to be restored to their right senses by being shown the same folly possessing the mind and influencing the conduct of a fellow-patient; they have learned to see themselves, as it were, in others:

> "For speculation turns not to itself
> Till it is travelled, and is married there
> Where it may see itself."

In the same way, the present generation may derive benefit from witnessing in the follies and delusions of past ages the counterpart of its own imagined insight and discoveries. Table-turners and spirit-rappers, to whom Faraday or Sir Henry Holland would address themselves in vain, may be converted by M. Figuier. Of course, an opposite result may ensue, and no doubt will do so in many instances. Instead of past superstitions discrediting those of the present time, present superstitions will accredit the past. Heathen oracles and miracles, mediæval tales of sorcery and diabolic possession, will be resuscitated, and appealed to as illustrating, not the credulity or absurdity, but the depth of spiritual discernment that characterised the pagan and dark ages. People who believe that Mr. John Quincy Adams,

of Ohio, was by spiritual agency "transported through the air for the distance of nearly a mile," and that Mr. J. R. Squire "was frequently lifted to the ceiling of the room, in the presence of large circles of friends," remaining "there long enough to write on the ceiling," and doing this "so often that the ceiling of one room in which this most frequently occurred was blackened with the marks of his pencil,"*—are not likely to stumble at stories of witches traversing the air on broomsticks, or any other of the degrading nonsense of sorcery, magic, and ghostly visitation.

M. Figuier's *History of the Marvellous in Modern Times* has been composed with the didactic aim to which we have referred, as is explained sufficiently in the following passage of his preface. After alluding to the forms which the appetite for the marvellous assumed in ancient and in mediæval times, he proceeds:

"The movement of 1854, in which the marvellous embodied itself in turning tables, was not then an abnormal fact, a fortuitous accident, but the natural sequence of many anterior events. Man cannot do without the aliment of superstitions; when the form under which the marvellous has appeared to one generation is superannuated, another appears, which renews the pleasure he feels in feeding on chimeras.

It was with the view of throwing light on this side of the human mind, and of demanding from history lessons for the advantage of the present time, that, in 1854, at the moment of the invasion of speaking tables and spirit-rappers, we conceived the project and the plan of the work which we now offer to the public: it was, indeed, prematurely advertised under the title of *The Genealogy of Table-turning*.

Once entered, however, upon these studies, our estimate of their importance increased; we were carried away by the attractions of so many varied recitals, in which all sources of interest seemed to blend, in which sinister dramas are mixed with scenes of the most extravagant buffoonery, in which tragedy and comedy meet and succeed one another, in which the sublime and the ridiculous jostle. We did not think it right, therefore, to limit ourselves, as at first we had intended, to very summary narrations, and instead of a sort of general dissertation, we have been induced to write a series of chapters of history. We have thus made the reading of the work more attractive, without losing sight of the general thought which should dominate it."

In a general introduction to his subject, M. Figuier treats rapidly, and somewhat superficially, of the marvellous in ancient and mediæval times. This sketch is followed by a *History of the Devils of Loudun*, and accounts of the *Jansenist Convulsionnaires*, the *Divining Rod*, and the *Protestant Prophets* who led the insurrection in the Cevennes, which was consequent on the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. In two volumes which remain

* Spiritual Magazine for January 1860, p. 20.

to be published, the author will discuss the subjects of *animal magnetism, speaking tables,* and *spirit-rappers.* The explanation which M. Figuier offers of the prodigies and ecstatic phenomena which he describes is perhaps too purely physiological. Nevertheless, for ourselves, we may as well state in the outset our conviction (with him), that the most extraordinary occurrences which he relates may be satisfactorily accounted for by known laws of man's mental and bodily organisation, including among the former those laws on which the worth of testimony to alleged facts depends. To this point we shall subsequently recur. We turn now to the facts themselves, confining ourselves chiefly to the *Diables de Loudun.* In the narrative which follows, we reproduce, in a condensed form, the substance of M. Figuier's chapters.

Loudun is a well-built, pleasantly-situated old town, now with some 5000 inhabitants, in the modern department of Vienne, and the ancient province of Poitou. In the middle of the seventeenth century there existed there a convent of Ursuline nuns, consisting of ladies of noble families from Poitou and the adjacent provinces of Saintonge and Touraine. The quietness of their secluded life, spent in devotional exercises and in the instruction of female pupils in the convent-school, was first disturbed in the spring-time of 1632. Lay notions of feminine propriety and of religious gravity and decorum were startled by rumours that some of the nuns were in the habit of quitting their beds at night, running up and down the corridors, and clambering over the roof into the chambers of their sisters and pupils. They professed to be haunted by spectres; among others, by the spirit of their late father confessor, Prior Mousaut, "doomed for a certain time to walk the night." The ghosts, we are sorry to say, made so bad a use of their return to earth as to address the sisters in improper language, and even to inflict blows upon them, of which they (the sisters) exhibited the marks to inquirers. Among those thus beset was the superior of the convent, Jeanne de Belfiel, of the noble family of the Baron du Cose in Saintonge.

Of course, occurrences of this kind could not long remain a secret. The sisters naturally communicated the misdeeds of his predecessor's ghost to their actual confessor, Mignon, canon of the collegiate church of the Holy Cross in Loudun. Mignon saw in the circumstances which they related a plain case of diabolic possession. To assist him in exorcising the evil spirits, he called in the aid of Pierre Barré, *curé* of St. James's in the neighbouring town of Chinon. "Devotee, fanatic, and visionary, Barré was always on the look-out for, and finished by finding

every where, demons and demoniacs. He would have exorcised the very stones."* By formalities of various kinds, the minds of the terrified nuns were completely thrown off their balance. For ten or twelve days the exorcisms were conducted in secret. It was ascertained that the name of the demon who possessed the superior was Astaroth, who further announced himself as the enemy of God. The demon of a lay sister gave his name as Sabulon.

The priests, having proceeded thus far, requested the presence of two of the civil magistrates at the next exorcism of the superior, whom they visited in one of the convent dormitories. She and the lay sister were in separate beds, surrounded by various priests and nuns, and attended by a surgeon. At the sight of the magistrates she fell into violent convulsions. The following dialogue between the confessor Mignon and the demon Astaroth was the prologue to a sad and revolting tragedy. The confessor begins:

"*Propter quam causam ingressus es in corpus hujus virginis?* (Why have you entered into the body of this virgin?)

Causa animositas, answered Jeanne de Belfiel, a prey all the time to convulsions. (*From animosity.*)

Per quod pactum? (By what pact?)
Per flores. (By flowers.)
Quales? (What flowers?)
Rosas. (Roses.)
Quis misit? (Who sent them?)
Urbanus. (Urbain.)
Dic cognomen. (Mention his surname.)
Grandier.
Dic qualitatem. (Mention his calling.)
Sacerdos. (Priest.)
Cujus ecclesiæ? (Of what church?)
Sancti Petri. (Of St. Peter.)
Quæ persona attulit flores? (What person brought the flowers?)
Diabolica. (A diabolic personage.)"

The charmed roses, it was afterwards revealed by the demon, had been thrown over the garden-wall of the convent by a young girl, to whom an inferior magician, Jean Rivart, commissioned by Grandier for that purpose, had given them. The manner in which the *pact* was received was the following. At ten at night the superior, who was in bed, felt a pressure upon her hand, which seemed to be forcibly closed by some invisible agency upon three thorns. The nuns who were in the chamber with her, being immediately called, discovered upon her hand the marks of three thorns. During the recital of this prodigy to

* Vol. i. p. 86.

the priests and auditors a great sensation was occasioned by the appearance of a cat, into whom it was hoped that Astaroth had transmigrated. The solemnities of exorcism having been expended on the animal with no effect, it was discovered to be no demon, but, in truth, "a harmless, necessary cat,"—a cat above all suspicion of diabolic dealings, the favourite cat of the convent.

Before proceeding further, it is necessary to make some mention of the principal personage of this history, in whose character and fate its interest henceforth centres. Urbain Grandier, the *curé* of St. Peter's, is described as a man of brilliant powers both as a preacher and a writer, of great personal beauty, and of fascinating address. He was celebrated for his successes out of the pulpit not less than for his triumphs in it, —successes of a kind which, it must be admitted, have too often illustrated the relations of "priests, women, and families." Personal jealousy, and also, perhaps, an angry resentment of the scandal cast by his life upon the ministers of the Church, joined to make him an object of odium to his brethren. There were other incentives to hostility not likely to be less powerful. Grandier was always more or less entangled in disputes, which swelled the number of his enemies. He had instituted a lawsuit against the canons of the church of the Holy Cross, in which Mignon had been his principal opponent, and had gained his cause. Rumour whispered another ground of quarrel between the confessor of the Ursulines and Grandier, in a *liaison* between Grandier and a female cousin of Mignon's.

In 1630 the enemies of the *curé* of St. Peter's gained a short-lived triumph over him, which, however, only gave occasion to their own more signal overthrow. He was convicted, on their accusation, of various acts of impiety and profligacy, and subjected, together with lesser penalties, to an interdict *à divinis* for five years in the diocese of Poitiers, and in Loudun for ever. On appeal to the Parliament of Paris, which referred the matter to the *présidial* of Poitiers, the witnesses against him retracted their evidence, and confessed that they had been suborned. The Archbishop of Bordeaux removed the interdict, but counselled Grandier, as a matter of prudence, to quit Loudun. It would have been well for him if he had taken this advice. But he was not the man to be driven away by defeated adversaries. His fearless nature, and the haughty contempt which he felt for them, and which he spared no opportunity of displaying, made him eager to witness and aggravate their humiliation. "He made his entry into the town waving laurel-branches, which he carried in his hand as a sign of victory." Not content with this rational and conciliatory proceeding, he instituted an action against the promoters of the late suit against him, for reparation

and restitution of the fruits of his benefice. A wordy war which ensued in consequence, between himself and a certain Sieur Duthebant, led the latter *à verbis ad verbera.* He assaulted Grandier with a cudgel as the priest was entering his church in full canonicals. Grandier proceeded at once to Paris, and laid the matter before the king. Duthebant was *blamé tête nue,* and condemned, besides costs, to divers amends and reparations.

Taking these things into account, it is not unnatural to suppose that the accusation of sorcery levelled against Urbain Grandier was, if not the result of a plot against him on the part of his old enemies, or directly suggested by them, at least by no means disagreeable to them. To M. Figuier another explanation, which, though different from, does not positively conflict with the foregoing, recommends itself. We quote it here, leaving discussion to a later page:

"Since the opening of the Ursuline convent at Loudun, Grandier had not paid the sisters a single visit, and had never meddled in their affairs; but perhaps the nuns had meddled a good deal with his. They were not so hermetically shut out from the world that the renown of the great and various merits admired in the *curé* of St. Peter's had not penetrated the bars of their convent. They had heard speak of his eloquence, of his beauty, of his successes in the pulpit and elsewhere; of his incessant struggles against his enemies, and of his victories, of which the fame had resounded throughout Loudun. It is even said that he had been thought of as a suitable person to fill the office of confessor at the convent of the Ursulines, which had become vacant by the death of Moussaut, and which was granted, as we have seen, to the canon Mignon. This point, however, has not been established. Be it as it may, the name of the *curé* of St. Peter's must have been often pronounced in the cloister of the Ursulines; and, without doubt, his mundane inclinations, his adventures of gallantry, were the principal features in which his unknown image presented itself to the imagination of these young nuns. It is evident how the Ursulines, a prey to fits of hysteria, and having to search out the author of the injuries of which they believed themselves the victims, should have promptly substituted in their accusations the brilliant *curé* of St. Peter's for poor Moussaut, whose ashes they had for a moment troubled, and who even in his lifetime seems to have been no very great conjurer.

This is without doubt the reason why Urbain Grandier succeeded in the imaginations of the Ursulines the late director of their consciences, and why he was accused of having cast the *lot* and the *pacts* from which all the evil came."*

The good fortune which had hitherto brought Grandier triumphantly through his difficulties did not at once desert him. After a variety of proceedings, which prove the bitter hostility

* Vol. i. pp. 101-2

of the exorcists, and throw light upon the ridiculous nature of their accusations, and of the evidence intended to support them, the Archbishop of Bordeaux interfered. On the report of a physician commissioned by him to inquire into the facts which had occurred in the Ursuline convent, Mignon was relieved of his office of exorcist. Instructions were drawn up for testing the reality of the alleged possession, so judicious and stringent, that they had themselves the effect of an exorcism, and it became unnecessary to put them in force. "At the mere sight of the ordinance of Monseigneur de Sourdis, the demons beat a retreat, and ceased to torment the Ursulines."

For a time peace reigned in Loudun—that sort of peace which follows complete victory on the one side, and crushing defeat on the other. Grandier enjoyed his triumph haughtily. The discredited nuns sank into poverty and contempt; not richly endowed, they had previously supported themselves by the reception of boarders and day-pupils within the convent walls. These pupils were now withdrawn. But another turn of Fortune's wheel was destined to change the state of things again. Within a year the demons returned to the convent whence they had been expelled, and the proceedings against Grandier were renewed.

The political circumstances which were concurrent with this re-possession of the Ursulines deserve to be stated. They had a direct influence on Grandier's fate. After the taking of Rochelle, Richelieu, in pursuance of the great design of his life, the aggrandisement of the royal power in France by weakening the nobles and crushing the Huguenots, determined on the destruction of the feudal castles and fortresses in the interior of the kingdom, which had afforded or might afford strongholds and means of resistance to the disaffected. The castle of Loudun was among those destined to be rased; and Laubardemont was appointed to superintend its demolition. Now Laubardemont was a relative of the superior of the convent, and shared, it is scarcely necessary to say, the almost universal belief of his age in sorcery and demoniacal possession. We can hardly wonder at his being the dupe of a superstition which, at about the same time, had in England a more illustrious votary in the person of Sir Matthew Hale. Thus predisposed, he was easily accessible to the machinations of the exorcists and their faction, and became the zealous accomplice of their odious designs. Unfortunately, Grandier had a still more formidable enemy in yet higher quarters. His evil genius, or his combative and defiant temper, had early in life embroiled him with Richelieu, between himself and whom, when yet only prior of Coussai, a silly quarrel about precedency had occurred. The offence may or may not have

been forgiven and forgotten by the cardinal, among whose great qualities neither the meeker Christian nor the more generous natural virtues were very conspicuous. But it further suited the purposes of Grandier's enemies to represent him as cognisant of and concerned in a satire professedly written by one of his female parishioners named Hammon, entitled *La Cordonnière de la Reine Mère*, in which "were exhibited, with scandalous details, several *particularités* of Richelieu's life and ministry." The civil authorities, who in the former proceedings against the *curé* of St. Peter's, had honestly, if timidly, stood by him, or rather by the cause of common humanity and fair-dealing, were now ranged with overwhelming force on the opposite side. The issue is easily foreseen. Grandier's enemies were determined to hunt him down, and they succeeded. They were bent on the most uncompromising and cruel revenge, and they had it.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this paper to enter into any detailed narrative of Grandier's trial, except in so far as it throws light upon the belief in that diabolic superstition which gave occasion to it. The iniquitous proceedings by which the associated priests and politicians gained their end, and the unflinching calmness and courage with which Grandier bore himself to the last, are personal to the actors in the tragedy. The interest of the story, as M. Figuier relates it, is indeed intense; but the pain exceeds the interest. The reader feels like some helpless spectator compelled by a refinement of cruelty to witness to the end barbarities from which, as he is powerless to prevent them, he would willingly turn away his eyes and thoughts. A kind of ineffectual indignation is the prevailing sentiment which the narrative excites. There are few who are free to read or not to read it at their pleasure who will not turn rather to some less melancholy part of M. Figuier's melancholy book,—melancholy in its substance though not in its tone, which is Voltairian. The author laughs at follies rather than weeps at crimes. Perhaps only by the assumption of such a temper could he carry his task through.

On the 6th of December 1633, Grandier was arrested as he was proceeding to church, breviary in hand, to say Matins. The details of his imprisonment, of the barbarities practised upon his person, of the shameless denial or perversion by his opponents of every principle and form of law and justice, and of his own heroic demeanour, must, as we have said, be passed over very briefly. Immediately after his arrest, his papers were seized. Among them was a Ms. treatise on the *Celibacy of the Priesthood*, of which he disclaimed the authorship, but which is said to have been written by him to calm the scruples of Madeleine de Brou, the *nouvelle Héloise* of this new Abelard. The author

was satisfied with his own arguments; for he concludes with the following couplet:

"Si ton gentil esprit prend bien cette science,
Tu mettras en repos ta bonne conscience."

In the castle of Angers, where he was confined, he was deprived of a bed, fire, and every other comfort. The means necessary for preparing his defence were withheld. Defamatory writings containing the most horrible and unproved charges against him were published and circulated by authority; witnesses against him were invited to come forward and assured of protection. The efforts of his mother and brother to secure an appeal were illegally thwarted. The sequestration of the nuns said to be possessed was evaded: they were kept together to excite and countenance each other's frenzy. The people of Loudun were prohibited from speaking against the exorcists and the nuns, and were otherwise intimidated. A petition which they addressed to the king was intercepted by Laubardemont. The medical commission appointed to inquire into the state of the *énergumènes* was purposely made up almost entirely of men of no consideration or sagacity. The trickery and falsehood practised during the exorcism of the demoniacs were transparent; we shall speak of them presently. It is sufficient now to say that the proceedings against Urbain Grandier, which commenced on the 6th of April 1633, were terminated by his death, on the 18th of August in the same year. He was burned alive, after having been first put to the torture. He met his trials with noble serenity and patience, protesting his innocence to the last, and praying God's mercy and forgiveness for himself and his enemies. We had marked for extract some passages describing the closing scene of Grandier's life, but our space is not extended enough to allow of their insertion.

In considering the case of the nuns of Loudun, several issues have to be tried. First, with regard to the conduct of the exorcists and of the judges who passed sentence upon Grandier, the question is, how far the criteria of demoniacal possession insisted on by the Roman Church were faithfully applied by them. If the phenomena displayed by the nuns of Loudun were in their nature genuine, if they were free from all taint of collusion and jugglery, the priests and their civil abettors are personally absolved of a crime which casts its dark shadow merely on their age and on human nature. If, on the contrary, there is evidence of fraudulent tampering with facts, no greater guilt has ever been incurred even by blind fanaticism and priestly jealousy. Was the death of Grandier an act of mistaken piety and duty, or a cruel judicial murder? This is the first point to be examined. Secondly, taking, as we may fairly do, the conditions described in

the ritual of exorcism, and exemplified in the phenomena attributed to the Ursulines at Loudun, as having some groundwork of fact in them, we shall endeavour to ascertain to what cause, or combination of causes, if not to diabolical agency, these facts may be referred. By comparing them with other morbid phenomena and abnormal facts of well-attested reality, and especially by attending to what Sir Henry Holland has named *the law of mental continuity*, prodigies imagined to be of supernatural origin, or to be due to mysteriously occult causes, can be connected with and shown to be in their essence akin to the commonest and least striking facts of daily occurrence. Thus the almost imperceptible gradations which link together states apparently the most different,—the dreaming and reverie of the healthy mind, with illusions and hallucinations; the habit of concentrating the attention on particular subjects, with fixed ideas and monomania; the natural play of the emotions, with hysteria and epilepsy,—deserve to be most carefully noted and described. The "method of continuity" as applied to mental phenomena is, indeed, that prescribed by Bacon in natural philosophy. It resolves itself into the collection and arrangement of what he has named respectively *clandestine, ostensive,* and *migratory* instances: the first sort exhibiting the phenomenon inquired into "in its weakest and most imperfect state;" the second, in its highest power and intensity; the third showing the phenomena passing from less to greater, or from greater to less. Few or none will now dispute the soundness of this method of research. Many things utterly inexplicable by themselves are at once accounted for when their place is found in a regularly progressive series. The method must at least be proved, not in this or that individual case, but very generally, to fail entirely of resolving the difficulties which it is intended to remove, before miracle can be invoked to supply its place. If it can be demonstrated that it is successful in stripping large numbers of fancied prodigies of their mysterious character, it may be fairly assumed that increased knowledge and greater skill will bring under its power facts which still lie beyond the range of ascertained law. The phenomena actually established, as distinct from those which ought to have been proved, in the case of the nuns of Loudun, and other instances of the marvellous in its several forms, may now, we believe, be assigned by it with some degree of accuracy to their true origin.

The evidence of imposture and chicanery against Laubardemont and the exorcists shows, to our minds most convincingly, that they were not merely ignorant and vindictive fanatics, but designing and unscrupulous conspirators against a man guilty enough in many things, but at least innocent of what was laid

to his charge. It is important that this should be proved. If trickery and falsehood can be established against them in any one instance, and, much more, if trickery and falsehood can be established against them in many instances, all the phenomena the credibility of which rests merely on their testimony, and which *may have been* the result of collusion, become justly open to suspicion. When the deductions from the record which this consideration entitles us to make are taken into account, there remains no knot at all worthy of the *Deus* (or rather *Diabolus*) *intersit*. As the first step in the argument, we shall show that deliberate deception and artifices of the lowest kind formed an essential part of the procedure of the exorcists.

One of the criteria of the reality of possession laid down by the Church of Rome consists in the suspension by the demons of the body of the possessed in the air for a considerable time. After having been discomfited by a series of checks and miscarriages, the priests resolved to make appeal to this decisive test. The suit of the devils of Loudun *versus* the law of gravitation issued in the defeat of the former.

"It was during the month of May that the greatest miracles were expected. *Asmodeus*, one of the demons, who had chosen a domicile in the body of the superior, promised to raise her in the air to the height of two feet; the demon *Eazas* boasted that he would lift up another nun in the same way; and lastly, the demon *Cerberus* undertook to raise the sister of the latter nun as high as four feet. As the curious loudly demanded the performance of these marvels, Father Lactance called on the demons to accomplish them.

The superior raised herself, in fact, high enough to astonish the vulgar; but, just as a miracle was being proclaimed, an inquisitive person bethought him of lifting up the edge of her robe, and disclosed to those who stood near that one of her feet touched the floor. The presence of this sceptical spectator was the reason why neither the demon *Eazas* nor the demon *Cerberus* ventured even to attempt to keep their word with the public.

After these, the demon *Beherit* presented himself, vaunting that he would repair all failures. If he had succeeded, as he boasted he would, in lifting Laubardemont's cap from off his head, and holding it suspended in the air during the time of a *Miserere*, people would have proclaimed the honour of the legion. The thing failed, as we shall see, by reason of another spectator displaying too much curiosity—*nimia curiositas*, as the exorcists called it.

On the day, or rather the night, on which this miracle was to be performed, the whole town having assembled to witness it, Father Lactance adjured the demon Beherit to proceed to its accomplishment. But his persuasions and menaces were in vain; the cap remained firmly fixed on the head of Laubardemont. Every body had noticed that the hour was late, and that torches were lighted,—a circumstance

favourable to some phantasmagoric trick. It had been remarked also, that at the beginning of the *séance* Laubardemont had taken his seat on a chair placed at a considerable distance from the others, and just under the roof of the church. One of those who had made this sensible remark, communicated it to a neighbour as suspicious as himself, and these two inquisitive people mounted eagerly and in all haste to the roof. They there surprised, and interrupted in his work, a confederate, who took to flight at their approach, carrying with him a little hook and a long horsehair line, to which the hook was fastened. This line was to have been let down into the church through a small hole bored opposite to the place where Laubardemont sat, who, seizing the hook, would have fastened it to his cap while pretending to adjust the latter on his head. The confederate on the roof would only have had to draw the line from the roof, the cap would have followed the thread, and the exorcist would have triumphantly intoned his *Miserere*, while the head of the commissioner was despoiled of its covering, according to the promises of the demon. But the watchfulness of a couple of indiscreet spectators prevented the success of this neat trick" (Vol. i. pp. 146-8).

If, however, the demons failed entirely to carry out the *programme* of their entertainments, they were very ingenious in excusing their blunders. Thus Asmodeus accounted for his neglect to answer a question put to him in due form by the plea that, at that particular time, he had been *aliud agens*—engaged, that is to say, in "conducting to hell the soul of Le Prout, the *procureur* of the Parliament of Paris." This attempt to set up an *alibi* was thwarted by the discovery that there never had been a *procureur* of parliament of that name. Nor was the demon merely mistaken in the profession of his client, for it was further ascertained that no person of the name of Le Prout had died in Paris at the time in question. It is more probable that this evasion was devised by the exorcist than that it was a deceit practised on him as well as on the bystanders by the superior, who, with the other nuns, was evidently a passive instrument, or an accomplice only through intimidation, of the priests.

The other authorised tests failed no less completely. One of them is, the knowledge of, and power of speaking, foreign tongues. The demon Asmodeus, who is the subject of the next extract, seems to have been far from manifesting those varied resources which he afterwards displayed when he unroofed the houses of Paris for the benefit of Don Cleophas Perez Zambullo. He came with as little credit out of his examination in languages as out of the *tour de force* already described:

"Mass having been said, Barré advanced to give her [the superior]

the communion previous to the exorcism. Holding up in both his hands the holy sacrament, he said to her:

'*Adora Deum tuum, creatorem tuum* (Adore thy God, thy Creator).'

She answered, '*Adoro te* (I adore thee).'

A little startled at the response, the exorcist resumed:

'*Quem adoras?* (Whom dost thou adore?).'

'*Jesus Christus* (Jesus Christ),' she replied, committing a solecism in language.

On which an assessor of the provost, Daniel Drouin, who was among the bystanders, could not help exclaiming in a sufficiently loud voice, 'This devil is no grammarian.'

The exorcist, somewhat disconcerted, repeated the same question, taking care to modify the phrase so as to make a nominative case suit the answer:

'*Quis est quem tu adoras?* (Who is he whom thou adorest?)'

The possessed, who felt that she had made a mistake, thought that she ought to change her answer, but it was *mal-à-propos*, as we shall see; for this time she made use of the vocative.

'*Jesu Christe!*' she replied.

'Bad Latin,' cried several of the bystanders. But the exorcist alleged that the answer had been '*Adoro te, Jesu Christe!* (I adore Thee, O Jesus Christ!)' and this grammatical dispute went no further."

Afterwards, being asked by a civil officer present to repeat in Greek what she had said in Latin, she remained silent, in spite of the "sweat and prayers" of Barré. On another occasion, a learned Scotchman, the principal of the college of the Reformed at Loudun, asked her for the Scotch of the word *aqua*. She replied, "*Nimia curiositas* (You are too curious);" an ingenious evasion, on which she did not improve by adding, in an explanatory tone, "*Deus non volo*," meaning *Deus non vult*. An attempt to get from her the Hebrew for *water* had no better success. Subsequently she was allowed to answer in French instead of in Latin, Father Lactance replying to the spectators, who objected that, as the devil knew all languages, he ought to be able to answer in any, that "there were some devils more ignorant than the peasantry themselves." The same exorcist having demanded of her (the superior) "*quoties* (how often)" the devil had entered into her, "she confounded this word with *quando*, and replied, "I did not remark the day." At the instance of Barré, the superior very reluctantly took oath that she did not know Latin, expressing a fear that God would punish her for the great oaths she was compelled to take; she added that she was in the habit of teaching the *Credo* to her pupils. The character of her Latin responses does not require us to suppose more knowledge than this fact implies. When Grandier himself exorcised the supe-

rior, he announced that he would do so in Greek, since she understood Latin, and the demons were familiar with every kind of idiom. To which the demon responded: "O subtle that thou art, thou knowest well that it is one of the first conditions of the pact between us not to answer in Greek." To which he replied, "O pulchra illusio, egregia evasio." The application of another test—that of the cognisance of events passing in distant places—did not favour any more than the others the hypothesis of possession. On one occasion, before Grandier's arrest, the superior being asked where at the moment of inquiry the sorcerer was, answered, that he was in the hall of the castle of Loudun. Search being immediately made, he was found quietly seated in the house of the *bailli* of Loudun, where he had been more than two hours, in the company of several priests, who testified to his not having quitted them during that interval of time. Annoyed at this exposure, the exorcists, on the return of the messengers, summoned Sister Claire, another of the possessed, to answer the same question. She pronounced that Grandier was walking with the *bailli* of Loudun in the church of the Holy Cross. It was proved that neither Grandier nor the *bailli* had been thither at all, either apart or in company.

The development of physical strength to a degree beyond what is natural to the age or sex of the possessed is a sign of diabolic influence. The physician Duncan succeeded in holding in her chair the superior, whom it was pretended six strong men could not hold. "If it is a demon," he said, "it ought to be stronger than I am." "What an argument for a philosopher!" said Father Lactance. "Doubtless a demon out of the body is stronger than you are; but when he is in a feeble body, like that of this woman, he cannot resist you, for his operations are in proportion to the strength of the body in which he is domiciled." Other blunders of the demons might be related. In spite of their supernatural knowledge, they could not tell the name of the bishop under whom Grandier received the tonsure, and announced that there were *two* Huguenots present at a *séance* when there were really *nine*. On the first occasion on which Duncan (the physician just mentioned) visited the superior, the demon *Grésil des Trones* failed to identify him. Being adjured by the exorcists to say who the stranger was, he mentioned the names of two other medical men of the town of Saumur, where Duncan resided—Bénoit and Texier,—and then would stay no further question, though, as M. Figuier remarks, his chance of guessing right the third time was very great. If it were worth while so to occupy our space, we might add to the foregoing many other instances of evident collusion, evasion, and jugglery

on the part of Grandier's enemies. They would fill more pages than remain at our disposal. The exorcists set at defiance the ritual of their own church. They invented contradictory maxims to ruin the unfortunate *curé*, and to save their own credit. One of these maxims was, that the devil duly conjured was constrained to speak the truth. Since, therefore, the devil had pronounced Urbain Grandier to be a sorcerer, a sorcerer Urbain Grandier must be. The fact that the devil duly conjured had told a great many demonstrable falsehoods presented no difficulty; for this, as one of the demons (Balaam) explained, was "in order to confirm the incredulous in their doubts." It is evident, further, that the nuns of Loudun were not guiltless of participation in the frauds of the exorcists. Not only the affair of the attempted elevation in the air of the superior, but that of the pretended escape of three of the demons through slight punctures in her side, of which we speak in a note,* and the miraculous appearance on her hand of the names of *Joseph*, *Mary*, and *Francis de Sales*, in characters which gradually wore out, but which were seen before their final disappearance, and stated to be produced by some chemical preparation, prove her to have been a party to a series of prearranged deceptions. We cannot therefore see how it can be, as M. Figuier asserts it is, "absolutely impossible to believe that the superior Jeanne de Belfiel, and the honourable young women reared up in the convent, should have consented to accept a part and prepare beforehand for an odious comedy, the *dénouement* of which was to be the death of an innocent man and a priest." This infer-

* Grandier himself, in a *Mémoire* entitled *Faits et Conclusions absolutoires*, exposed the suspicious circumstances attending this alleged miracle.

"Why think you," he says, "have the demons chosen as signs wounds similar to those inflicted by a cutting instrument (*un fer tranchant*), though it is the custom of the devils to make wounds similar to those inflicted by burning? Is it not because the superior could more easily conceal an iron instrument, and slightly wound herself with it, than she could conceal fire, and make a wound by burning? Why do you think they chose the left side rather than the forehead or the nose, except that she could not wound herself in the forehead or the nose without the action being visible to the whole assembly? Why did they choose the left side rather than the right, if not because it was easier for the right hand to extend itself over the left side than to bend itself back on the right? Why did she incline on her left arm and left side, if not because this position, in which she remained for a considerable time, made it easier for her to conceal from the eyes of the spectator the instrument with which she wounded herself? Whence think you came the groans which she uttered, if not from the feeling of the pain which she was inflicting on herself, the most courageous not being able to repress a shudder when the surgeon bleeds them? Why did the ends of her fingers appear bloody, if not because they had handled the instrument which made the wounds? Who does not see that this instrument having been very small, it was impossible to prevent the fingers which held it from being reddened by the blood which it made to flow?" The superior's hands were not tied, as it was promised they should be, and her robes were torn, as they ought not to have been, over the wounds.

ence is in direct contradiction to facts which he himself states. On the 3d of July, Sister Claire publicly asserted that all she had said hitherto were "pure calumnies and impostures," and a few days after repeated this declaration. Sister Agnes, who was, from her prepossessing appearance, known as *le beau petit diable*, "frequently declared that she was not possessed, but that she was compelled to submit to exorcism." Sister Nogeret confessed that she had accused an innocent man, and prayed for pardon from God. In a fit of remorse, the superior made an attempt to take away her own life. All these confessions, however, Laubardemont pronounced to be "a trick of Satan to confirm people in their incredulity;" and they had no effect on the proceedings.

These things considered, what weight can be attached to the alleged instances of penetration on the part of the possessed into the unexpressed thoughts of the exorcists? Here fraud is the easiest to perpetrate and most difficult to detect. M. Figuier receives pretended instances of penetration as facts, and accounts for them by supposing that the possessed were brought into a state of artificial somnambulism and *clairvoyance*. This is *obscurum per obscurius*. The evidence of *clairvoyance*, in spite of the very startling and inexplicable narratives which abound concerning it, is not yet, to say the least, of such a character as to be of scientific validity. It is itself too much of a difficulty to be available in the solution of difficulties.

But though we cannot agree with M. Figuier that there is any sufficient proof that the nuns were *clairvoyantes*, he has, we think, rendered it probable that they were often thrown into an artificial mesmeric sleep or trance. The description of their condition suggests this explanation of it.

In the *Exercitationes* of the physician Pidoux, published in 1684, he gives the results of his personal observation of the nuns of Loudun as follows: "Immotæ manent potius rigent, transfixæ non sentiunt, et tanquam turchicho masslascho, aut opio sopitæ; aliquando nec respirant, sed jacent veluti mortuæ (p. 21). Quædam ex his, talis tantum solo affixæ, reflexo ad posteriora corpore, firmiter ad solidum tempus stant (p. 37). Aliæ humi jacentes, nec articulatim sed erecto quasi trunco et rigido corpore, se ipsis assurgunt." "In their states of sleep," says another observer, "they became as supple and flexible as sheets of lead, so that one could bend their bodies in all directions, before, behind, sideways, till the head touched the earth; and they remained in the posture in which they were left until some one changed their attitudes."

Madame Sagille, one of the *religieuses*, suffered a pin to be thrust into her arm, when the demon had sent her to sleep, with-

out manifesting any sign of pain. After exorcism, the nuns had no recollection whatever of the scenes through which they had passed, and the part they had played. There is no need, however, to refer these phenomena, as M. Figuier seems inclined to do, to the magnetic or quasi-supernatural influence of *one human will upon another*. The same conditions are conspicuous in hypnotism, as Mr. Braid has denominated the artificial sleep which individuals may *produce in themselves*, without the intervention of a second party, by prolonged and concentrated attention directed to a single object. The insensibility displayed by the nuns is only an extreme illustration of a fact of every-day experience. It is well known that when attention is withdrawn from outward objects, impressions made on the organism are conveyed only imperfectly, or not at all, to the sentient and percipient mind. In reverie, the events taking place around us are lost upon the mind. Wounds received during an absorbing pursuit are unfelt until the energy of pursuit slackens. Laromiguière was in a certain sense right in representing attention as the condition and primal germ of all mental activity. What we do not attend to we are utterly unconscious of. For instance, in ordinary sleep, though the eye is closed to light, the orifices of the ear are not shut upon the atmospheric waves which circulate round them; yet the ear is as insensible to sound, in proportion to the depth of the sleep, as the eye to vision. And by artificial means particular organs and portions of the nervous system may be thrown into a sleep so profound and complete as to be insensible to the intensest and, what in a waking state would be, the most painful *stimuli*. At the same time, in artificial as in ordinary sleep particular senses and faculties may be wakeful and active. The constrained and unnatural postures which persons under mesmeric and hypnotic influence assume and maintain, and which were observed in the nuns of Loudun, have their faint foreshadowing and prototype in the odd and uncomfortable attitudes often to be remarked during natural sleep. These facts, imperfectly as they present the subject, indicate, we think, with sufficient clearness that the abnormal states to which we refer are only extreme instances of common and regular phenomena.

The unnatural physical strength developed in the nuns of Loudun, and the extraordinary and almost impossible *tours de force* by which they displayed it,—exceeding those of any professional mountebank,—are similar in kind to what may be witnessed in every instance of delirium and convulsion. The percipient and nervous organism sleeping, the stream of nerve-force (to use Mr. Bain's language and hypothesis) probably sets with undivided current towards the muscles of voluntary motion,

and endows them with an energy and activity which seems preternatural.

For the reasons now suggested, it seems to us quite unnecessary to suppose the direct operation on the minds and organism of the Ursulines of any other will and personality than their own, —demoniac or human, magical or magnetic, sorcerer's or exorcist's. The highest medical authorities are unanimous in resolving the devils of Loudun into morbid nervous affections on the part of the possessed. The source of their malady was shrewdly guessed at by Giles Menage, in a work published as early as 1674: "In anno 1632," he writes, "accidit ut aliquot virgines Ludonensis cœnobii, uteri suffocationibus, ut verosimile est, laborantes, adeo vexarentur, ut eas a dæmone correptas crederent homines superstitiosi." The subject, even if it were not rather of medical than of general interest, is obviously unfit for discussion in these pages.

M. Figuier's diagnosis represents the sisters of the convent as suffering under hysteria, with various complications, produced by that particular form of derangement technically known as *erotomania*. The nature of the charges made by the nuns against Grandier, and one feature which pervades the hallucinations of all the possessed respecting his conduct towards them, to which for obvious reasons we have not alluded, puts this explanation of their condition beyond reasonable doubt.

These physiological explanations are satisfactory as far as they go; but they are obviously incomplete. They point out the circumstances which, in this particular case, predisposed the nuns to believe in their own diabolical possession, and to attribute it to the incantations of Grandier; but they throw no light at all on the origin and nature of the general belief in demons and in possession. A few words on both of these subjects will be in place.

The demons of classic belief were, it is well known, originally the disembodied spirits of good men, supposed still to be living on the earth, and exercising tutelary cares over survivors. This is the graceful and touching form which the superstition takes in Hesiod. Soon, however, a similar power over and interest in human affairs was attributed to the departed souls of bad men. In the other world the wicked did not cease from troubling. The course of thought in both the classic nations was the same. To the good and evil demons of the Greeks, the *Lares* and *Dii Manes*, and the *Lemures* and *Larvæ*, of the Romans exactly corresponded. Fear is a not less active, and in its effects on the popular imagination is generally a far more potent, principle than the spirit of love and of a sound mind. Mysterious and invisible agencies naturally awaken apprehension and alarm; and it is the tendency of terror to paint

the object towards which it is entertained in the darkest colours, and to become hatred. Hence, while the good demons gradually dropped out of the popular belief, or took another form in which their human origin was lost, the evil demons remained a leading doctrine of almost every superstition. Christianity found them a prominent part of the Jewish faith, in which they were still held to be the souls of wicked men. Taking up this belief, it has diffused it over the world. The connection between the pious and humane demonism of the pagan poet and the revolting demonism of early Christianity and of the Catholic middle ages seems incredible, when we look only at the two extremes of the development,—the origin of the doctrine and its final form. It is quite clear, however, when the intermediate steps of transition are considered, and the omitted terms of the series introduced.

The nature of the fact expressed by the word *possession* remains to be considered. The Roman Catholic church denotes the kinds and degrees of diabolic agency by appropriate terms. "It was *possession* when the demon was lodged in the interior of the body; *obsession* when one was the subject of his attacks from without; *malefice* when one simply suffered from an infirmity inflicted either directly, or through the medium, of a sorcerer. Further, *circumsession* was distinguished as a sort of obsession, in which the demon laid siege to the body on all sides without actually entering it."* Possession was perhaps more than the mere corporeal lodgment of the demon within the organisation of the possessed. The demon dwelt in the mind as well as in the body of his victim, abusing the faculties of thought and emotion and will, not less than those of the physical nature. The demoniac seems to have had, in some confused and confusing way, the feeling of a double personality within the limits of the same consciousness. Besides his true self, he was aware of a second self, an *alter ego*, distinct from the former and in conflict against it, though yet in some sense blended with it. These demoniacal hallucinations are not by any means phenomena *sui generis*. They are extreme cases of illusions which, in a less extreme form, are of the very commonest occurrence in the daily experience of almost every one. In reverie, for example, ideas and images seem to float upon the passive mind from some foreign and external source, rather than to rise by any natural law of suggestion from within. For this reason, persons especially inclined to reverie—the mystics of all ages—have invariably been prone to refer the thoughts and impulses which have presented themselves in meditation, not to the natural operation of their own faculties, but to the influence of other beings mys-

* Figuier.

teriously communicating with their souls. The thoughts, if low and debasing, are the promptings of Satan; if pure and elevated, they are the inspirations of God.* In dreaming, a heightened degree of the same phenomenon is observable. We carry on discussions with imaginary opponents, supplying them with the arguments to which we listen, and grant or refuse our assent. In insanity the same peculiarity is often apparent. Sir Henry Holland, in his *Chapters on Mental Physiology*, mentions a case of mental derangement in which the patient held frequent and excited conversations with himself; in which he sometimes professed to hear the answers given him; at other times bore both parts himself, but in different tones of voice for each of the persons presumed to be present. Other illustrations may be found to any desired extent in almost any work on medical psychology.

In all these cases, the sense of continuous personal identity, which lies at the root of coherent thought and action, is from some cause or other temporarily disturbed or permanently lost. The power of *attention* is either voluntarily unexercised or completely gone, and the mind, abandoning all self-direction, is tossed about like a helmless ship. "If," says M. Esquirol, "we notice what passes in the mind of the most sensible of men during a single day, what incoherence shall we notice in his ideas and determinations from the time that he wakes in the morning till he returns to his rest at night! His sensations and ideas have some connection among them only when he arrests his attention, and then only does he reason. The insane no longer enjoy the faculty of fixing their attention, and this is the primitive cause of all their errors."

* In the introduction to his recent translation of Immanuel Hermann Fichte's *Contributions to Mental Philosophy*, Mr. Morell has ingeniously applied the doctrine of *unconscious mental states* to the explanation of the phenomena of spiritualistic possession. "This doctrine, that the regions of intelligence and consciousness are precisely coextensive, has of late years," he says, "come into deserved discredit. Sir W. Hamilton many years ago pointed out the fact, that there is a process of latent thought always going forward more or less energetically in the soul. Dr. Carpenter designated the same phenomena under the term *unconscious cerebration*. Dr. Laycock has brought them under the general category of reflex action, and shown that there is a vast variety of facts both in the man and in the animal which spring *distinctly* from the reflex action of the brain. Almost all the modern German psychologists, particularly Carus and the Herbartian school, have developed the same doctrine still more at large." Mr. John Mill and Sir Benjamin Brodie, we may add, testify from their own personal experience to the truth of the doctrine of unconscious mental processes, issuing in the development and solution of difficult problems which they had temporarily laid aside. No doubt this phenomenon of unconscious mental processes is not ultimate, and may itself be referred to very different explanations;—and reasons may be shown for assigning different causes in different cases. We do not mean to deny that there are limits within which we are fully competent to determine what is due to our own mind, and what to foreign influences upon us. But a separate examination is clearly needed in each separate case.

The excessive strain of the faculty of mental concentration is, however, often as dangerous as the absence of it, or its too slight exercise. The stages by which a steady and persistent purpose, or object of contemplation, slides into a fixed idea, and then into monomania, are easily appreciated. They have often been illustrated in the career of those who, beginning as reformers, have soon become fanatics, and have ended as madmen. An image or conception absorbing the mind often becomes indistinguishable from a sensible reality. The devil, on the occasion of Luther's throwing the inkstand at him; the saints and angels, and even the holy Trinity, who were revealed to Loyola's ecstatic visions; the Jewish lawgiver, to whom Swedenborg took off his hat in the streets of London,—are so many instances of the subjective becoming objective by being too much dwelt on. We take an example of a different character, but to the same point, from M. de Boismont's work on *Hallucinations:*

"A young man (says M. Baudry) occupied himself in planning canals. One day when he had been thinking upon this subject, he marked down on the map the course of the canal which was to pass through his part of the country. All at once he saw a pamphlet in a yellow cover with this title: 'Plans for cutting a Canal through the Plains of Sologne.' On reading the plans, he found them exactly corresponding with what had been passing through his mind. He read the pamphlet for some minutes, and the opinions it contained confirmed his own; his phantom work then disappeared, and he continued his investigations."

Here we have an example both of that twofold consciousness to which we have referred, and of that tendency to substantiate thoughts into things, which are the most frequent characteristics of insanity in its several forms, and of those passing illusions and delusions which may take place without real mental derangement. To them may be traced back very plausibly the genesis of the devils of Loudun. The nuns were subject to all the conditions which are favourable to hallucination. Their minds were, in all likelihood, little disciplined to active observation, judgment, and comparison, but prone rather to reverie and to those habits of morbid introspection which the life of the *religieuse* and the practice of confession foster, and which Sir Henry Holland pronounces to be a not unfrequent cause of insanity.* The person and character of Urbain Grandier, and afterwards, through the persistence of the priests, the reality of their possession, had become fixed ideas with them. They were a prey

* "It seems probable that certain cases of madness depend on a cause which can scarcely exist, even in a slight degree, without producing some mental disturbance, viz. the too frequent and earnest direction of the mind inwards upon itself—the concentration of the consciousness too long continued upon its own functions." *Mental Physiology*, p. 77.

to hysteria and nervous derangement. Taking these things into account, there is nothing preternatural in their state either of mind or of body.

The resemblance between the so-called spiritualism of our own day, and the demonism to which we have been adverting, is a point which no doubt has struck our readers, but on which we must only very briefly touch. In their origin both superstitions are the same: they both begin as a worship of, or at least a mysterious intercourse with, the dead. The media correspond to the possessed of the earlier delusion. When the superior of the Ursulines states, "My name is Astaroth, and I entered into the body of this maiden through the pact of water," the state of mind indicated in this speech does not essentially differ from that displayed when an American lady sitting in her own drawing-room announces, "My name is Samuel Havens; the *Pacific*, on board of which I was an engineer, is lost; but I am here." In both cases there is that duplicity of consciousness, that sense of a twofold personality, which is common in partial and complete insanity. The only difference is, that the demons of the modern spiritualism have not yet become the devils of the mediæval superstition. They are not exclusively powers of evil, ready to enter into compact with bad men for the torture and ruin of the living. Sorcery and exorcism are not yet parts of the modern doctrine of spirits. The temper of the age will probably prevent their ever becoming so; but there is nothing else, nothing in the belief itself, as now professed, to prevent its repeating the history of its prototype. Again, the signs of diabolic possession recognised in the ritual of the Roman Catholic church describe accurately the alleged phenomena of modern possession. They are the reading of the thoughts of bystanders; knowledge of languages, and power of speaking them (generally ungrammatically); familiarity with the future, and with events of the present time occurring beyond the range of sensible cognition; preternatural physical strength, and the power of suspension in the air for considerable periods of heavy persons and things. The resemblance extends even to the evasions by which palpable falsehoods and failures are explained away. The desire to confirm the sceptical in their unbelief, or the wanton trickery of untruthful spirits, is the unanswerable, if not conclusive, defence in every case of detection.

The limitation of our space compels us to refrain from pursuing this subject any further, and from entering upon the other topics discussed by M. Figuier. We regret this the less because the most interesting of them, namely, the cases of the Jansenist Convulsionnaires, and of the Protestants of the Cevennes, are, however different in detail, yet in the essential pa-

thological phenomena precisely similar to those of the nuns of Loudun. Insensibility and invulnerability,—not complete, it is true, and often far less than was alleged,—and that kind of double consciousness which led the subjects of it to refer their thoughts and impressions to a higher power, mysteriously in contact with and enfolding their own nature,—are common to them and to the unhappy sisters of Loudun. The Convulsionnaires and the Prophets were, like the demoniacs, chiefly women, and facts are quite conclusive as to the cause of their religious frenzy. To use the technical phraseology of medical psychology, erotomania, complicated with theomania and demonomania, is the explanation of their condition, which, on evidence which seems to us most abundant and conclusive, M. Figuier considers established. If we had room, much would require to be added, by way of illustration and qualification, to this general statement. But we must conclude, recommending the reader who is interested in the matter to consult M. Figuier's excellent chapters, and the authorities he cites. We shall look forward with curiosity to the treatment by the same author, in future volumes, of the phenomena of animal magnetism, table-turning, and spirit-rapping.

Art. V.—HORACE.

Horace's Odes, translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes, by Theodore Martin. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1860.

When, in our early school-days, we first begin to realise the meaning of the term "Latin lyrics" in the varieties of Alcaic, Asclepiad, Sapphic, and the other forms of metrical rhythm which are approached through the portal of *Mœcenas atavis edite regibus*, few, if any, among us can form an adequate conception of the rich reward which is to be the result of the enterprise we are then undertaking. The Odes of Horace will always be found a popular lesson among intelligent schoolboys, from the comparative ease with which their general meaning can be understood and approximately rendered in construing, from their shortness, and from their variety of subject and treatment, and especially from the marked facility of retention in the youthful memory which they gain from the strong *ictus* of lyrical measure, in comparison with the uniform hexameters or elegiacs of Ovid and Virgil. But it is not until this first easily-gained acquaintance has been insensibly converted into a familiar intimacy, that we can appreciate fairly, either in kind or degree, the permanent

gain and pleasure we derive from a knowledge of Horace. It is only at a maturer age that we begin to translate him, except in the way of an obligatory school-exercise, or to quote him for the sake of the actual point of his lines, and not from the mere vanity of quotation. Most of us are satisfied to abandon as vain the attempt to represent him appropriately in English before we have gone very far; but the habit of quoting him does not decline, but rather strengthens, with our years. The country gentleman, the clergyman, sometimes even the lawyer and the doctor, the political or social writer, the orator and the conversationalist, all draw from the same well instances and illustrations, with the same unlimited confidence in the sympathetic understanding and approbation of whatever moderately cultivated audience they may happen to be addressing. Horace is the classical author whose words are most constantly quoted, and received with the most invariable toleration or acceptance, in the House of Commons, an assembly which, with all its varieties of individual character, literary taste, and education, does as a whole most curiously represent and reflect the intuitively critical fastidiousness of our national common sense and humour.

What is the main reason, or is there any single main reason, for Horace's enduring popularity as a victim of translation and repetition in modern days? How is it that his works, written for a small and select circle of scholarly minds in imperial Rome, should continue to fascinate one poetical aspirant after another, to serve as a perennial garden-bed of ornament to one prose-writer or declaimer after another, beyond an interval of nearly two thousand years? He might say of himself, more truly perhaps than any other Latin poet, not only *non omnis moriar*, but *omnis non moriar*. What is it that makes him at once so universal and domestic a favourite, and so recognisedly inimitable and untranslatable?

Mr. Theodore Martin, the latest, one of the most enthusiastic, and perhaps the most genial and successful, of his English lyrical translators, gives us in the motto which stands at the head of his volume no fresh clue to the secret, while he judiciously admits the fact of the preëminent difficulty of the task he has undertaken. The words of Mr. Tennyson,—

> "What practice, howsoe'er expert
> In fitting aptest words to things,
> Or voice, the richest toned that sings,
> Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"—

although the narrowing of their sense from the spirit of regret for the loss of such a friend as the subject of *In Memoriam* to the admiration which a student feels for the work of the master he is copying may seem to savour of the genius of parody,—are

perhaps as apposite an acknowledgment of the peculiarity of Horace's poetry as could have been chosen. That subtle, volatile essence is so difficult to reproduce, just because it is so difficult to define; and it is the same quality which renders it so universally charming. It has preserved through perpetuity its character of freshness and originality, because among many followers Horace has found no school, no imitator or adapter who has caught the tone of his mind as well as the outer marks of his style. To be another Horace, it is not enough to be able to write fluent, graceful, and suggestive lyrics on occasional topics. Nor is it enough of itself to be endowed with the same genial laughing turn of mind, the same equilibrium of spirit, the same content, or power of assuming content, in a summary acceptance of the problems of life, the same strict adherence to rule in living and writing, the same mixture of critical severity and charitable toleration which went to make up Horace's character as a man. The perfection of lyrical form is not sufficient without the calm, broad, Epicurean sunniness of temper; nor does this, again, suffice without the persevering and intuitive power which secures a studied perfection of form. That conscientious accuracy of expression, which never conveys more or less than the exact amount which is intended to be conveyed, is never more desirable, never more valuable, and rarely more difficult of attainment, than when it is busied upon topics professedly reflecting the personality of the writer. The golden rule for a poet—

"His worst he kept, his best he gave"—

is one which the tendencies of our modern poetry have done much to overlay. A yearning zeal to rush into the public and irreticent exposition of vague life-dramas and other subjective mysteries is perhaps a natural consequence of the wider prevalence among ourselves of unquiet speculation as to the meaning of this little life, which Horace was satisfied to believe rounded with a sleep. Inevitable as this tendency may be, it is not desirable that its gratification should be so paramount an object in poetry as to render us as writers or readers indifferent to the careful self-scrutiny and patient study of his own work, which enabled the Roman lyrist justly to qualify his poems with the hard-earned title of *operosa carmina*. Had Horace been a more ambitious and professed philosopher, he would not have been so favourite and so immortal a singer. Having once chosen the medium through which he could best express his own mind for the benefit of others, he took care never to use that medium for the unlicensed conveyance of any thing which could not properly be brought within the range of its capabilities. The moral, where there is one, in Horace's songs is so carefully harmonised

with both subject and expression as to be inseparable in the appreciation and the memory of every reader; and in many cases the real meaning of a song is best expressed in its leading to no perceptible moral at all. The true work of art, the *operosum carmen* of Horace, is that which has the art to conceal its own artifice altogether, and bursts out on us like the spontaneous growth of imagination or nature.

It is this natural but highly cultivated growth of Latin soil which it is so difficult to reproduce upon English ground. An exotic plant always requires time and care before it will acclimatise itself thoroughly; and when it does so, it is always through some gradual and slight, but perceptible, modification of its indigenous habits and character. The principles of natural selection exact recognition at the hands of literary transplanters as forcibly as in experiments of physical culture. In translating an epic poem or a drama into a foreign language, the path is more clearly defined than it can ever be for the writer who attempts to transfuse into a new form occasional pieces like the odes or satires of Horace. The style of the heroic translation falls, in proportion to the power of its author, and always aims to fall, into a sustained gravity and simplicity analogous to that of the original. The whole duty of an English Iliad or Odyssey is to place before its readers as faithfully and forcibly as possible what the epic would have been if Homer's language had been English, while Homer's mind and age remained Greek. A similar subordination to the mould of his original is required from a translator of Æschylus or Aristophanes. But whoever undertakes to translate in this style a satire not dramatic in form, will discover sooner or later that he has been exercising a superfluous and ineffective degree and order of fidelity. Satire should always address itself personally and directly to those for whom it is intended, as the eyes of a portrait set on the wall follow steadily round the room the eyes of whoever looks at it, when he moves from one position to another. The aim of translating satire from Latin into English is not to show its English readers merely how it was used to lash, and for what vices, the Romans of the times of Augustus and Domitian; but to apply the same rules and the same tests as closely as may be to the country and the ages which will read it in its new form. The follies and pursuits of man, the *quidquid agunt homines*,—the true food of the satirist,—are in their intrinsic character independent of place and time, but vary from day to day in their outward fashion. To produce a full and vivid effect in their representation and condemnation, the painter must catch the actual folly that at the moment of his painting is on the wing. He may build the modern group on the lines of the antique composition, but

the dress and the faces must be those of his own day. This was the sense in which Pope and Johnson understood (and rightly) the duties and the powers of a translator of satiric poems. The same principles apply, but with a lesser degree of simplicity and strictness, and therefore with a greater difficulty of right application, to occasional lyric poems. They must fall in their new language into some form which shall be to the apprehension of their new cycle of readers as natural and as original as their old form was to those to whom they were in the first instance addressed. They must put on not only a modern dress, but a modern face and expression, to be palatable either to those who do know the old forms, or to those who do not; and yet the new dress and face must unmistakably recall and involve the old. Those who read them as part of the literature of the present day must be able to feel in them the modern touches which redeem antiquarian imitations from the charge of nothingness. Those who know the originals by heart should be enabled to enjoy them still more on comparison with the translations, through the opportunity so given of appreciating the delicacy and the importance of the slight touches of alteration, which show at once the difference, and the likeness in difference, of the age of Horace and our own.

Without wishing definitely to adjudge to Mr. Martin the palm of an uniform superiority over the other recent translators of Horace's lyrical poems, we hold that he has in general so emphatically caught the tone in which the Odes are to be translated rightly, if at all, that we shall use his version whenever quotation is necessary, in illustration of our remarks on Horace as a poet and a man.

Few poets could be named whose lives and characters may be more fairly and fully illustrated out of their own works than Horace. The overflow of a man's heart into song has rarely been combined with a more genuine openness and sincerity of heart. No desire to wear a mask or to speak with a feigned voice, to display himself morally or as an artist greater or completer than he felt himself to be,—is traceable in any of his writings. If the sunny cheerfulness of his mind only beamed out here or there, it might be possible to suspect that the serenity of his philosophy was, if not put on or exaggerated, at any rate now and then brought forward for show. But when the expression of this content escapes as it were unconsciously through ode after ode, and epistle after epistle,—when chords of the most different tone lead up to the same close,—it is impossible not to believe it unaffected, enduring, and true. What is the sum of the philosophy to which this frame of temper is due? It is narrow, but complete. Its main rule is a para-

phrase of the law, "Thou shalt not covet"—*nil admirari*. Be moderate in your wishes, your actions, and your thoughts. Temperance is every thing. Holding this truth, man can be happy under any circumstances; without it, he can be happy under none. The changeable wishes of foolish mortals are no true index of that which really suits them, and if granted by Fortune, laughing mischievously in her sleeve, are not unfrequently the sources of their greatest unhappiness. The pleasures of the present hour as it flies, and the memories of the past, are to be enjoyed, without unprofitable anxiety for what the future may or may not bring; and whatever the future does bring, it is better, and happier, and wiser to bear cheerfully when it comes. There is a time for every thing in life, and a time to have done with living. From the kingly palace or the poor man's hovel, we are all under notice to quit our present tenements at some undetermined date, and to follow Numa and Ancus, and the *atavi reges*, to wherever it is that they have gone before—to Charon's boat, the further side of Styx, the realms of Proserpine, the *domus exilis Plutonia*, or whatever else old Greek fables teach us to call it; and when once there, we are nothing more than *pulvis et umbra*—dust and a shade. In the mean time we are here; and we are foolish if we do not make the best of the world we are in. The varieties of human character are as perplexing and inscrutable, and as much beyond our power radically to change, as the varieties of individual destiny. In both cases we are bound to accept easily and good-humouredly what we cannot alter. Every man is one of a crowd, and should train himself to fit into his place; and then, crowd as there is, there is room for each and all to live and to find life worth living. The earth and its good things belong to no one more securely or inalienably than to his neighbour; and the enjoyment of them is limited both for rich and poor to a short temporary use. When once we have left our little villa or our lofty palace, our cellar stocked with choice Falernian or cheap Sabine wine, the trees we have planted and the pleasing wife we have loved, for the shades of Orcus which loom round every corner of life,—a new generation, a *vivacior hæres*, will take our place, and disport itself as strangely and as briefly as we have done our selves. To our own selves it will then matter not a whit whether we have been rich nobles or mighty kings, nor even wise and philosophic souls, whose thoughts have reached beyond the stars. A monument of those our best thoughts and deeds may indeed survive us in the minds of men; but to the thinker of the thought and doer of the deed it will be all one by that time and for ever. Even that unsubstantial gratification, the glimmering glory of our posthumous

fame, is one which we must take by anticipation in the present, or we shall never take it at all. Our soul shall no more taste it on the further shores of Styx, than our ashes in the funeral urn, or another living body reformed out of the atoms of which we are now composed, will be conscious of the wine we are drinking to-day. Therefore eat and drink, in moderation always, —be merry and wise; or, as Mr. Martin admirably translates the familiar and graceful ode, *Tu ne quæsieris*,—

"Ask not of fate to show ye—
Such lore is not for man—
What limits, Leuconoë,
Shall round life's little span.
Both thou and I
Must quickly die!
Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope.

Far nobler, better were it,
Whate'er may be in store,
With soul serene to bear it:
If winters many more
Jove spare for thee,
Or this shall be
The last, that now with sullen roar
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rock-bound shore.

Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of tempered wine,
And hopes afar aspiring
In compass brief confine.
Use all life's powers,
The envious hours
Fly as we talk: then live to-day,
Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than you must and may."

Scire nefas. Let us not worry ourselves with peering into a subject which fate has hidden under an impenetrable veil.

With such a creed, with no irrepressible yearning to believe in or speculate upon a future phase of existence as a continuation or consequence of our being here, no anxiety to convince himself that the problem of the universe was larger and more complex than it appeared to his own senses, it follows easily that Horace should have been an indifferent church-goer, as he calls himself,—a *parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.* Why should he have been otherwise? The gods, if there were gods, were to Epicurus and his followers merely admirable as "models of being," as the ideal of imperturbable mental serenity, and freedom from labour or care. Even were it the fact that they had taken a share in the creation and government of the world, instead of smiling in secret indifference at the windy ways of men, they could give such as him little beyond actual life which he

could not give himself. Their nature and their position in regard of man were clearly not within the scope of any investigation within his power to make; and Horace was too much of a positivist to waste his fancy or his faith on what he could not prove. The phenomena within his own experience limited the bases of his belief. Whatever it might be that guided the world, he could not trace in that guidance any such special purpose or general law of providence as should bring his own spirit into personal relation with an unseen, all-wise, or all-powerful creator and governor. The highest visible incarnation of a governing spirit which he did recognise was perhaps the man whose firm hand had crushed the civil strife which for so large a part of Horace's youth was rending in pieces all the civilised world in which a Roman took an interest. Even he, the august Emperor of Rome, would be obliged by some superior impersonal power sooner or later to "return heavenwards," and leave the destinies of the Roman state to other hands. Duty, therefore, towards the gods, as such, there would be in Horace's view little or none. No reciprocity existed which should give them a ground to claim it of him; nor any fear of punishment after death which should lead him to practise the cult of a superstitious reverence not founded upon duty. But his moral scheme was filled out and pervaded by the strongest sense of what was due to himself and to those who came in contact with him. The touches of kindly morality, rigid honesty, and firm independence, which so often meet us in the perusal of the odes and epistles, indicate a rule of life of which the faithful observance might well send a man of Horace's temper to his death-bed at fifty-seven in the sincere and satisfied belief that he had done what he had been called upon to do. The exquisite lament for his friend Quintilius perhaps expresses most fully the type of virtue which he cherished at his heart:

"Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget, cui pudor, et justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?"—

paraphrased as follows by Mr. Martin, with considerable beauty of expression, but not with a force or compactness comparable to those of the original:

"And hath the sleep, that knows no waking morn,
Closed o'er Quintilius, our Quintilius dear?
Where shall be found the man of woman born
That in desert might be esteemed his peer,—
So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,
Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust?"

Openness and truth, unblenching strictness of faith and justice, and the almost untranslatably deep self-reverence contained in

the word *pudor*,—these are the qualities which crown the man whose death is to be wept for by the good. And for a man's own sake he must keep these qualities in exercise. His duty to himself binds him to forgive himself nothing—*nil conscire sibi*—to keep his heart from all wrong or baseness whatever. To his neighbour his duty is, in a word, charity. He must be a good fellow—*gratus amicis*—in his social intercourse; he must overlook the little failings of his friends, and be blind to whatever may be the drawbacks of their company; he must not weary their sympathies with complaints of the inevitable mischiefs of time or other calamities personal to himself; he must grow kindlier and more mellow as old age creeps on him, and count his birthdays more cheerfully as they come round and round. Ready as he should be to depart this life at any moment, he should be equally ready to take his part in the enjoyment of all that may yet be in store. The calm and constant remembrance of the possibility that every dawn may have been the last he shall see, will teach him neither to lose the day nor to be over-hasty in the pursuit of pleasure. And when the last dawn really has come, he should leave the entertainment of life (*uti conviva satur*) as gracefully and cheerfully as a well-filled and satisfied guest rises from table. "As gentle and as jocund as to jest," he should take his departure for the place where there is no more jesting. He has had his turn to act, and perhaps to live over his life again in memory. His pageant has come to its destined close, and those behind him have now to play out their play.

Such is the general view of life, its advantages and its responsibilities, which Horace's poems enforce, in every variety of phrase, sentiment, and allusion. It may be, as has been said, narrow in scope, and apparently resting on a narrow basis of easily-satisfied speculation; but for all who are content to be thus easily satisfied, nothing could be more complete, more rounded, or more satisfactory, as far as it goes. It is only now and then, as in the elegy over Quintilius already referred to, that it appears possible to trace a shade of dissatisfaction, and even of doubt, coming for a moment over the poet's mind, as he contemplates the idea of absolute personal annihilation involved in the theory which ordinarily suited him so well. It was easy for him to repeat and to rest content in the noble lines of his teacher in physics:—

> "Sic, ubi non erimus, quum corporis atque animai
> Discidium fuerit, quibus e sumus uniter apti,
> Scilicet haud nobis quidquam, qui non erimus tum,
> Accidere omnino poterit, sensumque movere"—

as a logical and conclusive exposition of a general and self-evident law. But the sharp and inexplicable consciousness of

individual loss in the departure of the friend whose moral image and personality were so vividly stamped upon his mind seem to have struck Horace, as a similar event strikes some one or other among us every day. Is it possible, that that noble being, that *tam carum caput*, whom I knew yesterday as Quintilius, is gone for ever, and gone nowhere? Can it be, that the sleep which to-day weighs down his eyes is an endless one? Orpheus himself could not bring him back again; so much we know, but we know and can know no more. *Durum;* if it be so, it is hard indeed:—and in the feeling of its being hard lies the germ of the recognition that it is impossible. Further than this Horace could not go. He turns to the old strain again. Hard or not, absolute or not, as the loss may be, we must bear it so as to lighten our feeling of it. What can't be cured must be endured. It is not within the laws of our being to mend; yet in the mean time *levius fit patientiâ.*

At the risk of quoting what most of our readers probably know so familiarly in its original shape and in Dryden's version, that they may be inclined to question its new form most critically, we reproduce here part of the celebrated ode to Mæcenas (*Tyrrhena regum progenies*), as translated by Mr. Martin. It contains the gist of Horace's philosophy as applied to the conditions of life; and the success with which it has borne a second modern translation marks the perpetual freshness of the thread of thought, and of the style in which the thought is so carefully entwined.

"Most wisely Jove in thickest night
The issues of the future veils,
And laughs at the self-torturing wight,
Who with imagined terrors quails.
The present only is thine own,
Then use it well, ere it has flown.

All else which may by time be bred
Is like a river of the plain,
Now gliding gently o'er its bed
Along to the Etruscan main,
Now whirling onwards, fierce and fast,
Uprooted trees, and boulders vast,

And flocks, and houses, all in drear
Confusion tossed from shore to shore,
While mountains far, and forests near
Reverberate the rising roar,
When lashing rains among the hills
To fury wake the quiet rills.

Lord of himself that man will be
And happy in his life alway,
Who still at eve can say with free
Contented soul, 'I've lived to-day!
Let Jove to-morrow, if he will,
With blackest clouds the welkin fill,

Or flood it all with sunlight pure,
  Yet from the past he cannot take
Its influence, for that is sure,
  Nor can he mar, or bootless make
Whate'er of rapture or delight
The hours have borne us in their flight.

Fortune, who with malicious glee
  Her merciless vocation plies,
Benignly smiling now on me,
  Now on another, bids him rise,
And in mere wantonness of whim
Her favours shifts from me to him.

I laud her, whilst by me she holds,
  But if she spread her pinions swift,
I wrap me in my virtue's folds,
  And yielding back her every gift,
Take refuge in the life so free
Of bare but honest poverty.' "

Neither the dogmas nor the tendencies of the philosophy which took its name from Epicurus appear to have ever attained any wide popularity among the citizens of the later commonwealth or early empire of Rome. The natural or studied indifference to political struggles or aspirations which accompanied the development of the system in the mind of its Greek founder was rarely to be found among the people who had made themselves the masters of the world, and among whom the scope for personal ambition was so large and captivating, and so impossible of attainment without strenuous and continued exertion. The tranquil and self-concentrated conditions of existence which were the object and sum of the Epicurean scheme, were to a great extent incompatible with the daily life and training either of the higher or lower classes among the Romans. The poor man's philosophy in all times tends to be rather Stoical than Epicurean. A never-ending struggle for life and the means of living is apter to temper the spirit into a proud and set hardness than to fuse it into that equable and kindly cheerfulness under misfortune, sobriety under good fortune, which characterised the ethical system of which Horace was a votary. Ofellus himself, the rustic self-taught teacher of the poet, is brought forward as an exceptional instance of shrewd good sense and moderation, not as a type of the peasant classes of Italy. Nor, again, was this scheme of morality calculated to recommend itself indiscriminately to the pride of the patrician, or the ambition of the wealthy *novus homo*, or the successful soldier. It is probable that the greater number of its followers in Rome were to be found among the knights. Mæcenas, *equitum decus*, the ideal and exemplar of this order,—who combined with administrative talent and judgment of a rare degree a self-control and indifference to the active exercise of power still rarer among the in-

fluential Romans of that age,—would seem to have been himself an Epicurean. Such is the true sense of those verses of his that have been preserved, which assert the possibility of happiness in existence under any physical pains or inconveniences whatever, and which have been rather unfairly twisted by commentators into the expression of an unmanly love of life at all costs. The form which was assumed by that philosophy in the poems and in the life of Horace must have been (as we know, indeed, that it was) peculiarly grateful to the mind of such a man as Mæcenas,—wealthy, magnificent, genial, fond of arts and literature, and capable of deep and sincere attachment to those whose sympathies were the same as his own. Among the recommendations which such a philosophy possessed in the relation between a patron and his client would be its moderation and its sincerity. It was impossible that Horace should be an interested parasite or flatterer. The influence of his patron, the *præsidium et dulce decus,* would never be used by him indirectly or secretly for the gratification of base or greedy aims.

Our chief acquaintance with Horace brings him before us as a man in easy circumstances, untrammelled by any personal care or responsibility, any special need of prompt action or decision. Under the tutelary patronage of a powerful protector, to whom he acted both as laureate and companion, and who had bestowed upon him a sufficient maintenance in his gift of the Sabine farm, —honoured by the notice and, if need were, the beneficence of a still higher patron, Augustus himself,—why, it may be said, should he not have lived and sung happily? It may be thought that under such a star his was a cheap philosophy after all. Yet Horace had not been ignorant of poverty, nor unacquainted with the dangerous excitement of taking a side in political strife and in civil war. After receiving from his father a far more liberal and finished education than usually fell to the lot of Roman youths in his station of life,—an education which among all its benefits must have made him more sensitive to the social advantages involved in a competent independence,—he had lost the moderate income which had come to him by descent. The confiscation of his whole property after Philippi, the natural consequence of his having taken service under the flag of the defeated republican faction, left him entirely dependent on his own wits for a livelihood. It was, he tells us, the boldness of necessity which first drove him to the profession of writing verses. Some among the extant poems are probably due to this period of his life, but there are none which bear such marks as to be conclusively assigned to it. The actual trial of poverty was not a prolonged one: for it was only in the third year after the

battle of Philippi that Horace was introduced through Virgil's means to the rich and powerful friend whose patronage was to colour so pleasantly his future life for more than thirty years. And it fell at the time of life at which such a trial is, if not most lightly felt, at least most sanguinely borne,—from his twenty-third to his twenty-sixth year. Yet we may well believe it to have been such a trial as would test the genuineness of that philosophical equanimity which he had learnt to profess from the field-preaching of Ofellus and the set lectures of the Roman and Athenian schools. There are strong indications in his poetry of a critical appreciation of the inevitable discomforts of absolute poverty, *pauperies immunda*, drawn either from actual acquaintance with her, or from having hovered on its verge. A prouder moralist or a vainer man than Horace might have professed himself with equal sincerity ready to wrap himself in his virtue's folds on occasion, but would not so honestly have let it appear that he did prefer a cottage to be *ornée* after all. If the liberality of Mæcenas or others had not rescued him from the uncertainty of the position in which he was placed by the fall of his party, the Satires of Horace might have been sterner and stronger; the genial smile with which he uttered an unpalatable truth might have been changed for a sardonic laugh; but the happy grace and cheerfulness of the lyric poems would hardly have reached the pitch of perfect elaboration which has done so much to render them immortal. Horace might have spoken more directly and more forcibly to the masses of the Rome of his own day; but his thoughts and the expression of them would not have remained so long in perfect tune with the sympathies of a cultivated and critical, though narrow, audience through generation after generation.

In estimating the effect which these lyrics were likely to produce at the time of their publication, as well as the artistic labour involved in their composition, we should not overlook the novelty of their Greek measures to the Roman ear as adapted to the Latin language. To our own tutored comprehension or acceptation of the lyrical metres of classical poetry, an Alcaic or Sapphic stanza written after the laws of quantity, accent, and cæsura, by which we conceive Horace to have been bound, rings as genuine and natural as an authentic fragment of Alcæus or Sappho. The instinct which teaches us in our own language to fill out a simpler, looser, and more uniform framework of metrical cadence with the chronic repetition of particular burdens of sound which we call rhyme, is quite alien from any special quickness in distinguishing the comparative adaptability of ancient languages for measures involving quick and complicated variations of time. To the metrical sense of a Teutonic, Celtic,

and even a modern Greek or Italian ear, the ancient theory of verse is so infinitely remote and intangible in its logical completeness, that all its exemplifications appear to be projected upon the same plane. It can hardly be doubted that the pervading analogy of the two languages in point of grammatical inflection was among the main causes which rendered feasible the application of a Greek metre to Latin words, while the great dissimilarity of modern languages in this respect from either Greek or Latin is one of the most insurmountable bars in the way of the perverted ingenuity which floods modern Europe with so many hopeless attempts to revive and naturalise a dead system of classical versification. Yet even with the encouragement and facility dependent upon this analogy, the task which Horace and Catullus undertook in moulding the structure of their own language to the requisitions of Greek modes of music was a new, a bold, and not an inconsiderable one; and such both Horace and his contemporaries felt it to be. His confidence in the stability of his own monument of literary fame is made to rest mainly on his having been

> "The first with poet fire
> Æolic song to modulate
> To the Italian lyre."

And we have Ovid's authority to show the appreciation of his merit and success in this point among the scholars and poets of the day. As in the case of Columbus's egg, the difficulty when once overcome may have appeared to vanish altogether; although no later Roman lyrist ever solved the problem with the perfect success and apparent ease of Horace. But the difficulty was none the less real; and its existence involved the certainty of finding at first only a small and select circle of friendly listeners. The tuning of Horace's foreign lyrical "barbiton" must have been *caviare* to the Roman multitude until the tones had become familiar, almost as generally as if he had continued to write his lyrics in the language from which he drew his forms, and in which his earliest poems are reported to have been written.

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the truth of the saying—

> "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit"—

than Horace's poetry. It is not only the metrical mould that has been imposed upon the literature of the conquerors by the conquered race. The whole style is redolent of Attic culture. The mythological fables of which such frequent and effective use is made are nearly all of Greek origin. The classical landscape is studded mainly with Greek figures, and they are Olympian deities which shine through the clouds. Allusions to the fortunes of Europa, Helen, the Danaides, and Danaë, are more

frequent, and more picturesquely drawn out in support of whatever moral the song of the moment may enfold, than references to the legendary history of Rome. Macaulay's Lays give us more pictures of the Rome of the kings and the early republic than Horace's four books of Odes all together. The very phraseology in which Horace utters all that he has to say of what shall happen to the soul after death, is, except one or two words, borrowed from the same repertory of Greek poetry. Tullus and Ancus are treated as symbols of what is gone for ever and mingled with the dust of the earth, rather than as personages who once might have had an individuality of their own. It is only when the subject suggests an allusion to later Roman history, to Regulus or Hannibal,—to that which Horace knew as a political student or observer, not as a mere reader of traditionary chronicles,—that the Roman nationality of the poet's mind flashes out in a grand burst of eloquent Italian declamation. The ornaments of his lyrical structure were in general designed and sculptured in the same Greek taste as the structure itself. Yet the character of the scenery which he describes is not Greek, but Italian. We see Soracte and its snows, not Täygetum or Parnassus. We burn the good logs of Algidus, not the splintery olives of the plain of Athens. It is the broad and tawny Tiber of which we breast the stream, not the swollen mountain torrents of Greece that we struggle to ford. The life, the businesses, the pastimes, which are brought before us are those of the imperial city of the day, although the accessories, the tricks of art, and the refinements of imagination, the episodes, and the mythology, all savour of the Academic education which Horace enjoyed, in company and in emulation of so many of the noblest Romans. The arts of Greece have truly been brought in to adorn the subject-matter of rustic Latium. What we see is indeed Italy, and Italy painted by an Italian hand and eye. But the eye has been trained to observe the distinctive beauties of its native landscape by travel abroad, and the hand has been practised in all the cunning and the secrets of the great guild of Grecian literature. Cicero's letters to Atticus appear to overflow involuntarily with extracted or original aphorisms and witticisms in Greek. Yet they are not the less the letters of a true Roman. The same familiar intercourse with a foreign school of thought and cultivation told similarly upon Horace in forming his manner, and equally without destroying his intrinsically national and individual character.

Passing from the Odes to the Satires and Epistles,—from clear and highly pitched musical tones to the *sermo pedestris* of the cheerful and friendly but critical moraliser,—we find less to remind us of Greek art, and more of an indigenous and popular

style and method. Their different scope admits of, or rather compels, a more simple and flowing treatment. They were mostly, though not all, ostensibly written for a larger and less fastidious audience, to each of whom the poet could speak in the character of a genial, yet serious, monitor. No words are too plain, no topics too ordinary, for the purpose of showing his readers that a man might smile and smile, and prose and prose, and yet speak a truth which would be worth remembering. Pope's translations, admirable as they are, appear to us to show a more constant anxiety for sparkling point and elaborate terseness than is to be found in the Latin originals. The terseness of Horace's language in his satires is that of a proverb,—neat, because homely; while the terseness of Pope is that of an epigram, which will only become homely in time because it is neat.

Mr. Martin no doubt expresses the feeling of a large class of Horace's readers when he speaks of the Satires and Epistles as intrinsically more valuable than the lyrical poetry. It is quite true that, as reflecting "the age and body of the time," they do possess the highest historical importance.

"Through them," says Mr. Martin, scarcely too positively, "the modern scholar is able to form a clearer idea, in all probability, of the state of society in Rome in the Augustan age than of any other phase of social development in the history of nations. Mingling, as Horace did, freely with men of all ranks and passions, and himself untouched by the ambition of wealth or influence which absorbed them in the struggle of society, he enjoyed the best opportunities for observation, and he used them diligently. Horace's observation of character is subtle and exact, his knowledge of the heart is profound, his power of graphic delineation great. A genial humour plays over his verses, and a kindly wisdom dignifies them.

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As a living and brilliant commentary on life; as a storehouse of maxims of practical wisdom, couched in language the most apt and concise; as a picture of men and manners, which will be always fresh and always true, because they were true once, and because human nature will always reproduce itself under analogous circumstances,—his Satires, and still more his Epistles, will have a permanent value for mankind."

Yet, true as this laudation is, we must confess that to ourselves the Odes are incomparably more interesting. Horace himself valued them much more highly; and while their perfection of art has remained unrivalled in Latin lyrical poetry, the crown of Latin satire found a nobler wearer in a later generation of imperial Rome. No doubt the age of Domitian afforded more constant matter for a burning, indignant heart to feed upon and turn into the fierce flame of satirical verse

than the reign of Augustus. But if Horace had written in the time of Juvenal, and Juvenal in that of Horace, their natures, however modified by circumstance, would not have been counterchanged as well as their positions. The sterner, loftier, and less elastic soul of Juvenal has scored a deeper line with the satiric *stylus* than Horace, and has outgone him in the use and improvement of his own weapons. The question of their comparative superiority as satiric poets is not affected by the palpable distinction between the respective objects of simple folly and sheer vice, at which their verses were aimed. Which of them shot the straightest and the most powerfully to the heart of the figure he aimed at, whether that figure were a hideous or a merely laughable monster, is the true criterion. The powerful, earnest, savage, yet trained and logical precision of Juvenal must surely have struck deeper into, and dwelt longer in, the conscience and memory of his own listeners, than the easy, discursive, conversational grace which marks the friend of Mæcenas. Horace may be the pleasanter companion, laughing as he chides; but it is difficult to read one of Juvenal's satires without the thrill which sympathises with the concentrated expression of a noble patriotic passion under the form of a calm irony. Juvenal, as well as Horace, smiles as he chides and sings; but it is the smile of sadness, and his voice is full of those subdued tears which give to song so much of its charm. Our acquaintance with the personal character of Horace is far deeper, and therefore psychologically more interesting, than if his Satires and Epistles had not been preserved to us. What Juvenal was personally like we can only guess; but yet his heart is more unreservedly flung into the poetry of his satires than was that of his predecessor, who looked upon such verses as belonging to the *sermo pedestris*, and reserved all his labour and art for his Odes. A poet is then at his best as a poet when he most fully forgets himself in the theme of his song. Horace never forgot himself; but the memory of the models he was striving to imitate, and the conscientious laboriousness with which he there worked out the theory of his art to the greatest perfection of form which he could give it, throw the personality of his poetry into a more picturesque form and proportion in the lyrics, upon which he built his expectations of posthumous fame.

Art. VI.—WHAT IS THE HOUSE OF LORDS?

The Report of the Debate in the House of Lords on the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty, in the *Times* of Tuesday, May 22d, 1860.

What is the House of Lords? What are its constitutional rights? Has it exceeded its normal powers in rejecting the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty?

It is necessary in the first place to determine the principles on which such an inquiry ought to be conducted. The legal right of the Lords, as of the Commons, to reject any measure which is laid before them admits of no dispute. The law knows of no distinction between nominal and legal right in the three branches of the Legislature. It imposes no restraint on the free action of any one of the estates of the realm. It has provided no means of compulsion whatever for enforcing the enactment of a single measure. If the Crown chose to veto every bill, or either of the two Houses to adjourn as soon as they met, or to negative every motion, the law has furnished no remedy. Any one of the three estates may absolutely arrest legislation; it may reduce its action to a perpetual No. There is no locking up the Lords or Commons, like a jury, till a statute has been passed. If they are willing to risk the consequences, they may, whenever they please, bring government in England to a stand-still until their desires, whatever they may be, have been accomplished.

These views may seem trite, but they are constantly forgotten even by the ablest speakers. In this discussion, it is a matter of the very first importance to keep a firm hold on the fact that the House of Lords was authorised by law to reject the Paper Duty Bill, or any other measure whatever. The peers were at liberty to be actuated by any reason which they chose to adopt. They may have desired to enforce an appeal to the people by a dissolution of Parliament. It is impossible to contest this right, whatever opinion may be formed of the mode and time of its being exercised.

On the other hand, legislation by three coördinate estates would be impossible, unless they were blended in one harmonious and joint action by common rules and sentiments. Hence the Constitution, by which England is practically governed, is composed of usages as well as laws,—usages which, though more fluctuating and less defined, are as real and as powerful as laws.

These two forces are separated wide asunder by a fundamental distinction. Laws are recorded in statutes and text-books; the authority which enacted them is known and indisputable; their date and their injunctions are ascertained. They are often altered, but they are altered by a determinate process, by defined and competent authorities, and upon a public discussion avowedly directed to that end. It is quite otherwise with usages. They spring up imperceptibly; their origin is generally unknown; they have no binding force at first; at what period they become entitled to obedience can seldom be specified; they emanate for the most part from no recognised authority, and often from a source wholly exterior to the Legislature: they are the creations of chance and custom, of acquiescence or want of opportunity, of force or reflection, of the ever-varying circumstances and feelings of each age. Like laws, they are subject to incessant change; but unlike laws, they are modified by processes which are obscure, uncertain, and unauthoritative. Every change in the social state of the nation, every development of a new political force, may create or abrogate a usage; it may produce a spirit of legislation, or a mode of administration, which will materially alter the character of the constitution.

Almost every part of our machinery of government illustrates these facts: let us take one or two instances out of many. All great public measures, with few exceptions, now originate in the House of Commons. The few which still take their rise in the Lords owe their birthplace to a desire to save time. This is a vast change and a vast increase of the power of the Commons; yet it is not the result of design and encroachment. The Commons have passed no resolutions claiming the monopoly of generation. It has not been built on any broad declaration of political doctrine. It is the fruit of spontaneous growth, the inevitable consequence of the historical circumstances of our day,—of the Press, of reports of debates, of the character of the constituencies since the Reform Bill, of the diffusion of wealth, of the multiplication of large towns, and of many other similar causes. It has attracted no attention, because it has not been consciously aimed at, nor publicly debated, either in Parliament or in the Press. Had it been proposed as a matter of statute, it never could have been passed without the fiercest struggle.

Equally so is it with the personal influence of the Crown. To go no farther back, George III. made Lord Bute ruler of England against the strong feeling of the country. His personal dislike of Fox excluded that great statesman many years from office. His personal opinions baffled Catholic Emancipation during the whole of his reign, and drove from power the strongest ministry which modern times have seen. Does a-

man think that it is possible for such things to recur? William IV. attempted in 1834 to impose his own policy on Parliament; but the fall of Peel in a few weeks proclaimed that the political sentiments of the sovereign were now as nothing against the will of the people. Is not the dignified and absolute impartiality maintained by the Queen towards all political parties the main foundation of the profound respect which the nation so justly feels towards her Majesty?

So again with military command. William III. and George II. commanded armies in the field. The sovereign is still the head of the army. No law, nor even usage,—for later monarchs have shown no taste for military service, and cannot be said to have been excluded from it,—has abrogated this prerogative; yet can it be supposed that an English king can take the field in person now, with an out-spoken Press, penny papers, and open and reported debates in Parliament? Is a royal commander-in-chief an institution capable of co-existing with parliamentary committees of inquiry and "our own correspondent"?

These are great revolutions; let us not disguise the fact from ourselves. They have been noiseless, but they have not been on that account less real or less deep. They have prodigiously aggrandised the strength of the House of Commons, at the expense of the other powers of the State. Common opinion associates the idea of revolution with civil wars, and charters signed with the point of the sword on the sovereign's throat, with changes of dynasty and Reform Bills; but there are silent revolutions, equally powerful, though not equally salient to the public eye, which record the transformations of society by their effects in transforming its political constitution. These are the changes wrought by time and circumstance, by the gradual but never-ceasing alterations of men's minds and feelings, by the new spirit which has insinuated itself under the old forms, and the new customs which a progressive civilisation engenders. These are the influences which must be taken into account, if we wish to understand what the British Constitution was or is at any particular period. The laws which were enacted after 1688 altered the system of government in England far more than the substitution of William for James on the throne; or rather both were links in the long chain of causes which uninterruptedly modify the public life of the nation.

It is an oft-repeated but profound truth, that the English Constitution was not the creation of an enacting statute, but grew; and that from this cause it has derived its permanence and strength. Many persons absurdly suppose, as the comments made on the conduct of the Lords have abundantly shown, that

the Constitution was made at one grand inaugurating season, in some peculiarly distinguished century; that it is to be found in Blackstone or De Lorme, or some other eminent authority; and that what it was originally it has continued to be ever since. This notion is so untrue, that its bare statement seems ridiculous; yet it has sunk deep into many minds, and influences much of what is thought and written on politics, even in our own day. It is a distortion of a great truth, that under the changes of outward form effected by many centuries, there has always been an abiding element of permanence and identity. "The child is father of the man;" but also, the child is not the man. He is not the man in look, strength, or stature. The rules and methods which suited the child would be unserviceable for the man; what is useful in them must be retained, but under an altered shape. Change is the preëminent characteristic of growth or vitality; and it is the distinguishing merit of the English Constitution that it has imitated nature in some of its most essential processes. Plants and animals incessantly adapt themselves to outward circumstances. The oak which grows in the open field balances itself with lateral boughs; the fir which rises in the forest rears its towering stem to the sky. Surround that oak with thick neighbours, and its branches will perish; let in the heat and light upon the covered shrub, and its growth will become thick and bushy. The dark furs of hares and foxes become white with the approaching snows. There are the same vital powers in our political constitution. The three estates are no longer the same as they were in former days, either in their relation towards each other or towards the people. The Queen differs as much from the Plantagenets and the Tudors as the Lords from the Barons, and the House of Commons from the Commons of Simon de Montfort. But they have been changed by a constant adaptation to the wants of society. Each new development in the nation demanded modifications in the government. Power naturally struggled before it yielded; new securities for justice and good government were resisted as unwarranted innovations; but the invariable issue has been, that by various methods, whether of force or pacific progress, the nation has developed its institutions so as to meet the requirements of each age.

These principles will now enable us to judge the proceeding of the House of Lords, and to answer the objections which have been urged against it.

The Lords, we have seen, possessed the legal right to reject the Paper-Duty Bill. The Constitution has provided no means of compelling a single peer to move the second reading of that

or any other Bill. But they have waived the exercise of this right, it is objected, for two hundred years; they have done so in compliance with the resolution of the Commons, which interdicts them all interference in finance, and they have thereby virtually surrendered this right. In the first place, we answer that Lord Lyndhurst has proved this statement to be inaccurate. He has shown a series of precedents which establishes the fact of interference down to our own times. It matters not if the cases adduced are not exactly identical with the present one, or drew forth remonstrances or counter-expedients from the Commons. The fact remains that the Lords have not always passed money Bills as matters of course, without note or alteration; they have repeatedly altered such Bills, and sent them back to the Commons; they have kept alive their right of dealing with such Bills according to their pleasure; and whatever may have been the subsequent proceedings of the Commons, whether they chose to abandon the amended Bills, or to substitute others in their place, the free liberty of the Lords to pass or reject any measure before their House remains legally unrestricted. They may have acted wisely or foolishly in throwing out the Paper Bill; that is an entirely distinct question, on which opinions may be fairly divided; but nothing short of an Act of Parliament declaring the vote of the Commons to be final in financial legislation, and ordering the assent of the Crown and Lords to be added to it *pro formâ*, could have deprived them of the power of rejecting that Bill. It is often practically assumed that the famous resolution of the Commons in 1678, which so emphatically claims for them the exclusive right to originate, limit, and regulate all supplies for the public service, is equivalent to an Act of Parliament, and bars out all action of the Lords in finance. This is a complete mistake. A resolution of the House of Commons is merely a record of the opinions of the members of Parliament of the day; it binds no one, not even the House of Commons itself. Whole pages of indignant remonstrance in the Journals of the Commons would be a mere firing off of blank gunpowder; they are utterly harmless against the Lords. It would be easy for the Lords to retort with counter-resolutions of their own. The acts alone of the Commons are effective; and the only instrument with which they can act is the same as that which may be wielded by the other two estates, the stoppage of public business. Those who so ardently appeal to the resolution of 1678 doubtless use it as an exhortation to the present House of Commons to enforce it by bringing government to a stand-still. They forget, however, that such a stoppage calls in another and the true judge. Its

inconveniences fall on the people; and it is the people which is the judge, and not the House of Commons, which is only one of the parties in the quarrel: it is the people that will always decide. In all cases of collision between the Commons and either of their coequals, the Crown and the Lords, as to form and prerogative, the pretensions on both sides are absolutely on a level; the force of public opinion alone awards the victory in the struggle. The House of Commons is too apt to assume that it represents the popular feeling and the public interest: but like all other assemblies of human beings, it has its *esprit de corps*, its narrowness of view, its bigotry, and its passions. In quite recent days, even though guided by a great statesman, it has been compelled to submit to the humiliation of learning that there are other forces in the State which are sometimes stronger and more popular than its own.

But, it is replied, the acquiescence of the Lords in the resolution of 1678, and their practical abstinence from interference in finance, whilst they leave the abstract right of rejection untouched, are substantial admissions that that resolution embodied the genuine spirit of the Constitution, and rightfully, from the very nature of the subject itself, claimed for ever the monopoly of fiscal legislation for the House of Commons. Hence, it is contended, the House of Lords, in throwing out the Paper Bill, have perpetrated an act of folly and political ignorance, have run counter to the superior intelligence and wisdom of a long line of predecessors, have revoked a decision sanctioned by the practice of several centuries, and have abused their technical rights by the usurpation of a power denied to them by the inmost principles of the Constitution.

This argument brings us directly to the great question, What is the House of Lords? It pleads a usage, binding for ever, because founded on sound and permanent principle, resting on the nature itself of the House of Lords and its inherent incapacity to render to the country any just and useful service in finance. Is it so? Is its nature such, are its composition and its relations to the people submitted to its government of such a kind, that absolute and eternal exclusion from the domain of finance is the logical, the constitutional, the inevitable deduction from their position and character? As resolute Liberals, as a portion of the people who are obliged to pay the taxes, we peremptorily repudiate this conclusion. Even if the usage were as unbroken as is alleged, we still maintain that it might be most necessary to abolish it, or even to create a new one in its place.

For what is the House of Lords? It is no longer what it once was, an assembly of barons, territorial potentates, who held

the land in possession by castles and retainers, who treated with the sovereign as joint owners of the country, and levied for their own personal benefit grievous feudal dues and taxes on the people. It took a long time for the nation to grow entirely out of this bondage; the emancipation was gradual, and much chequered by varied fortune, but it was at last accomplished in 1688. Neither is the House of Lords any longer the body which it became immediately after the Revolution,—a society of peers in actual possession of one branch of the Legislature, and by means of court-favour, local influence over elections, rotten boroughs, and close connection with a gentry as yet little balanced by great trades, virtually masters of the House of Commons, and thus of the whole State. These were the days when the Lords and their dependents revelled in patents, sinecures, reversions, pensions, and grants of national property. This unjust usurpation and selfish abuse of power were the chief causes of the crisis of 1832. The people were roused to sweep away this class-government, and the obstruction to just legislation which was its consequence; and by enacting the Reform Bill created one of the most memorable eras in English history. Neither is the peerage a caste of nobles, as formerly in France and Spain, and now in Russia, enjoying large privileges and immunities, rivalling the power of the State on their own domains, and exempt from many of the heaviest burdens of taxation. It is none of these things now. In any one of these phases, it occupied, more or less, a position antagonistic to the people; its interests were different, in many points adverse; it had objects to pursue and privileges to maintain in which the people had no concern; and there was little political guarantee that its opinions and aims in legislation would be such as would most effectually promote the welfare of the whole people. To some extent it could be truly said that the people were their property.

What, then, is the House of Lords? It is a part of the people itself, a second House or Chamber, composed of wealthy men selected on the principle of hereditary descent, and instituted for the purpose of performing certain most important functions in the State, which their territorial wealth, and the independence and security of their position, peculiarly qualify them to discharge. The peers no more cease to belong to the people because they fill a high office than ministers, generals, judges, or magistrates. They possess no privileges distinct from their functions. They pay the same taxes, and are bound by the same laws, as the rest of their fellow-subjects. They receive no salary or profit from their office; in our day they have no advantage —at least it is a very trifling one—over wealthy commoners or

members of Parliament in obtaining lucrative employment in the State. They enjoy the distinctions of title; but so do many others, both in England and in foreign countries, who are not peers and legislators. The hereditary lord is fully rivalled in his own county in political influence by the country-gentleman of great estate; not seldom also by the plebeian trader of gigantic profits. The great depositary of public opinion, the mass of the thinkers, writers, and professional men of the middle classes, are far more than a match for the concentrated force of the House of Lords. The peers are distinguished in society; but many persons of various classes who are not peers are still more distinguished, and wield a still more powerful influence in directing the course of public affairs. They are high officers, public functionaries of a special kind; acting in behalf of the people, performing popular duties, and exercising powers derived from the people and useful to the people, as truly as members of the House of Commons, mayors, or policemen. The basis of the House of Lords is function, and function only. Every thing else is accessory: public duty is now the sole principle of the peerage.

The cavils which are so plentifully flung against the hereditary character and wealth of the peerage betray a singular and profound ignorance of the conditions required for the existence and efficiency of a second Chamber. It is an institution of vital necessity for the duration of a popular government. How to give weight, stability, and a permanent, because popular, authority to a second House, is the greatest and most difficult problem of a mixed constitution. No republic has been able to last without a similar institution. Athens strove to find one in her Council; it possessed no inherent strength, was undermined, and brought down the commonwealth in its ruin. Rome long flourished by means of two Houses. The popular body at last became sole master, with only a senate of great officials to control it: a Cæsar soon terminated a power to which nature had given no durability. The Long Parliament, by force of circumstances, became supreme lord in England: a great man quickly mastered it as if it had been a child. A single Assembly, the National Convention, regenerated a powerful nation amidst the applause of the most fervent popular enthusiasm, and imposed, by astounding military successes, new principles on the whole world: in a few years it sank, contemned and unregretted, under the blow of a military despot. The Chamber of Peers in France was destitute of weight. England alone, in Europe at least, has solved this most arduous of political problems, because she alone has reared up by slow growth a second Chamber, strong by inherent force, and pledged by the source from which

that force is derived, and its constitutional position, to identify itself in all substantial points with the cause of the people. That House has thus been able to perform public services without which no popular government can long exist; and to no other cause can the greatness and abiding prosperity of England be so truly ascribed.

But what are these functions, and how is the House of Lords peculiarly fitted to discharge them? It is the distinctive office of a second House to be the fly-wheel of the Constitution; to balance and regulate the political movement of the nation; to guard against the haste, the passionate impulses, and the corruption of the Lower House; to secure a calm and careful examination of new measures; to procure revision and reconsideration when popular excitement, or false hopes, or dazzling but shallow rhetoric, has for the moment misled the Commons; to test by temporary resistance the sincerity and strength of the will which demands a change; to make legislation take its stand on the good sense and ultimate judgment, instead of the momentary desire of the country; and to give continuity and stability to the general policy of the nation. Often, but for the interposition of the Lords, the true voice of the country could not have been distinguished from the noisy clamours of popular orators, or the more insidious demands of selfish constituencies.

Like the Roman Senate, the House of Lords has often given dignity and steadiness to the conduct of public affairs; it has sustained the nation's courage under disaster, cheered it under suffering, made it willing to bear the burden of protracted efforts, and taught it to keep its eyes steadily fixed on the great end of the struggle. These are indeed great functions; and prejudiced and ignorant must be the politician who can esteem them to be less popular, less valuable, less essential to the welfare and happiness of the people, than any which are performed by the House of Commons. They are not the whole of the public duties which the State requires, far otherwise; but they are as indispensable to the health and existence of popular government as any that are contributed by the direct action of the people. They deserve as much to be defended from encroachment, and to be maintained in unimpaired vigour and efficiency. An uncontrolled and despotical House of Commons would rush into ruin as speedily and as irretrievably as the Athenian Demos or the French Convention.

But what are the special qualifications of British peers for these duties? The very qualities against which invective is most indignantly levelled—their hereditary descent, and their territorial wealth. These two great attributes are the best

possible guarantees for independence and calmness of deliberation. Rich peers, whose position is established, can think of the general interest, and explore the intrinsic merits of political measures, in a manner impossible for men dependent on constituencies. We have heard the remark made by a man sprung from the people, but of large experience and distinguished success in life, that if a Parliamentary investigation of any difficult question in social science were desired, it ought always to be sent to a committee of the House of Lords. Who does not know how thoughtful a member of Parliament is about his seat, how he shapes his speeches and his votes so as not to endanger his re-election? This sympathy with the people is his excellence, we are told: it renders him alive to their wants and their feelings; it teaches him to study the improvement of their condition, to remove obstacles by useful reforms, to consider their purses and their sentiments. True, we reply; but it is also his weakness. He is an admirable security for progress; but he is slow to perceive the dangers by which it may be beset. He needs a corrective, which can only be supplied by men of opposite qualities—men naturally content with the world as it is, more apprehensive of loss than hopeful of improvement, profoundly averse to change without good cause shown.

But these men are not the people, exclaim the democrats; they do not feel with the people; they are indifferent to their welfare; things are too pleasant with them to make them willing to care for and promote the good of others. It is not so. Men of this kind exist in every class of society: they are found in the House of Commons in large numbers, for they form the Conservative party in it. But so great is the force of the progressive element in human character, so incessant, so multiform, and so powerful is its action, that, to avoid excess, the concentration of the Conservative sentiment in an independent Chamber becomes necessary in order to impart the requisite energy and effect to its resistance. The larger the engine, the greater and the more needed is the fly-wheel. It is not as a privileged caste, but as men conservative by position, that the peers are gathered into a House of Lords; and however loudly advanced Liberals may remonstrate, Conservatism in its due measure is as essentially popular, is as useful for the safety and well-being of the people, as any form of Liberalism which can be named; and it may be added with truth, that as landowners and employers of labour, as magistrates, as neighbours to both poor and rich, as the guardians of refinement and civilisation, and guarantees against the domination of merely material interests,—the peers of England may safely challenge

comparison with any body of rich men, or, indeed, any class of men which the world has ever known.

But why make peers hereditary? Why have wealthy men as a rule for peers? Rich men are apt to be selfish and indolent; an hereditary class must consist of only average ability: why intrust such delicate and important functions to men so chosen? Because other men would be less strong; and inherent strength is the paramount requisite for the House of Lords. To say nothing of other modes of selection, respect for ancestry is a real and powerful social force in England: it is peculiarly available for this particular duty; it would not only be pure wantonness to thrust it aside, but it would be left as a very vigorous rival against peers chosen on any other principle. If ancestral peers are rejected, recourse must be had either to Lords elected by the people for life or otherwise, as the Senate in the United States, or to so-called Celebrities and Abilities nominated by the Crown. It is obvious at the first glance that in England peers elected by the people would not be a match nor a counterpoise to the House of Commons. The Commons would at once assert their claim to be the true representatives of the people; whilst the elected peers would have no strength to control the movements of the Commons, or to revise their decisions. Two Houses, elected directly by the people, of really equal authority, are an impossibility. This was the fatal weakness of the Athenian Council. The American Senate has hitherto escaped it, in consequence chiefly of a peculiarity which is not found in England. The United States is not a homogeneous nation, but a federation of sovereign states; and the senators, who are chosen by each state singly, are ambassadors or plenipotentiaries rather than an ordinary Upper House.

Celebrities and Abilities, distinguished politicians and professional men, retired merchants and manufacturers, nominated for life, would be still weaker for the purpose required. They would form too personal a body for strength. As soon as they reversed the votes of the Commons, and set themselves in array against a strong feeling in the country,—and this is the one great object of a second House,—their individual characters, their lives, their several claims to deference, would be severely criticised; popular indignation would concentrate itself on each of them personally. It would be asked with passion why such men should be suffered to defeat measures eagerly desired by the country? Why should not other men of better sense be added to them at once, to outvote their folly? In other words, they would be at once prevented from performing the specific function of a House of Review. Their resistance would be ascribed

to their faults and crotchets. They would be quickly alarmed and afraid to act; and would end by becoming worthless. How different is it with the House of Lords! Its very impersonality is its strength. Few persons speak now of Lord Monteagle or Lord Derby; it is with the House of Lords itself that indignation meetings have to contend. The House of Commons is compelled to cope with an institution. The rejection of the Paper Duty cannot be rescinded by a change of Ministry, or a shifting of the peers, or the elimination of such as are obnoxious. The hereditary character of the peerage forces the attack to be directed against the House itself, as an institution of the country. This is precisely what a sound political philosophy would prescribe. It must be an offence far graver and more shocking to the common sense of the people than a temporary resistance to the desire of the day, which would make them willing to inflict a permanent injury on the independence of the Lords; and on the other hand, the absence of individual responsibility makes the Lords aware that a persistence in selfish or permanently unpopular conduct would imperil, not the seats of a few peers, but the peerage itself. A happier guarantee for independence, combined with real responsibility, can scarcely be devised; and it is again a result, not of theory or statute, but of natural growth out of the sagacity of Englishmen and the general principles of the Constitution.

Moreover, selected Eminences are a bad material for a House of Lords. If they were not the best men in the State, they would stand below the Commons in public respect; they would be without authority or weight in reviewing their measures. If, on the contrary, as they ought to be, they were the foremost statesmen, they would feel a constant tendency to pervert the character of the House of Lords; they would be restless and ambitious, unwilling to submit to obscurity, eager to compete with the Commons for power. Collisions would be incessant; and the end would be, that the House of Lords would soon be reduced to insignificance, or be extinguished. As society is now constituted, the government of England belongs to the House of Commons. It is neither possible nor desirable to alter this fact. A strong House of Lords is needed to moderate the political movement; but the determination and conduct of the national policy is the inevitable prerogative of the Commons. Let the men who aspire to lead as rulers take their places in the House of Commons: it would be the ruin of the Constitution to transfer this highest power to the arena of the House of Lords.

Above all, selected peers would not be wealthy landowners;

and territorial wealth is the citadel of the House of Lords' strength. It is not because they have a large stake in the country, as is often said, that we think that peers ought to be gentlemen of great estates. The thriving shopkeeper and the well-paid workman have as deep an interest in the prosperity and tranquillity of the country as the richest lord or manufacturer. Neither is it for the protection of property, as distinct from other interests, that wealthy peers are needed. Territorial wealth is wanted, because it thoroughly identifies the peers with the people, and so secures two enormous political advantages. It imposes on the peers a most real responsibility for good government, as the condition of that prosperity from which they derive their riches, and it procures for the House of Lords the direct support of a large part of the population. An Upper House made up of rich peers, who obtained their incomes from the Funds, would be as weak and as wretched an institution as could be framed. It would not even be national. There would be no security that such men would ever trouble themselves about what was going on in England. They might spend their lives in dangling about in the courts of Europe. They would be mere shadows in the day of trouble. When the angry sea of popular discontent rises; when demagogues denounce and threaten; when failing harvests and faltering trade vex the middle classes with loss of profits, and drive starving multitudes to the verge of rebellion; when a whole people, restless with suffering, is tempted in its perplexity to lay the blame on institutions, and to yield to the desperate hope that a change in them would work relief,—then it is that the stoutest political oak, the strongest iron, are required to dam in and confine the surging tide. Then it is that a body composed of men who derive their rentals from the largest and most widely-spread trade, employing the greatest number of people, and furnishing occupation to numerous other trades, can rally round it a support and confidence, and carry through a successful defence of institutions suspected through misery alone, that no other means can provide. In such a storm elected peers and nominated Celebrities would fly like stubble before the wind.

But let us guard against being misunderstood. We do not say that a House of Lords composed of unknown and inactive peers, who had earned no public respect by personal qualities and services, would suffice. In a free country such a body would and ought to lose its vitality. The hereditary principle in the English Peerage can bear to be tried by this test: the debates of the Lords and the public career of many peers will bear witness to the vigorous activity and intelligence of the English aris-

tocracy. The principle of inheritance has no doubt been assisted by the accession of new men; it is well that it should be so. We confess, however, that during the last half century that practice has in our opinion been carried too far; and that the idea of reward has received a prominence over that of permanent capacity to perform the requisite functions to which it is not entitled, and which might end by changing the character of the House of Lords.

But, say Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, the peers are irresponsible. No greater fallacy was ever uttered. We have shown that the nature of their wealth mixes them up intimately with the greatest interests in the kingdom. We go further, and assert that no other body is more directly and truly responsible. What is the power which holds men responsible? Public opinion, all will answer, the general sentiment of the country. But where is it to be found? by what instruments does it call offenders to account? By the constituencies, is the reply. But is it seriously pretended that electors, influenced as they are by blue and yellow clubs, intimidating landlords and managing attorneys, are the only true voice by which this great nation expresses its opinion and its will? Except in times of extreme excitement, is not the election of representatives a local affair, varying with each constituency? What mean the passionate cry for reform, and the angry charge of "mean and cruel legislation," but that responsibility is not always real, that regard for the true interests of the people is not always enforced? To us such accusations prove that, even in the opinion of Mr. Bright, neither the House of Commons nor the constituencies, at any single time, necessarily utter the settled conviction of the country. The liability of a member to lose his seat is no certain proof of true responsibility. Sir R. Peel, as minister, proposed Catholic emancipation, and was unseated on that account by his constituents at Oxford; but their very marked disapproval did not prevent him from successfully passing his measure. The men of Devonshire rejected Lord John Russell, when nominated minister by the Crown; but the Queen adhered to her choice, and he governed all England. These statesmen were not really responsible for their public conduct to Devonshire and Oxford, but to public opinion, which sustained them against the condemnation pronounced by their own constituents. On the other hand, the House of Lords exists on the tenure of public opinion. It is impossible to imagine the House of Commons destroyed, except by violence. The abolition of the monarchy is equally inconceivable. But a collision of the Lords with the settled opinion of the country would efface it from the

Constitution. Thirty years ago the suppression of the House of Lords was discussed throughout the land; it is not unheard of now. The sanction of public opinion the Lords know to be the condition of their power; they study it, they gather it from every quarter in which it may be correctly ascertained, —from the daily and periodical press, from books, and from society. They are compelled to discriminate between the momentary impression and the final judgment of the people. In an accurate discernment of this difference consist their value and their strength. Since 1832 they have never rejected the proposals of the Commons without some solid support in the country; isolated, they are absolutely powerless. Whenever the nation has finally made up its mind, whatever may be their private sentiments, the Lords invariably yield. What severer test of the most stringent responsibility can be devised? Their special duty is to resist the momentary will of the Commons, frequently backed by the passionate feeling of the people, whenever there is reason to believe that it is only momentary. The fiercer the excitement of misguided impulse, the greater the violence done to good sense and the public weal, the more directly does the House of Lords in resisting stake its existence as a security for its patriotism. Mr. Cobden complains that the Lords refuse to abolish church-rates; he charges them with opposing the will of the people. The instance is unfortunate. The majority is declining in the Commons. If all England were polled, church-rates would be retained by a very decisive majority. What matter is there here for complaint against the Lords for gentlemen of democratic opinions? They are opposing reason and enlightened opinion, retorts Mr. Cobden. But what are the tests of reason and good sense? Are they to be measured by the intellect and knowledge of Mr. Cobden and his friends? May not others claim to be as infallible popes as they? The view of the Lords about church-rates may be erroneous in the judgment of a philosophical thinker; but if departure from right reason renders an institution anti-popular, and warrants a demand for its being overruled or suppressed, short indeed will be the days of the House of Commons and the Manchester school. It is unpleasant no doubt to Mr. Cobden and the Commons that their decisions should be reversed by the Lords; but as a second opinion is the very object for which the House of Lords exists, they may comfort themselves with the thought of their superior wisdom, but must submit to the universal rule, that no men can always have their own way in this world.

We have now reached the last stage of our inquiry. The

functions of the House of Lords, it is argued, are valuable in every other department of public affairs; they are inadmissible in finance. The Crown and the House of Commons have the sole right of taxing the subject, according to Mr. Bright; the House of Commons alone is vested with an uncontrollable power of imposing or retaining taxes, according to Mr. Cobden. Taxation and representation are inseparable. Our ancestors fought for centuries to escape bondage to the Lords in taxation. A usage of 200 years of the Lords themselves has ratified the doctrine that the granting and management of supplies belongs exclusively to the Commons. The Lords are introducing a substantial innovation into the Constitution. No adequate reason, no crisis called for such an unconstitutional interference. They are setting up a right, capable of the widest extension hereafter, and which will radically alter the machinery of government in England.

The application of the principles which we have expounded above will enable us to dispose rapidly of these statements. The constitutional right of the Lords to reject any financial measure cannot be disputed. It has been exercised down to the latest times, whatever may have been the proceedings to which it subsequently gave rise. In modern times finance has become the most extensive and the most important field of legislation. A Budget in our day is a very different thing from a granting of subsidies. It embraces every consideration of public policy; it ranges over trade, foreign affairs, education, military organisation, ecclesiastical institutions, improvement of towns, postal and international communications,—over every element of the life of the nation. To exclude the Lords from this field would be to shut them out from three-fourths of the public business. It would be a gigantic expansion of the power of the Commons; and by compelling the Lords to stand still within a technical limit, would overthrow the proportions of the Constitution, and extinguish the House of Lords for all useful purposes. Almost every measure would be gradually withdrawn from its revision. It would be most easy to represent church-rates as a tax, or to claim that the Crown and Peers should say nothing on war and peace, because war can be carried on only with the money of the people. The branch, reduced to inactivity, would speedily lose its vital force, and drop down in decay from the tree.

We go further, and maintain that in no part of public affairs is the revising action of the Peers more salutary than in finance. In no other sphere is the temptation to excess and unfairness so strong in the House of Commons, and the checks against them

so weak. The Crown is nothing in finance. It is still powerful as the executive, and through the Ministers, in many departments, contends successfully against the House of Commons. But it is powerless in finance. There it can do nothing for the people, as distinct from the Commons and their constituents. In finance the Ministers are the nominees of the House of Commons alone. By no other means can members of Parliament so effectually please their constituents as by procuring for them some local grant or some personal exemption. The interest of the whole people is sacrificed to the interest of those who have the most influence for the day in the Commons. "There are particular moments," says the distinguished American Judge Story, "when the people, stimulated by some irregular passion, or some illicit advantage, or misled by the artful misrepresentations of interested men, may call for measures which they themselves will afterwards be the most ready to lament and condemn. In these critical moments, how salutary will be the interference of a body of respectable citizens, chosen without reference to the exciting cause, to check the misguided career of public opinion, and to suspend the blow until reason, justice, and truth can regain their authority over the public mind!" Did he foresee the domination of traders in the Parliament of 1860, the treaty with France, the rhetoric of the enchanter and the alliance with the demagogue, and the abandonment of a large national revenue which, however objectionable, is not more so than many other sources of revenue, at the very moment when it could least be spared? But for the thoughtfulness of the Lords, the Commons might be now proposing to remit taxes by the help of a loan to be paid by their successors; and next session might open with a scheme to relieve what is called industry from paying any part of the cost of government and order, and to lay the load on realised property, with a special exemption for the capital and profits of traders.

But taxation and representation go together. This is the cardinal axiom of the English constitution; and the Peers are not part of the people. We answer, in the noble and profound words of Burke, "It is not the derivation of the power of the House of Commons from the people which makes it in a distinct sense their representative. The king is the representative of the people; so are the Lords; so are the judges. They all are trustees for the people as well as the Commons, because no power is given for the sole sake of the holder; and although government is certainly an institution of divine authority, yet its forms, and the persons who administer it, all originate from the people. A popular origin cannot therefore be the charac-

teristical distinction of a popular representative. This belongs equally to all parts of government, and in all forms." The Peers, by the nature of their wealth, and its liability to the common taxation, directly represent owners of property, however small: themselves, in the first instance, fundholders, farmers, peasants, professional men, the orphan, and the widow. Much more, they are the bulwarks of fairness and equity, of even-handed justice between class and class, of the impartial distribution of the public burdens, of the steadiness and stability of the financial policy of the whole nation. It is the temptation of members of Parliament to be careful for their own advancement, and to be absorbed by the rise and fall of ministries. It is the danger of constituents to think of themselves and to forget the people,—to provide for the interests of Birmingham and Manchester, and to cast on others the care and difficulty of upholding the honour and safety of all England. The Peers are not beyond the reach of the influences of party or natural selfishness; but their position is so secured by rank and wealth, any undue personal advantage in taxation is so unattainable, and so comparatively worthless if attained, that the maintenance of general prosperity and contentment must ever be paramount with them above all other considerations.

Even, therefore, in the strictest sense of the words, the principle that taxation and representation are conjoined would not bar out the action of the Peers in finance. But a more direct reply may be given to this objection. The right for which our forefathers struggled so long, and which is the noblest portion of the inheritance we have received, is the right of determining the expediency and regulating the amounts of the aids to be granted to the public service. That right is retained whole and unimpaired by the Commons. The money comes from the whole people, and doubtless it must be the gift of the whole people, if they are to continue free and independent. But so it is in fact. It is they who grant it in the House of Commons, not, as so many suppose, by the imposition of taxes in Committee of Ways and Means, but by voting, on the Estimates, the objects and the amount of the national expenditure. Not a shilling can be spent without being first voted, and the purpose to which it is to be applied approved, by the Commons. Even the moneys voted by the whole Legislature cannot issue from the Treasury except under the authority of the Appropriation Bill, in which the Peers never attempt to make an amendment. This is the answer to the sophistical objection that the Lords, by retaining a tax repealed by the Commons, have in substance imposed a tax on the people. It was the House of Commons

which retained the Paper Duty, by voting an excess of expenditure beyond the ways and means provided, and accepting from Mr. Gladstone a budget which did not balance the national accounts. We claim, indeed, for the House of Lords the high national function of rejecting any expenditure which they may think the Commons to have sanctioned, in the true language of Judge Story, "under the propensity of all single and numerous assemblies to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passions, and to be seduced by factious leaders into intemperate and pernicious resolutions." The Lords may have taken a mistaken view of the proposal of the Commons; for no form of government whatever can be devised which shall not be subject to error; but the necessity and extreme importance of the function remain the same. It is the duty and the popular right of the House of Lords in all matters to appeal from the Commons to the calm and deliberate sense of the whole community. A financial despotism of the House of Commons would be as disastrous as any other.

On the other hand, it is forbidden the House of Lords, by the Constitution, not only to originate any tax, or to specify its object, but even in any way to regulate its amount; not because they do not form a part of or represent the people, or because they have acquiesced in a usage of 200 years, but for reasons far deeper and truer than these. They are incompetent, by their very nature, as much as an absolute monarch, to sympathise with the financial wants and difficulties of the mass of the population. As rich men, they are not as keen as the people themselves to perceive the various needs for which public assistance is required, still less can they estimate the severity of the pressure of taxation on the comparatively poor. They can afford the luxuries of rich men: stately public buildings, showy and expensive armies, gorgeous staffs of state-officials, and costly wars, for the gratification of personal sentiment. Public content, as to taxation, is the strongest foundation of social order; and the surest guarantee for the depth and permanence of that content is the conviction brought home to every man's mind that he himself determines the expenditure for which he is obliged to pay.

Finally, it may be asked, was there sufficient cause for startling the country by an apparent breach of one of the most ancient securities of its freedom? We answer that the country has not been startled. It has shown no sense of an encroachment having been committed on the rights of the Commons or of the people. Nay, the very reverse is obvious. A universal satisfaction is manifest that the Constitution has found a natural

instrument in the House of Lords for encountering a dangerous crisis. The Lords have exercised a great function; the people have recognised that function, and approved its use. The deliberate judgment of public opinion condemned the repeal of the Paper Duty at the present crisis, and the general feeling of the nation ratifies its rejection. It confirms the declaration of the Lords, that the Commons have not made sufficient provision for the expenditure which they have practically voted, and that they have thereby endangered the credit and the safety of the national finances.

It would be vain for the Commons to attempt to cancel the overthrow of their policy, or Ministers to seek a new trial. The Commons can, if they please, stop public business, turn the whole financial system into annual grants, and refuse to vote any tax till the Lords have submitted to their pleasure. But in all collisions between the three estates, it is the people, the force of public opinion, which is the umpire; and the attempt to sustain error by faction might bring down signal punishment even on the House of Commons. But it can have no desire for such a contest. Declining majorities proved that the sober sense of the House, when emancipated from the spell of a bewitching voice, felt that it had been misled by excited hopes and a misplaced trust in hasty statesmanship. It has become aware how its own free agency was compromised by the skilful tactics which mixed up the Budget with the Treaty, and by a use of the royal name which the king's friends of George III. might have envied. If it smarts under the humiliation of a rebuke, let it remember that it has no one to blame but itself. The House was plainly warned, in several speeches, against the dangers of the course on which it was entering; but it was captivated by the charmer, and would neither reflect nor examine. It has paid the penalty of its thoughtlessness. Its decision has been overruled, its pretensions corrected, and its amenability to a court of error, even in finance, established. What the Commons have lost, the country has gained. It has gained an invaluable safeguard against the only formidable danger of modern times, the disproportionate growth of the power of the House of Commons and its constituents. The evil had its roots in the very heart of modern political society; it was certain to rise to the surface at one time or another; but the unimpaired vitality of the British Constitution had vigour enough to generate the antidote. It has endowed the House of Lords with the public confidence and the strength requisite to enable it to balance the expansion of the Commons. The country has recognised that the P

exist for the people, and have acted, in what they have done, for the good of the people. It refuses to enact a Bed of Justice against the House of Lords, after the fashion of Louis XIV. towards the Parliament of Paris, in order to effect the compulsory registration of a decree of finance, and, by destroying its independence, remove the sole existing barrier against the despotism of a single assembly. The Commons may protest that the act of the Lords shall not become a precedent; but as long disuse did not prevent it, neither will vehement protests, as often as similar circumstances shall call for its repetition. Writings and usages have little force in these matters. Wheresoever danger threatens, living bodies, whether men or societies, will seize weapons to repel it. Precedents have been searched for to justify the deed of the Lords; such authorities are the delight of pedantic constitutionalists, and are even appealed to by baffled innovators. It would have been more rational to have sought a precedent for the finance of the Commons. No man can desire the recurrence of such a step, because no man can wish that the Commons should again give just cause for such a reproof. But whatever may happen, it is an unspeakable comfort to every Englishman to know that the energy of the British Constitution is undiminished, and that it has still its old strength to raise up an effective barrier against irresponsible and despotical power, by whomsoever it may be claimed, or under the cover of whatever ancient form it may raise its head.

Art. VII.—WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE'S POETRY.

Poems and Essays by the late William Caldwell Roscoe. With a Prefatory Memoir. London: Chapman and Hall, 1860.

An important part of the work now before us is no subject for us to criticise. Almost all the Essays in the second volume were contributions to this Review, and we can only give utterance to the fruitless wish that the series had not found its early close,

"Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille!"

Mr. Roscoe once said in a humorous letter which we have seen, that his critical friends would never do justice to the demerits of his poetry, and that he should like to be his own reviewer; and we must be content to bear any reflections which may be cast upon our impartiality in noticing his poetical works. We would rather do so than attempt to qualify the truthful expression of the hearty, though we trust not wholly undiscriminating, admiration which they excite in us.

These works consist of two Tragedies, and a small number of Minor Poems and Sonnets. Of the Tragedies, one, *Eliduke*, is an early work, now published for the first time. Of this tragedy we do not propose to speak in detail here. We believe that with certain retrenchments it would be a very effective acting play. It is full of life and movement and dramatic interest, and it contains a sufficient variety of persons to keep the attention of an audience from flagging. The characters, however, are not in reality particularly individual or well-marked. The principal personage, Eliduke, is intended for a man of high aspirations, but wanting in moral determination to resist a guilty passion. But the wavering complexity of such a character was perhaps not well suited to Mr. Roscoe's powers at any time, and was certainly beyond them at the early age at which the tragedy was written. Eliduke's worse and better natures speak in turn, and each of them at such length as to destroy the organic unity of the character. *Eliduke* too is open to an observation which has been unjustly applied to *Violenzia* (the other tragedy) by one of its critics,—that it is "an exercise" in the Elizabethan school. We do not believe that the forms of that school were ever perfectly adapted to Mr. Roscoe's genius. They grew up among men of redundantly *fertile* imagination, teeming with passion, and rooting themselves firmly in the world of outward interests. The more abrupt the alternations of vivid action, of potent passion, and of rampant humour, the

more direct the reflection of the intricate contradictions of the world, the more the ideal elements were to be furnished by the spectator of the drama, as he would furnish them if it were a real and not a feigned action, the more at ease these luxuriant minds found themselves. It is not wonderful that they were Mr. Roscoe's favourite study. His was just the mind to derive sustenance from such a mass of strong intellectual food. But according to the conception which we form of his own imagination, its natural creative instincts were of a widely different class. A fastidious pursuit of ideal grace, a tendency to unity and simplicity in all things, a pleasure rather in single images and progressive actions, than in the whirl and complication of an interlaced plot and contemporaneous incidents, marked him as belonging to what used to be called the "classical" type. Indeed, it must be noted as a limitation of his power, that he was not *prolific* either in invention or in illustration. His imagination was not peopled with multitudinous characters, nor had his language that richness to which the public has been lately accustomed. Moreover he was wanting in a real hold on common life, and did not let its rugged ground-work show in his art. He had (not in theory, but in practical habit) what must be now called a somewhat old-fashioned disposition to confine poetic delineation within the limits of artistic beauty, and to educe an ideal rather than to reproduce nature. If the temperament to which we refer had not been mixed with other elements, his tendency in art would have been altogether severe. It was not so, principally because the spiritual and divine side of life, and both the tender and the lofty emotions of humanity, were the highest realities to him. He united in an unusual degree depth and artistic fastidiousness. This union, combined with a strict reticence wherever thought approached the confines of dimness (as deep spiritual thought must constantly do), probably helped to restrict his creative imagination. It has certainly kept his poetry somewhat off the line of the prevailing tastes of the day. It is deficient in those qualities which produce either picturesqueness or gorgeousness of effect; nor does it ever wear any appearance of enigmatic profundity, or embody any novel doctrines, or deal with any problems especially belonging to the nineteenth century. On the other hand, it is far from realistic, and appeals rather to cultivated tastes than to strong popular instincts. It has the disadvantage of being somewhat unusual, without having any eccentricity to arrest the attention.

We should be tempted to characterise Mr. Roscoe's power as more idyllic than dramatic. We wish he had written a greater number of pieces like the ballad of "Fontanlee," or the pathetic and quaintly-beautiful "Ariadne," and had added to the

too short series of Sonnets, among which are some that we think cannot fail to find appreciation. But we have now only to take what he has left us; and among his poetical works, the *Violenzia* —in some superficial respects an Elizabethan tragedy—is by far the most important.

The time and place of the tragedy are left indeterminate, but evidently belong to the middle ages and the north of Europe. It opens with the betrothal of Ethel, earl of Felborg, to Violenzia, sister to Robert, earl of Ingelwald, the king's chief general, and to Arthur of Ingelwald. This scene is a fit proem, and at once places the grave, lofty, reticent, deeply-loving Ethel, and the more vivid and passionate Violenzia, plainly before us; and its solemn sweetness affords a fine contrast to the whole remainder of the play. The song with which Violenzia begins to unwind the thread of her terrible destiny is a true lyrical inspiration:

> "Hark! the still air gives voice, and sings,
> And music mounts on murmuring wings;
> Grave silence, throned in upper skies,
> Unfolds her silken slumbering eyes;
> No voice but jars the ear of silence,
> Save tuned breath, which doth 't no violence."

The scene quickly shifts to the court. The Swede is ravaging the land, and Robert receives orders from the king to march against him with Ethel as his second in command. Violenzia meanwhile is to be left at the court as in a place of safety. The King is a hot young voluptuary, with all the habits of unrestrained power and luxury, and is in the hands of an old pander-courtier, Malgodin, who is the demon of the piece. The third scene shows us a hall in the palace, the King enamoured of Violenzia's beauty, and Malgodin lyingly suggesting:

> "Very light! very light! Such a weathercock as all women; hath such a fire in her eye as many women, and needs such an excuse as some women. By an equal not to be touched, but by a king."

Violenzia in her inexperience seems to be lending too ready an ear to royal flatteries, and is visited afterwards and reproved both by her brothers and by Ethel, according to their different natures; by Robert and Arthur harshly and violently, and by Ethel with a gentle and mournful earnestness. They are followed by Malgodin, who comes with disgraceful proposals, and the first act closes with Violenzia's proud but unhappy determination to tell no one, and to stand alone, unassisted in her innocence.

The first scene of the second act gives us a glimpse of the camp, as Ethel and his friend Cornelius converse of life and duty in the early morning air; but the tragic change is close at

hand. The remainder of the act (the most conventional and least successful in the play) is taken up with fruitless machinations against Violenzia by the King and Malgodin, and ends as the King moves off to the fell deed of violence which he accomplishes:

> "The flaring candle backward bends its beams;
> My passion backward bends, but fiercelier burns.
> I love and loathe. Proud girl—that didst invite
> War and not peace, rude storm for soft surrender—
> Yet, oh, forgive me, sweet—no more—Again
> The passionate fever surges in my veins.
> Out, curious spy of day! And, oh, dark night,
> [*Extinguishing the light.*
> Be deaf and patient, like a wicked slave,
> That watches while his master fills a grave."

The third act commences with Ethel's indignant rejection of court slanders against Violenzia, with which the mind of his friend Cornelius has been poisoned; and then he shuts himself in his tent at night, and pursues the thread of quiet reflection which is habitual to him, till he hears an unusual sound:

> "What's that? Is 't true that spirits ride the wind?
> Most melancholy ones, then. Hark, again!
> The sound of weeping, making awful pauses
> Of the short hushes of the storm. Who sighs
> Against my threshold? My warm blood runs cold,
> And gathers at my heart. What, am I mad?
> Let's see what may be seen. [*Goes out, and returns.*
> The empty dark,
> Wherein no star doth pierce the thick eclipse,
> But all is shrouded in a watery veil.
> Again! again! That's human! who goes there?
> [*Exit. Returns, carrying* VIOLENZIA. *She throws herself on her face before him.*
> ETH. Violenzia!
> VIO. Oh, hide me! Oh, my misery!
> ETH. What art thou, that thus bred of sudden night
> Shakest my knees with sobbing? Stand! stand up!
> VIO. Lay not thy hand upon me.
> ETH. In my breast
> Strange thoughts take substance, and begin to shake
> My soul's foundation. Thou—thou—art not?—speak!
> VIO. I am! I am!—The King!—
> ETH. Away! away!
> Hell hath no words for it.
> VIO. Alas! alas! alas!
> ETH. By heaven, 'tis midnight, and the lunatic moon
> Peeps through my tent-holes.
> Art thou the thing that thou pretend'st to be,
> Or some accursed midnight wandering ghost
> Come to afflict me? With my bright sword's point
> I'll try thy substance.
> VIO. Mercy! oh, have mercy!
> ETH. Where's Mercy, since she hath forsook the heavens?

Who guides—who guides the terrible machine?
O Violenzia, take back thy words,
And make me subject to a false alarm,
Or with my sword I'll break these gates of life
That shut in living death. [*Pointing his sword against himself.*
VIO. Alas! alas!
ETH. I dream! I dream! It is not yet near day.
[*A long pause.*
VIO. Speak, speak to me!
ETH. Say'st thou? Stand up, I say!
Why beat'st thou with thy forehead on the ground?
This is no shame; this is our misery.
Lift up again that streaming face of thine,
Wet with unutterable woe. Look up!
VIO. Touch me not, Ethel! Oh, your touch is fire,
And burns my abhorred miserable flesh!
How shall I break these walls, or how get free?
I am cased in such pollution as makes sick
My soul within me. Oh, that these my tears
Could quite dissolve my substance, and the ground
Soak up my detested being! Would I were dead!
Would I were dead! were dead!
ETH. Peace, shaken child!
Control the greatness of your agony.
Alas, I cannot! My perturbed soul,
Like an imprisoned mist, doth shake and wave,
And I perceive no light."

We shall quote the whole of the conversation between Ethel and his friends Olave and Cornelius, when he first comes forth in his great misery, not only to justify our opinion of the poem, but also in order to bring out the central idea of the play.

"*Enter* ETHEL.

OL. Look! he knows it!
ETH. Good morrow, friends. Give me your hands. Let's see—
This should be Olave, this Cornelius.
Hath any deadly mischief come to you?
You shake your heads. No plague-star stands i' the sky,
And rains disease? I know it is not so;
No earthquake gapes. I know—I know it, I.
Open the door. The jolly sun mounts up;
Why should he stain his glittering cheeks with tears?
O dewy grass! O voice of birds! O friends!
Look, I can smile too; but within me here,
Ay, in my heart, there's fire—there's fire—there's fire!
COR. O piteous voice!
OL. Will you not cut his heart out?
ETH. Revenge—revenge—they say that word's not lawful,
And sweet Religion weeps at it. Dark, dark,
O God! I know whom Thou afflict'st with griefs
Thou look'st for great things from him. If my acts
Must grow up to the measure of my woe,
I shall amaze the world.
OL. Ay, with revenge!

Whose fiery wing shall overtake your shame,
And blind the eyes of them that look on it.
ETH. Who plagues me with revenge? Am I not mad enough?
Have I no devil here? Cornelius!
Is it not said we must forgive our foes?
COR. So it is said.
OL. For priests! for priests! not men.
ETH. For mine own wrongs, I could as soon forgive them
As dip my hand in water; but that she—
O most accursed monster! why, the sun
Would not too boldly look on her. Foul thoughts
Did from her presence and fair virgin eyes,
Like ghosts from daylight, fly ashamed. Alas!
Was there no way to strike me singly—none?
But for my sins must needs another soul,
And in myself a dearer nobler self,
My life's life—my heart's blood—my air—my centre—
Must that for me be shattered? Oh, yes! yes!
I had no crown to lose but my heart's crown;
No wealth but my heart's wealth—unpriceable;
Rich reputation none; no mother's eyes,
But my love's eyes did ever look upon me;
Here was I graffed, here grew, and since the stock
Is blasted, here must wither!
OL. Will you bear it?
I would you were dead sooner! Have you heard?
He sends to seek the lady,—ay, sends here
To you and to her brothers, threatening death
To any that detains her. Is't enough?
ETH. Did my brothers hear this? Robert and Arthur both?
OL. Ay, and so heard as if the shameful words
Were javelins in two angry lions' sides,
And gnashed their teeth, and could not speak for rage.
But you'll forgive,—you'll bear it?
ETH. What I shall do,
As yet I know not. This I will not do,—
Now, when my soul is mad, and I perceive not
The right from wrong, let my blind rage take wing,
And the great tasks and terrible purposes,
With which Heaven sets my soul and martyrs me,
Mix in confusion irretrievable.
Yet not the less, for this my slow delay,
Will I be swift in execution,
Steadfast, and frightful to the guilty soul
Of him that did this thing. Leave me, good friends.
[*Exeunt* OLAVE *and* CORNELIUS.
Why so.
Oh, horrible! detestable! I'll not think of it.
Oh, pitiful! oh, wondrous pitiful!
I shall go mad if I do think of it.
What's to be done? Back, back, you wandering thoughts,
That like whipt hounds hang with reverted eyes,
Back to the carcass of my grief! O villain!
Away! It is some devil whispers me.
What! no revenge? Young, young too, and a soldier.
No noble rage? Must we endure like clods,

Under the heavy tread of tyranny?
Whereto, then, had we this quick fiery spirit,
That starts at injury? the bruised worm turns;
And man, framed delicate and sensitive,
On whose fine soul injustice drops like fire,—
Must he bear all? Stay there, Ethel of Felborg.
Art thou so personal? affects it thee?
Such deeds strike deeper. This is not a thing
The impulsive moods of angry men may mix in,—
No, nor admits a passionate remedy;
But an occasion when, men standing amazed,
The visible hand of awful judgment should
Crush up iniquity, and retribution
Divine walk on the earth. No; no revenge.
Teach me, O terrible God!
I do believe—witness these swift hot tears—
I do believe Thou lov'st me even in this;
And therefore now thy sovran hand put forth,
And my dejected desultory soul
Bind up to thy great meaning. I believe.
I'll go and seek my brothers."

The passionate Robert and the broodingly vindictive Arthur at once determine to join the Swede, and rush to their vengeance by the shortest road. The moral strife of the play turns on the conflict between retribution and revenge. Ethel, by his influence with the army, first turns them against the common enemy of the land, and defeats the Swede. In the combat Robert and Arthur are taken prisoners, and sentenced to death by Ethel as traitors. Ethel, in a deeply pathetic scene, endeavours without success to elevate them to forgiveness of their brother and executioner. When he leaves them, they succeed in persuading the weak Cornelius, who was left in charge of them, that his real office was to connive at their escape. The use they make of their liberty is to visit the retreat of the stricken Violenzia, and take her life, as a sacrifice to the honour of their house. Arrested, red-hand, they are led off to death as traitors and murderers both. We must make room for Ethel's soliloquy:

"ETH. Take them away to present execution,
And bring back word to me when they are dead.
ARTH. Lean on me, Robert.
ROBT. Pah! you smell of blood.
ARTH. Well! well! well!
FIRST SOL. He cared but little for her.
SEC. SOL. Not a whit.
[*Exeunt* OLAVE *and* Soldiers *conducting* ROBERT *and* ARTHUR.
ETH. He did not care for her! no, not a whit!
I did not love thee, Violenzia!
Be it so! be it so! be it so!
I can bear it—I can bear it—I can bear it.
Being dead, I now may kiss thee, may I not?

Cold angel, the last time I touched those lips—
Have done! Look down, you heavenly arbitrators;
Be not harsh with me, if my heart should burst
Because a girl is dead. Nay, I can bear it.
I do not fling myself upon the ground,
And drown the thirsty earth with rainy tears;
I do not tear my hair, or beat my breast,
Or heave my labouring heart from its foundations.
I can be patient. See, my God, she bleeds!
Is there no more to bear? Oh, no, not thus.
I do not tax, high Heaven, thy great designs,
No, nor abate my faith a single jot.
Why, this is mercy; do I cavil at it?
She is in heaven by this, where angels flatter her,
And soothe her with white hands; I would not have her
Alive for all the world. Oh, she is dead!
Her beauty was the rapture of my eye,
And her affection was the corner-stone
Of all my reared existence. That was long ago;
Chaste marriage-joys, the faces of young children,
And all the sweet felicities of home—
These are old dreams, and long since vanished.
Soul-softening memory, fly! Take up, O heart!
Peace is for angels, and we mortal labourers
Must die in harness; I am content, great Father,
And kiss thy tender hand.
Smil'st thou, pale innocent? Was death so kind to thee,
That came in guise so barbarous? Come, dear burden,
I must not leave thee here.
[*Exit, bearing* VIOLENZIA *into the inner room.*"

Then Ethel, not till he has laboured with his scruples at assuming an office beyond the law, leads his army against the King himself. Taking him prisoner, he endeavours to obtain a legal sentence against him; but the judges declare him to be beyond the limits of their authority. Then Ethel himself prepares to assume the responsibility of a judge of life and death. The tardy contrition of the lustful tyrant, however, moves him, and he is banished to repent in another land. The people cry that Ethel shall be king—Ethel who is then near to the death of a shattered and overwrought frame. Rigid in his adherence to abstract rights, he places the crown on the head of the lawful heir, and sinks in death as he kneels before him.

It is contrary to our practice to criticise other critics; but we must express our amazement that some at least who are well qualified to judge should have been able to read this tragedy unmoved, and treat it as inconsiderable, devoid of originality, and a mere "exercise." Of its grave defects, as we see them, we shall endeavour to speak as if we had not known the author. Of its merits we shall record as fearless and confident a judgment.

The character of Ethel is one of the most thoroughly ori-

ginal conceptions in literature. Violenzia herself literally lives upon the stage, and is as truly dramatic a character as any that has ever been drawn. The clear and orderly sequence of plot is beyond all praise; and this tribute is not to be confined to the mere manipulation of incident, for the lights and shadows of the play are arranged with a masterly hand. The exquisite poetry, the profound passion, the agonised and heartrending pathos of many passages *must* in time be recognised by readers. The dangers of so cruel a story vanish in the atmosphere of moral elevation, which converts the whole into a great religious work. Now that its author is beyond the reach of praise and blame, we venture an earnest request to our readers to seek in it that which, to many who have studied it deeply, vindicates its claim to an enduring place as a noble work of art, and the first in rank of all dramatic poems published in England since *The Cenci*.

Still we adhere to the opinion that Mr. Roscoe's genius was not essentially *dramatic*, in the sense in which that of many inferior writers is so. All the male characters in *Violenzia* tend to be types rather than individuals. The tendency is shown even in the character of Ethel himself, though in his case the prominence of his deeds and sufferings keeps him from becoming a mere abstraction. But in the other characters the defect is apparent enough. Robert, Arthur, the King, most of all Malgodin, are rather impersonations of qualities than living men. We must say, too, that the unredeemed ruffianism of Malgodin jars in such a play. The other elements are not rude enough, and there is too general a refinement in the style to make the introduction of such a character seem suitable, notwithstanding the nature of the plot.

Besides this important defect there are minor ones, which we notice chiefly to show that we are not blind to them. The prose scenes of humour immediately suggest to a superficial reader that the writer is reproducing conventionally an antiquated form. Moreover, the legal aspect of the trial scene suggests almost ludicrous associations, and it is remarkable that Mr. Roscoe's keen sense of humour (or the amusing remonstrances of his friends, which are recorded in the Memoir) should not have induced him to alter this part of his scheme.

It is, in fact, related to a deep-seated defect. Mr. Roscoe seems, by the preface which accompanied the work on its anonymous publication some years ago, to have been apprehensive of dissent from the proposition that "the conscious and intensely anxious struggle of a religious spirit to conform the life, under difficult circumstances, to the ideal of duty and the requisitions of the divine affections, may be a fit and lofty subject for a dramatic poet, and not the less so if the nobler nature be represented vic-

torious." We only feel a very modified objection to it as so stated. Still there is some ground for the objection. A "very anxious mental struggle" of any kind, which is protracted, and not the transitory conflict of a crisis, does detract from the directness, the force, the emphasis, which seem to be required by the conditions of the drama. Its proper field is the novel, where its swayings to and fro, its wasting grief, its harassing scruples, and the final victory, can be fully worked out and exhibited. Hamlet and Faust are there no doubt. But what do they remain? Enigmas, as they always must. Mr. Roscoe proposed to himself, not an enigma, but a solution. Nevertheless, his conquest of this particular difficulty is so far complete, that we are not disposed to think that his work needed much apology on that account in itself. The real defect is the impossibility of reconciling the diffident scrupulosity of Ethel with his career. The highest man is not necessarily beset with fears and scruples; and if the aspect of his character mainly depends upon the cautious and doubting scrupulosity of his conscience, it is hard to believe that his element is the camp or the battle-field, and that he will enjoy a course of uninterrupted ascendency over the hearts and wills of men and the physical force of his enemies. This is more especially the case when the scruples have a tincture of mere legality about them, as we feel that they have in Ethel. The original order for the execution of the brothers, much as it costs him in grief, seems to give him no *scruple*. The simple question,

"What is the doom of traitors taken in arms?"

settles all, and at the same time he is filled with doubts and scruples on the subject of attacking "an anointed king." This contrast between the absence of doubt where natural affection was to be set at naught, and its presence where "the right divine of kings" was to be invaded, suggests a want of healthy clearness, spontaneity, and force, which could not but have been felt when Ethel had to play the orator or the general.

We shall leave the Minor Poems pretty much to speak for themselves, merely warning our readers that they must expect to find in them idealism and simplicity to a greater extent than is now common, and to a greater extent even than in the tragedies. There is no play of luxuriant diction, and yet there is nothing realistic. The poems have many of the beauties and some of the limitations of the more delicate classes of sculpture. The emotional motive is always fresh and true; but the imaginative presentment stands somewhat apart from the forms of real life, diffusing an atmosphere of its own to which the mind of the reader must get accustomed if he wishes

really to enjoy the work. Mr. Roscoe's mind required not only beauty but repose, and that too in the domain of conscious being. He could paint landscape in his poetry, but he never gave himself up to external nature. His idealism was in no respect superficial. It had to be reconciled with spiritual depth; while, as we have before pointed out, his imagination only seemed to live in an air of clear thought and simple expression. To those who can delight in the kind of beauty which these conditions imply, we commend the Minor Poems, convinced that they will recognise in them the essential spirit of poetry.

"Ariadne," though very early, is extremely characteristic of the author; and, with the exception of weakness in one or two of the stanzas (especially the closing one), is to our minds nearly perfect in its way.

"Flushed Ariadne, laid
Upon her bridal bed,
Stretched forth at morn her half-awakened hand,
But found no lover's breast,
Where warmly it might rest,
And still, half-slumbering, by his breath be fanned;
She found the spot desert and cold,—
No sleeping lover couched where he had done of old.

Whereat, in half-surprise,
She oped her orbed eyes,
Gathering her thoughts from the domain of sleep;
And dazzled by the bright
And streaked rays of light
That through the cavern's silver chinks did peep,
Fancies she sees him as of yore,
And blames her sleepy hand that troubled her so sore.

But when indeed she spied
He lay not by her side,
She sprang upon her feet with throbbing breast;
And pacing the cold floor
She oped the cavern-door,
Through which the eager light exulting pressed,
And spreading wide on every side
Left no unlighted nook throughout the cavern wide.

But all within its round
He was not to be found;
In growing fear she fled from out the cave;
It opened on the sand,
And far away from land
Her lover's keel was cutting the blue wave;
At which sad sight she swooned away,
And on the yellow sand all helpless long she lay.

Her pale lips lie apart,
Nor beats her broken heart;
Her light smock floating doth lay bare her beauties;
Her white limbs, all astray,
In tangled disarray

Lie helplessly, nor heed their bounden duties.
In heavy masses, all unbound,
Her golden glittering hair lies heaped upon the ground.

Old Ocean, all aghast
At the sad scene that passed,
On crested waves stole sadly to the shore,
And sighing made his way
To where the maiden lay,
And kissed her cold feet in affliction sore;
Whereat she started from her trance,
And rising, gazed around with sad and troubled glance.

But soon rushed back again
The torrent of her pain,
Her lover's vessel was in sight no longer;
Dreaming he may be found,
She roams the isle around,
And ever as she roams her grief grows stronger;
Until the doubt is dreadful truth,
That he hath fled the isle, and left her without ruth.

Then, yielding to despair,
She tears her yellow hair,
And beats her bursting breast in hopeless sorrow;
Thinks of her native land,
Curses the desert strand,
And fain from frenzy would she comfort borrow.
Then sinking into milder grief,
In shedding floods of tears she seeks a sad relief.

The birds and beasts are all
Melted at her sad call;
But Philomela, from a neighbouring bush
Adding her grief to hers,
Such plaintive numbers pours,
Bids from her throat such thrilling notes to gush,
And from her soul such woes she calls,
That drowned in liquid music down she dying falls.

Sad Ariadne's grief
Found in the song relief,
And half in listening she forgot her woes;
But when she saw her slain
By her excess of pain,
Envying the bird that thus her grief could close,
She hied her homewards to her cave,
And rather slew herself than would her sorrows brave."

Even more perfect is "Love's Creed." If we sought for a parallel to it, we should be obliged to turn to Goethe in order to find any analogous combination of an almost Catullian form with an ethereal grace and tenderness of spirit.

"Sitting once with my beloved,
When our inmost hearts were moved
With love and joy,

She leaned her head upon my breast,
And, 'Oh,' she said, 'a girl so blest!—
Darling boy!

Since first the rolling world went round,
Upon its face was never found
As this of thine.
Love never was so richly heaped
On any heart, none e'er so steeped
In joy divine!'

'Ah, child,' I said, 'since Love first laid
His kingly finger on a maid,
And bowed her tongue
The sacred secret to disclose,
How, deep among her virgin snows,
His waters sprung,

None worthy to sustain his power,
But felt in his fresh morning-hour
A bliss supreme;—
But felt as if she stood alone,
Clothed in a joy none else could own,—
A heavenly dream!'

But she, 'There are degrees in this,—
Degrees in love, degrees in bliss,
As I can show.
Some more, some less of heaven may prove;
But only I have thee to love,
And this I *know*.

When you enfold me in your arms,
Secure of love, secure from harms,
As now you do,—
You may go search Time's kingdom over,
A peace you never shall discover
So full, so true.'

I smiled, and bending down did close
Eyes that in fond remonstrance rose
With kisses sweet.
I said, 'No girl that ever pressed
Into a lover's happy breast
Since heart first beat,

But did esteem herself the first;
And thought no babe was ever nursed
In such sweet rest.'
Yet still she would not be denied,
But shook her shining head and cried,
'None e'er so blest!'"

The following exists only as a fragment, and is as suggestive a bit of landscape as any in Tennyson:

"Upon the reedy margin of the shore,
Shallow and waste, I stand,
And hear far Ocean's low continuous roar
Over the flats and sand.

The wide, gray sky hangs low above the verge,
No white-wing'd sea-bird flies;
No sound, save the eternal-sounding surge,
With equal fall and rise.

While the salt sea-wind whispers in my ears,
Fitful and desolate,
I seem absolved from the departed years,
Not grieved, and not elate."

The Sonnets alone would, as it seems to us, be sufficient to stamp the writer as one of the company of poets who deserve to be remembered, though their words may be few.

The following triad can hardly fail to command admiration:

I.

" If the first meaning of imagined words
Had not been dulled by long promiscuous use,
And their fine sympathies and nice accords
Lost by misapplication or abuse;
Or if, within the breasts of those that choose
To read these lines, hung those responsive chords
Quick to appropriate what sound affords
Of most deep meaning, and touch hidden clues,—
Then might I from our English treasury,
Rich and abounding in poetic speech,
Choose out some phrase whereby to picture thee,
Or come as near thee as my thought can reach;
For I, bright soul, can show thee in my line
No more than painter limn the Child divine.

II.

Then would I say, thou hadst a shape of beauty,
And countenance both shamefast and serene;
Thy voice was low and pleading, and thy mien
A child-like sweetness mixed with dignity;
A most rare judgment hadst thou, which was seen
To rest on prayer more than authority;
Thence sprang thy wisdom, which did ever lean
On God, and move in perfect liberty.
Thy lofty courage hid itself in gentleness;
Thy spirit, quick at love's neglect to move,
Could never reach before thy swift forgiveness;
And such a soft dependence didst thou prove
With these great gifts, thou, like a babe, didst press
To rest in cherishing arms of those whom thou didst love.

III.

Love in thy heart like living waters rose,
Thine own self lost in the abounding flood;
So that with thee, joy, comfort, thy life's good,
Thy youth's delights, thy beauty's freshest rose,
Were trash thy unregretful bounty chose
Before loved feet for softness to be strewed.
Such were thy mortal temperings. Above those,
Perfect, unstained, celestial, the clear brood

Of thy divine affections rose; white congress,
With brows devout and upward-winging eyes,
At whose graced feet sacred Humility lies;
Truthfulness, Patience, Wisdom, Gentleness,
Faith, Hope, and Charity, the golden three,
And Love which casts out fear,—this was the sum of thee."

We must not omit to cite an instance of the melancholy depth to be found in some parts of the series, noticing at the same time the characteristic manner in which gloom as well as cheerfulness is set forth through the medium of a beautiful artistic image:

"A WET AUTUMN.

Behold the melancholy season's wane!
Oppressed with clouds and with the rainy days,
And the great promise of that lavish gain
All shattered, which his shining youth did raise.
In misty fields the dripping harvest-grain
Hangs its dank head; the sorrowing reaper stays
From day to day his sickling, chiding in vain
His unused sunshine and unwise delays.
Thus when I see this bright youth aged in tears,
With bitter drops I wash my wasting prime,
And sadly see mine own unharvested years
In the unprofited past their dark hours wave,
And the great visions of my early time
Wax fainter, and my face grows to the grave."

There is a quiet strength, we think, in all which we have quoted, without which nothing is really *graceful* in any high sense. Grace implies a certain elasticity,—a certain natural tendency to the erect,—and an easy, unconstrained movement within the limits of natural power; and these qualities eminently belong to Mr. Roscoe's poems. We conclude our notice with the short piece which the editor has placed at the close of the Minor Poems, and which may fitly conclude any notice of the poet's works or life.

"SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

Yellow leaves on the ash-tree,
Soft glory in the air,
And the streaming radiance of sunshine
On the leaden clouds over there.

At a window a child's mouth smiling,
Overhung with tearful eyes
At the flying rainy landscape
And the sudden opening skies.

Angels hanging from heaven,
A whisper in dying ears,
And the promise of great salvation
Shining on mortal fears.

A dying man on his pillow,
Whose white soul, fled to his face,
Puts on her garment of joyfulness,
And stretches to Death's embrace.

Passion, rapture, and blindness,
Yearning, aching, and fears,
And Faith and Duty gazing
With steadfast eyes upon tears.

I see, or the glory blinds me
Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
And Victory hung in the air."

Art. VIII.—DE BIRAN'S PENSÉES.

Maine de Biran, sa Vie et ses Pensées, publiées par Ernest Naville. Paris, 1857.

The name Maine de Biran is probably unknown to the majority of even serious readers in England. Indeed, in his own country, according to his biographer, M. de Naville, "on le lit peu, et on le connaît mal." Yet no less an authority than M. Cousin has pronounced him "the greatest metaphysician by whom France has been honoured since Malebranche." The volume before us constitutes in some respects one of the most profoundly interesting and valuable delineations of the interior life and moral and spiritual progress of a man of genius with which we are acquainted. It is under this aspect exclusively that we shall consider the production issued by M. de Naville. Although a portion of the philosophical writings of Maine de Biran, in four quarto volumes, has been published, his biographer says, that "we possess but a very incomplete account of the doctrines of this philosopher." There is some *naïveté* in this admission; for it is exceedingly plain from the *Pensées*, which extend over a space of thirty years, and of which the last were written only a few weeks before his death, that "this philosopher" himself was not much clearer in this matter than his readers. And, in fact, if it were possible to give a complete account of his views, the work we are about to notice would be wanting in that which constitutes its peculiar interest, as the self-delineation of a man whose whole life was occupied in making and recording observations of his actual psychological experience, with a characteristic horror of any thing which was not either a spiritual fact, or an immediate and obvious deduction from it;

the consequence of course being, that the more he observed and the more he aspired towards the higher life to which his observations led him, the farther did he become removed from that philosophical sphere which delights in logical schemes and "complete accounts," and the more did he find himself involved in mental states and perceptions of truths which logicians will always be at a loss to make much of so long as we see "as in a glass darkly."

General readers, of the most modern school, will despise Maine de Biran on principle. His life was not epic, and had, indeed, not even an aspiration towards the epic; whereas the present age, though not itself epic, unquestionably hopes to become so, and, as a preparation, has for some time past been "learning to jump and keep itself clean," under the apostleship of Mr. Combe and Mr. Kingsley. We, however, who are either too old or not old enough to feel any very hearty enthusiasm in this rejuvenescence, confess to a lazy and perhaps emasculate liking for a class of literature of which the Psalms of David and *In Memoriam* are respectively the most ancient and the most modern exemplifications. Trusting that not a few of our readers may share in our infirmity, we proceed to introduce them to Maine de Biran, only premising that our account, if rambling and formless, will all the more faithfully reflect the nature of our subject, which, indeed, scarcely admits of neatness or system in its treatment. We shall first glance through M. de Naville's introduction and biographical sketch, and shall afterwards transcribe a few of the *Pensées*, which constitute the bulk of the book. These *Pensées* are taken from mental journals and memoranda of a very various and irregular character: political dissertations; relations, frequently very minute, of daily incidents; philosophical speculations new from the brain, are mingled in these Mss. with expressions and analyses of the most secret movements of the soul. Sometimes, for long together, each day has its entry, sometimes there are gaps of many weeks. It was necessary to select. The extent of the original papers, their innumerable repetitions, together with a vast amount of personal and philosophically irrelevant matter, rendered them quite unfit for publication in the mass. M. de Naville proposed to himself to reproduce from these materials only what should enable him to "exhibit the movement of the inner life of the writer, to enable the reader to apprehend, in the personal experiences of the philosopher, the origin of his metaphysical theories and his religious views, and to trace, in a word, the development of this *extraordinarily sincere spirit.*" M. de Naville has expressed the great source of the value and interest of this book in this last sentence. Extraordinary sincerity is

the characteristic of almost every phrase which has been written by Maine de Biran. His metaphysical remarks are always *reflections* of spiritual realities, never mere words, never empty methodology mistaking itself for novel and substantial thought. M. de Naville rightly says that the progress of such a mind from a faith in no realities higher than those perceived by the senses "jusqu'au moment où elle se tourne avec ardeur vers le monde invisible et les espérances éternelles, offre un spectacle d'une haute moralité;" and we quite agree with the remark with which he concludes his preface: "this book does not address itself exclusively to metaphysicians; its contents are fitted to interest all serious minds, and its form brings it within the reach of all cultivated persons."

François Pierre Gonthier de Biran—*Maine* was a subsequent and extra-baptismal addition—was the son of a physician of some distinction. He was born November 29, 1766, at Bergérac. All that we know of his early youth is, that he pursued his studies at Perigueux with success, particularly in mathematics. He inherited from his parents a delicate constitution and a highly nervous temperament, which seems to have been exalted and disordered by a free indulgence in the gaieties of the Parisian life of the time, until his body became, merely through extreme sensitiveness, a very magazine of tortures to him;—not that we find any thing in the present *Vie* or *Pensées* to justify an assumption of any unusual profligacy; but the fact of indulgence to an ordinary extent in those debaucheries, without which a youth passed in Paris would have been exceptional, is not attempted to be disguised; and this seems to have been enough to overthrow for ever the physical health of the future philosopher. We never met, heard, or read of any one so wonderfully susceptible of "skyey influences" as he seems to have been; not only his comfort, but his affections, his intellect, and even his faith, were at the mercy of the winds, and rose or fell with the thermometer. He lived an eminent man at a time when eminence was danger; he had to undergo the risks of the Revolution; and his position in the State, which was at certain epochs a high one, depended on the stability of parties at a period when nothing in France was stable. But matters of this sort—although he was any thing but indifferent to the honour of the world—he does not think of sufficient importance to occupy his Diaries. He does certainly go out of his way now and then to record that he "has been content with himself" in his conduct during some important political crisis; he alludes to the fact of his having entered matrimonial bonds; and we discover, from certain generalities about the superior attractions of domesticity at his "terre" of Grateloup, that he had offspring:

but the incidents which he found worthy of express announcement, and to which repetition brought no diminution of interest, were the shifting of the wind from north-east to south-west, a distressing prevalence of damp, or a joyful change to dry; and the first days of summer weather are, year by year, the subject of a sort of anniversary ode in enthusiastic and sometimes very beautiful prose;—witness the very first paragraph of his Diary:

"*Grateloup*, 27 *mai* 1794.—I have this day experienced a condition of mind too sweet, too remarkable by its rarity, to be forgotten. I walked alone some moments before the setting of the sun; the weather was very fine; the freshness of every object, the charm of their combination, in this brilliant time of spring,—a charm which is so palpable to the soul, but which fades in the attempt to describe it,—all that struck my senses induced in my heart I know not what sweet and sorrowful emotions. Tears stood in my eyelids. How many ravishing feelings succeeded each other! Could I but obtain permanence for such a state, what would be left to desire? I should have obtained upon earth the joys of heaven. But an hour of this delightful peace was followed by the ordinary agitation of my life," &c.

The extraordinary dependence of the moral nature of Maine de Biran upon corporeal conditions made the nature of the connection between soul and body an ever-present problem to him; and though we cannot say that we think he did much towards solving it himself, he has left behind him a mass of what we may call experimental psychology, for which all future speculators in the same line will have to thank him.

Maine de Biran was fully and painfully aware at all times that his peculiar faculty was owing to defect. "When a man has little life, or but a weak sense of life," he writes, "he is naturally carried to the observation of internal phenomena. It is this which made a psychologist of me at such an early age." At another time he writes: "In health the sense of existence vanishes because it is continuous. Except when we suffer, we scarcely dream of our own being. Either disease or the habit of reflection is necessary to induce us to search into ourselves. There are few persons besides invalids who are aware of the process of existence; healthy people, even philosophers, are more occupied with the enjoyment of life than with its investigation." Of course nothing can be more melancholy than the fate of those who have inherited or acquired the physical temperament of Maine de Biran, without high powers of reflection to make reflection fruitful. But to this extraordinary man, "se regarder passer" was a constant source of unselfish pleasure and profit, for there was no end to the glimpses of novel and life-affecting truth revealed by that well-watched panorama.

In 1785 De Biran, having completed his education, entered the *Gardes du Corps*, and was thereby thrown into a society for which he was extremely unfitted, although he appears at first to have given himself to it with *abandon*, and was ever after influenced by it, against his better mind, to a degree which must appear very strange to persons who have no sympathy with the workings of a highly nervous temperament. His personal and intellectual qualities were such as to give him at once a high place in a society which, though "aimable et frivole," knew how to recognise superiority. But where he might have led and commanded, he felt himself compelled to follow and obey; for his nature was one of those which renders every personality oppressively influential, and which extreme sympathy makes cowardly, unless it is upon great occasions,—when men like De Biran are capable of a high and equable heroism, very surprising to such as have beheld them in common times quail at a cold look. This disposition caused him to court assiduously the good opinion of all with whom he came in contact, and, though himself singularly unworldly at heart, to cultivate the manners of the world with a success which rendered him a type of "cette politesse exquise, cette parfaite urbanité, qui distinguèrent la société française dans les temps qui ne sont plus."

The year '89 put an end to this society, though not to the habits which De Biran had contracted in it. The occupation of the *Gardes du Corps* was gone for the present; and having received a wound in his arm from a musket-ball during the early days of the Revolution, he retired to Grateloup, the family domain, into possession of which he had come by the death of his parents. Here he trusted to be forgotten by the Revolution, which he hated with a thoroughly appreciative political discernment. Perigord, the province in which his estate lay, was comparatively quiet, and De Biran was as yet too insignificant an enemy for the Revolution to go out of its way to seek him. His Christianity at this period, writes M. de Naville, who appears to be an orthodox and intelligent Catholic, seems to have limited itself to the maxim, that a religion was necessary for the people. And here we must pause to remark a quality, without a knowledge of which the reader would ill comprehend the character of our philosopher and his *Pensées*. From beginning to end of his career he does not show a sign of *scepticism*. The religious instruction of his early youth, and of his academical course at Perigueux, seems never to have been either rejected or accepted by him; it is clear that it did not interest him, and it seems to have taken a quiet place in the background of his mind, among other matters which did not concern him one way or the other. The fact that this is exactly what happens with

perhaps nine people out of ten does not diminish our surprise that it should have been so with De Biran. So it was, however. Nothing interested him, even to the extent of exciting his curiosity, which was not the subject of immediate perception as a reality, either to the senses, the intellect, or the spirit. "In order to comprehend," says M. de Naville, "the philosophic career of M. de Biran, we must never forget that he was not led to philosophy by the desire of knowing the secrets of the universe, nor even by that of acquiring the science of man in the abstract, but by that of knowing *himself*;" including, of course, his relations corporeal and spiritual to things beneath, about, and above him. Under what conditions is happiness to be obtained? was the practical question he proposed to himself in all his thoughts; and the first reply he received was, that they were primarily the equilibrium of the senses and the peace of the passions. His biographer well observes, that De Biran's views at this period of his life are nowhere more clearly indicated than in a passage in which he recommends purity of conscience and the practice of beneficance as contributing to "cet état *physique* dans lequel il fait consister le bonheur." The ideal of life which he incessantly pursued was by no means mere exemption from the derangements of the nervous system, and, at this time, it was quite as far from consisting in the pleasures in which a portion of his youth had been passed; it was, as we have seen, a perpetuation of that transient mood of joy, of which the loveliness of external nature, contemplated in moments of unusual health and sensibility, seems more often than any thing else to have been the proximate cause. The mood, when it came, was so high and pure, and really involved a spiritual element so much loftier than De Biran was intellectually conscious of, that, after all, there was no moral absurdity in his recommendation of a conscientious and beneficent life, on the ground of their being the means of more frequently securing this "état physique," as he called it. We must remember, as M. de Naville says, that "at this time the philosophy of Condillac reigned supreme, and that its partisans did not hesitate to consider it as the last word of human thought. Man was an animated statue, which received from without, and by the channels of the physical senses, all the elements of his life, intellectual or moral. The human spirit was a vase in which knowledge deposits itself, without any properly human principle of activity; all real science is included in the results of sensible observation; all else is a phantom of the imagination. So much for the intelligence of man. As for his will, it is little more than a mechanical agent, seeking pleasure, and flying from pain; good and evil are but modes of pleasure and pain. De Biran's way of resolving

the problem of happiness at this period was in harmony with this theory."

The political life of Maine de Biran may be said to have commenced with his appointment of Administrator of the Department of Dordogne, in 1795. It appears that during the year and a half he occupied the above position he acted with vigour against the tendencies of the Revolution, and showed himself capable, though not desirous, of higher political position. In 1798 he retired into private life, taking a wife back with him to enliven the solitude of Grateloup. He now gave himself seriously to metaphysical studies, and produced a succession of memoirs, upon subjects proposed by various learned societes in France and elsewhere, which were *couronnés*, and otherwise met with distinguished success.

In 1803 his wife died, leaving him with three children; and M. de Naville, who has no doubt had access to information fuller than that contained in the Diaries, writes that the "memory of his lost happiness settled in that region of the soul which is beyond the reach of indifference or forgetfulness." There is an entire gap in his Journal of several years, including the years of his married life and some years after his wife's death; a fact from which we may perhaps infer that the comfort of her society and his grief for her loss filled, during this period, the place of the self-introspections with which he occupied the years before and after. Eleven years after her loss he writes, "Hier fut le jour anniversaire de la mort de Louise Fournier, ma bien-aimée femme. Ce jour me sera triste et sacrée toute ma vie. *Semper amarum, semper luctuosum habebo.*"

During this long period a great change was operated in the metaphysical views of De Biran. It is to be regretted that no diary exists to show the steps of this change, which, when the journal is resumed in 1811, seems to have been well-nigh completed. In 1816 he writes:

> "The art of living would consist in incessantly weakening the empire and influence of spontaneous impressions, and in placing our happiness in the exercise of those faculties which depend upon ourselves, or in the results of this exercise. The *will* should preside over all that we are."

How far the experience of a happiness which was clearly higher than the region of the senses, and the necessity of supporting the privation of it by efforts of the will, may have assisted this change, we can only guess. The influences of this experience and this necessity must surely have been great; and it is a fault in the biographical sketch of M. de Naville that they are not

taken into account. Men of diseased activity of mind, in combination with a degree of sensitiveness and moral timidity which renders society of some sort a need, and mixed society a torture, are likely to become extraordinarily attached to the women who have known and forgiven all their faults, and have supplied an external object in which refuge and repose have first been found.

M. de Naville calls attention to the fact that De Biran was always a solitary thinker. "He wanted the movement of a scientific centre, which enlarged the horizon of thought, and frequent and serious discussion, which gives clearness and firmness to expression." Hence M. Cousin objects to the views of the philosopher of Grateloup that they are narrow though profound. This may be a demerit in a metaphysical theory, but it greatly increases the personally interesting character of the *Pensées*. De Biran was solitary, not only from want of philosophical society, but still more from the absence or neglect of books, which is apparent from the great frequency of quotation from Fenelon and Pascal, and the rarity of allusion to any other writers. No book seems to have interested himself unless it bore the mark of being in great part the spiritual experience of the author.

In 1809 De Biran was elected to serve in the "Corps Législatif," and for some time he seems to have taken an active and highly intelligent part in politics. At the end of 1813, Napoleon, after a series of reverses as vast as his former successes, was engaged in levying a new army of 300,000 men, and called upon the State to aid him. "The Legislative Corps seized this opportunity of making known to the vanquished general truths too long concealed from the victorious emperor. Maine de Biran sat with MM. Lainé, Raynouard, Gallois, and Flaugergues, in the famous commission which required that, before war was declared, the Assembly should be heard concerning the complaints and wishes of the people, and that effective guarantees should be given for the future peace of Europe and the liberty of French citizens." "The consequences of a new triumph of Napoleon seemed to De Biran much more to be dreaded than the temporary humiliation of defeat." In February 1814, he writes: "People fear to be pillaged, ruined, devastated by the Cossack, without thinking of the first cause of all their evils. They offer prayers for the success of the tyrant; they combine with him to repel foreign enemies; but forget that the most dangerous enemy will remain." The dissolution of the Legislative Corps restored De Biran for a time to solitude. On the restoration, the firm Royalist returned to Paris, reassumed the uniform of *Garde du Corps*, and was immediately called to the

Chamber of Deputies. He supported his party with courage and consistency at the trying moment of Napoleon's return. "During the hundred days no thought of weakness assailed him; so that, notwithstanding the extreme severity of his self-judgment, he was able to write, in recapitulating his impressions and actions at this epoch, *J'ai été assez content de moi.*" We regret that M. de Naville has not given us fuller notices of his political life, which seems to have been distinguished by the same simplicity, profundity, and intense apprehension of *reality*, which characterise his philosophy. The news of the battle of Waterloo was welcomed by him in his renewed seclusion at Grateloup, where he divided his time between his metaphysical researches, and lamentations so passionate and bitter over the condition and prospects of his country, that they had to be expressed mainly in exclamatory citations from Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Job. His fears of the success of the Republican party, which he hated as he did that of the ruined despot, were not for the time fulfilled; and on the 20th of July he returned to Paris, and to an office about the person of the king. From this time until his death, with the exception of one session, he sat in the Chamber of Deputies, and appears to have done the utmost he could, with his very limited powers of oratory, to strengthen the hands of legitimate monarchy. The spirit in which he habitually undertook his legislative duties appears from a note in his pocket-book of 1815: "I am about to take part in an assembly which has to deal with the fate of France. What part am I called upon to play? I will put aside all vanity, all personal sentiment; I will be of perfect good faith. What matters it how people think of me, if I fulfil the duty for which I am sent?"

De Biran was, however, and felt himself to be, utterly unfitted for political life; he was wretched and constantly liable to the disturbance of his nervous and mental equilibrium in all society but that of his family at Grateloup. His natural part in life, as he well knew, was the passive part of an observer; and it would have been for his own good and that of the world had he acted according to his knowledge. We remember no other Frenchman so capable of perceiving and expressing the peculiar social truths which France stood in need of. "In his social as in his metaphysical theories, the worth of human personality is his point of departure. Had his life been prolonged, none would have been better able to combat, in the name of true science and of real observation of facts, those modern theories which sacrifice the citizen to the State, man to humanity; socialism, under every form, would have found its most ardent adversary, for the principles of socialism involve the negation of the dignity and rights of personal liberty. In the eyes of

M. de Biran, the only legitimate object of the State was to place individuals in the conditions best adapted for their normal development. Among these conditions, he had no idea of counting the exercise of political rights; a man, according to his views, could fulfil his moral and intellectual being without depositing his vote in the electoral urn." "To be let alone is the grand need of society," he somewhere says. He saw no hope in the "sovereignty of the people." "The sovereignty of the people," he maintains, "corresponds, in politics, to the supremacy of the sensations and passions in philosophy and morality." Still less is the all-important REPOSE of society to be secured by a despotism. Constraint is not calm. External rest is obtained by the destruction of individual peace and liberty. The form of government required for true liberty of the individual is, according to M. de Biran, "an *authority* raised by unanimous and traditional adhesion above all dispute; a power supported by the political faith of the people, and not by arms or the passions of the multitude. This idea can only be fulfilled by *legitimacy*." Such was the political creed of M. de Biran: "S'il ne cru pas au droit divin des Bourbons, il crut à la nécessité sociale de la dynastie." In holding these views, however, he perceived the limitations under which they could be carried out; and the following words, written in July 1817, show a fine political instinct: "I have now for some time been as much agitated by, and as impatient with, the ultra-Liberals as I was a year ago with the ultra-Royalists: I see danger now from the opposite side; I struggle with all which environs me in favour of monarchy, and yet I see with distress that monarchical habits are entirely destroyed. In the men of to-day the tendency is wholly republican. The present is big with revolutions." And again in 1821: "We are going altogether wrong. Our most ardent royalists are those who strike the most terrible blows against monarchical power." And again, in the same year, we have words of which the impressiveness has increased enormously of late:

"The present condition of European societies is new, and has nothing like it, except in the history of the Lower Empire, when the soldiers disposed of all things, and the peoples were plunged in indifference and debasement. But civilisation and the lights of the spirit were then far from being what they are now. What will come of this combination of a highly advanced condition of civilisation with the absence or discredit of all those political or religious institutions which have hitherto given stability to nations and maintained social order? God knows, and time alone can teach us. . . . . People have compared the present agitation of society to that which occurred at the epoch of the religious reformation. But it was by ideas and

sentiments that men's minds were then drawn ; social order remained unquestioned on its bases. Now we are threatened by armed barbarians, who hate the order which protects them, and aspire only to subvert it."

The political despair which took possession of the soul of M. de Biran seems to have had an important part in the determination of his spirit towards properly religious views. "To save myself from desperation," he cries, "I will think of God, I will take refuge in his bosom." Religion from this time forth was "no longer a poetical and doubtful hope, or an element necessary for the stability of social institutions. The thought of God was not for him a point of doctrine, or a logically demonstrated thesis, but the answer to this want of support." Henceforward the consciousness that he was frittering away high powers of mind in an employment and a circle of society for which he was not fitted was a constant weight upon his mind. "Why do I go into the great world? What relations are there between these men and me? Oh, wretched life of Paris, in which I lose all that I am worth!" It is strange to hear a philosopher lamenting, in the name of philosophy, his opportunity of cultivating such friends as Royer-Collard, Ampère, Cousin, and Guizot. "But external resources," even such as these, "were of small price in the eyes of the philosopher of Bergérac. A steady contemplation of the *facts* of the soul was for him the one condition of science. Like Descartes, he knew no way of arriving at the truth but that of attending to interior light, in silence and in solitude." Nothing but an extreme feebleness of will, which seems to have dreaded the taking of any decision, except under compulsion, prevented him from the enjoyment of the retirement he coveted. While in Paris, however, the "great world" never followed him into his closet. There he at once became the simple-minded philosopher of Grateloup; and the Journal he wrote is a wonderful proof of the supremacy of the internal man, who could, at a moment's warning, leave the Chamber of Deputies, the Council of State, or the *salons*, and take with him nothing of the world but his remorse at having participated in what he considered its vain honours and fruitless agitations. In a Diary which registers the slightest variations of temperature, there is not a single allusion to any of the various honourable distinctions which were from time to time conferred upon him. This is the more surprising, inasmuch as, while he was actually in society, he was, as we have mentioned, keenly alive to its opinion of him; happy if he seemed to please, and in agonies at a cold word or an indifferent glance.

It seems very doubtful, however, whether M. de Biran

would have spent his days more happily or profitably in retirement. A terrible restlessness of spirit pursued him in his annual retreat to Grateloup, after the termination of the political season. He had no earthly interest or object sufficiently strong to give unity to his life. Politics he hated, though he was a politician; and he devoted himself to metaphysics, not in the spirit of a metaphysician, but in that of a wanderer to whom a knowledge of the way is a personal necessity, and who is therefore satisfied if he sees it clear for a short distance before him, and in despair when he can get no answer to his inquiries for it.

> "Work without hope draws water in a sieve,
> And hope without an object cannot live,"

might have been his motto to within a very short time of his death.

This melancholy experience of the equal incompetence of the world and of a life of learned leisure to give him peace, drove Maine de Biran more and more to seek, in the idea of God and in the divine life, an interest of sufficient power to save him from his devouring *ennui* and *mal-aise*. We do not find a trace of the sort of contrition which usually accompanies or determines "conversion." The want of external object and support, "a want in the beginning vague and without distinct aim, became in a manner ever more and more decided,—the *thirst for God* spoken of by the Psalmist." It was in 1818 that his religious feelings appear to have assumed distinct predominance, though, as we have seen, his first passionate appeal from earth to heaven seems to have been caused some time before by his distress at the political condition of his country. Henceforward his Diary is filled with lamentations over his moral and intellectual degeneration. "His judgment of himself becomes more and more severe as the purity of his ideal increases, and, by a contrast well known to attentive observers of our moral nature, the higher he rises the deeper he seems to himself to descend."

The religion of M. de Biran was, as Cousin said of his philosophy, narrow and profound. The whole system of Christian dogma, though now as always, as far as we can make out, tacitly accepted, was simply not regarded. The one idea of a living God filled his mind, and he realised it with an intensity and vigour which made him denounce as *atheists* "those who do not admit the personality of God, even when they attribute the highest intelligence or infinite thought to God as to the grand Whole." Henceforth his metaphysics, always practical, were devoted to discovering, as far as he could, his living relations with his Creator. "What can we do alone? what may we expect God to do for and in us?" are the questions to the

solution of which he constantly endeavoured to apply his personal experience. Several of the *Pensées*, approximately defining the nature of the coöperation of grace with free-will, deserve to take place among the writings of the few great religious classics whose catholicity is admitted by the best of every sect, *i.e.* Pascal, Fenelon, Tauler, A Kempis, and the like, if like there be.

We now begin to find in the Journal of M. de Biran such entries as, "Journée de bien-être, de calm et de raison, *effet de la prière;*" but far more frequently it is occupied with fruitless attempts to arrive at intellectual clearness upon points which can only be clear in the moment of action. In this part, the most valuable, of the Journal the introspective tendencies of M. de Biran's mind are painfully and obviously morbid, and impress us with his own doubt as to whether such tendencies are not positively immoral. He has obtained peace and power by prayer; but they are lost again by the consideration of how far might not the improvement be owing rather to the reaction of the soul upon itself than to any really supernatural gift? Was such a period of joy and calm the promised benefit of grace, or only the result of happy physical conditions?

The general value of this portion of the Journal, as a warning against the encouragement of introspective habits in religion, is almost as great as the value of particular passages, in which real light is cast upon points of the profoundest interest to all persons. We can quite imagine the spiritual life of a young man somewhat given to M. de Biran's mental habits being advanced immensely by witnessing the weary, barren, and demoralising mental processes reiterated in this Diary.

M. de Naville presents us with a well-considered and discerning comparison of the "profound and narrow" faith of M. de Biran and the fundamentals of Christian doctrine; and he points out that the idea of *pardon*, and all which that idea implies, was totally absent from his written views,—a deficiency traced by M. de Naville to M. de Biran's previous philosophy, which had never fixed its regards upon moral obligation, and its corollary responsibility,—this shortcoming of his philosophy being itself the result of his personal constitution, which powerfully led him to fix his thoughts rather upon the relations of the soul with the physical organism than the connection of will with the law of duty. "M. de Biran," says his biographer, "deplored rather the weakness of his will than his faults, and the misery of a life subjected to external impressions and a thousand variations of sensibility rather than the culpable character of an existence at variance with the divine commands." "Mon Dieu," cried M. de Biran, as his last illness began to take possession of

him,—"mon Dieu, délivrez-moi du mal, *c'est-à-dire de cet état du corps* qui offusque et absorbe toutes les facultés de mon âme."

We doubt whether M. de Naville does not underrate the probable influence upon De Biran of other doctrines besides that of the being of God and the communication of grace to the human soul. The doctrine of forgiveness dependent upon an outward event is likely to have been accepted once for all by a man of his habits of thought; and, if one part of Christian doctrine occupied an apparently disproportionate eminence in his mind, was he in this anything more than a somewhat extreme exemplification of the unquestionable rule that every man who is thoroughly in earnest in his religion, is to a certain degree a church in himself, accepting with peculiar emphasis some portion of Christian truth, and resting his claims to general orthodoxy on a less vivid or even a simply tacit acceptance of the rest? The trite remark that Christianity has a wonderful capacity of adaptation to the infinitely various needs of men, means this if it means anything.

In a metaphysical point of view, the idea of a life of grace assumed an extraordinary clearness and expansion in the mind of De Biran. His latest work, *Nouveaux Essais d'Anthropologie*, gives a purely *philosophical* development of what was for him henceforth, not a doctrine, but a fact of experience,—of experience none the less vivid for being terribly perturbed by the two other lives which he equally recognised as coexisting with that of grace, namely, the sensitive, or animal life, and the voluntary and intelligent, or properly human life—enemies to each other, and allied in enmity to the life that is above them. This recognition of the triple life of man is as old as philosophy; but Maine de Biran's views are in all things more remarkable for intense realisation than for novelty.

The last words of the Journal were written May 17, 1824. Two months afterwards the writer was no more. What expansion his religion may have taken in those two months passed in the presence of death who can tell?

We have hitherto referred to the *Pensées*, which constitute the bulk of the volume before us, only as far as they assisted us in sketching the development of De Biran's mind. The short remainder of our space must be given to a desultory notice and exemplification of the character of this part of the work.

In the first year of the Journal of M. de Biran, commenced when he was twenty-eight years old, we find him proposing to himself the task, on which, in one shape or other, he was desultorily employed during his entire life:

"I would wish, should I ever be able to undertake any consecutive work, to investigate the limits of the activity of the soul,—how far it is

able to modify external impressions, and to augment or diminish their intensity, by attention to them, and to examine how far it is capable of this attention. It seems to me that this investigation ought to take precedence of all else in a good treatise on moral philosophy. . . . At certain moments I am ravished by the idea of goodness, I adore virtue; at others I am lukewarm and indifferent to duty. Whence comes that? Do our sentiments, affections, and principles depend only on certain conditions of our organs? Will reason always be impotent against the influence of temperament? . . . . Moralists say nothing on this matter. In their treatises they omit the physical element. It would seem that they spoke of a being purely spiritual and immutable, so little account do they take of the changes which the variations in our bodily condition produce in our affections. It is greatly to be desired that some practised observer should analyse the will."

In the above passage, M. de Biran, in a roundabout way, and without being aware of the whole force of his remark, indicates a fact of which we are, in the present day, becoming more and more conscious, namely, *the ignorance of human nature* by which almost all philosophy and theology has been more or less vitiated hitherto.

The concluding passage in the Journal of the following year is this:

"I am persuaded that without goodness there is no true genius; and if we sometimes see lofty spirits with vile souls, it is that they lose their baseness in the moment of energy, and that genius for a space exalts them into goodness."

The Journal for the year 1814 is of great interest, and delineates in a most graphic way the false position in which De Biran found himself in fashionable and political circles, which made of him, he complains, a very ordinary man of the world; whereas, by remaining in his closet, he might have left some honourable and useful memorial of his passage through life.

The following sentence shows that in 1815 his views on religion were grave and just, though as yet they were general and impersonal. It would be well if promoters of Chinese and Indian missions,—who cannot see the difference between a prophecy that the gospel shall be preached in all the world, and a promise that it shall be believed in all the world,—had a little more of the same sort of wisdom.

"Religion is feeling in the soul before it is faith in the spirit. . . . Ameliorate public manners, simplify tastes and habits, teach the French people something of the seriousness of life, cultivate the affections, and tighten family bonds, and you may then awaken in them, little by little, the religious sentiment. They will learn, at one and the same time, that there is a God, a king, and a country."

On receiving news of the triumphant return of Napoleon from his first captivity:

"I have been reading the revolting impudence of these proclamations. . . . There is no longer a French nation. It was not worthy of a good king. The French people only deserve to be conquered. . . . The present generation, born in the storms of the Revolution, depraved and profoundly immoral, is incapable of a good government."

In the following remarkable passage M. de Biran points out the great shortcoming not only of his own habit of mind, but of that of the metaphysical mind generally:

"In reading, this evening, a paper of M. de Maistre, called 'Essai sur le principe générateur et conservateur des sociétés politiques,' I perceived that my habits isolated my thought too much from society; that my psychological point of view tended to make of man nothing but a solitary being; and that, through the custom of considering the soul only under the abstract relation of its activity, I accustomed myself to see in it merely a motive power, cut off from all those social affections, from all those deep inner feelings in which resides our morality, and the happiness or unhappiness of which we are capable in quality of beings who, besides the interior life of thought, have also a life of relation and conscience. How shall I derive, from the principles of the philosophy I have hitherto followed, moral obligation, duty? There we have another system of faculties, another point of view of the soul, which ought nevertheless to enter into that which I have so much meditated. Each individual acts upon the society of his fellows, which, in its totality, reacts upon him. From the sentiment of free and spontaneous action, which of itself would know no limits, are derived what we call *rights*. From the social reaction, which ensues upon individual action, but which cannot exactly conform to it, so long as men are not as material things, which react without acting, arise duties."

This passage forcibly suggests that psychology and moral philosophy are properly one science, and that the ordinary barrenness of both is owing to their having been treated as independent of each other. In another place M. de Biran writes: "Who knows what concentrated reflection may not be able to do, and if there is not a new world within, to be some day discovered by a metaphysical Columbus?" Will not the first great thinker who works with a real and vivid apprehension of the fact that "we are members of one body" be that metaphysical Columbus prophesied by De Biran?

Here is a good word said for a class of studies which are undervalued with us even more than with our neighbours:

"The discoverers in physical science are like conquerors who are always advancing. The disposition which leads us back to ourselves, and fixes our minds upon a limited number of ideas or internal sentiments, is more timid and humble, and even on that account more

moral. By the mere act of reflection, by the effort which a man makes, who compels himself away from the external world in order to study and to know himself, he disposes himself to receive and retain the truth, and detaches his interest from all which has not that character. What motive but the wish to know the truth could induce him to bury himself in the deep places of the soul? There all external interests abandon him. Never had society greater cause than at present to encourage those studies which lead a man to himself."

The *necessary* connection, or rather identity, of political equality with anarchy is thus forcibly stated: "Equality is the madness of this age,—a madness which menaces society with destruction. Each man must be judge of all, and will measure all things with his rule. Nothing is respected, nothing is imposing, neither rank, knowledge, nor virtue; no reputation is above the most miserable calumnies. What can be the result of this spirit of independence, pride, and arrogance? Where no one obeys, where no one recognises a superior, there is anarchy, or the exclusive empire of force." This *identification* of anarchy and despotism is a piece of high political perception; and to appreciate it, we must remember that it was written after the first Bonaparte despotism was at an end, and before the second was dreamt of.

Here is the philosophy of the Stoics, whatever form it may assume, disposed of in four lines, which are as profound as they are simple: "Philosophers falsely conclude that what we can sometimes, we can always. This Stoic morality, sublime as it is, *is contrary to the nature of man.*"

Among the many political reflections which apply to the persons and circumstances of our own day with full as much force as to those of forty years ago, take the following:

"Behold our liberals! See what sort of respect they have for this public opinion upon which they pretend to found all their methods of government. Opinion is what *they* think, what *they* desire in the interest of their predominance—that is their point of departure; all the world must think, wish, and act according to their understanding of it. Make them strong and powerful like Bonaparte, and they will employ the same means of directing and governing according to what they call reason, of which they are the exclusive organs and interpreters. . . . . Every thing must be sacrificed to this aim,—private affections, habits, present manners, even individual existences are counted for nothing; the present must be sacrificed to the great object in view. Robespierre, Bonaparte, and the like, have reasoned, and always will reason, as these do. But can we, in good faith, attach to such ideas of absolute good so much value? can one attribute to these fairly so much reality, or power of future realisation, that a generation, or even an individual, should be sacrificed to them? What are all our ideas, all our views of the future, all our means of realising what we

have conceived? Is there not another Power which delights in putting to confusion all our combinations by events contrary to all our expectations? In this uncertainty, can we, ought we, to attempt to compel things in a direction which opposes a general tendency of which man is not the originator; and in order to attain an end, perhaps impossible and at least very uncertain, should we struggle against the most natural and deeply-rooted habits and sentiments?"

The two following short sentences, written in 1818, show how great a revolution had taken place in the thoughts and feelings of De Biran, and how profoundly *real* his religion was, whatever might have been its limitations: "Religion alone resolves the problems which philosophy proposes." "At present the happiest state for me consists not, as of old, in a vivid feeling of existence, but in desiring to be nothing but what and where I am."

The very few who are capable of thinking will not dispute the truth of the remark, that

"The exercise of thought is at the same time a moral exercise. To place oneself above nature and organisation, above the passions and affections which appertain to the body, is the first condition of carrying on one's office as a man. And, viewed thus, intelligence and morality are indivisible. But many things are called intelligence and thought which are not so. . . . . To judge well and to do well depend on the same condition, namely, that of elevating oneself above the senses. . . . . With the vast majority of men, the spirit is always dispersed in and mingled with the senses."

The following thoughts are taken almost at random from hundreds no less true or suggestive of truth:

"Confidence in oneself, or in one's own power, is often, though unconsciously, confidence in another power, of which one is the instrument."

"Happy are those whose condition compels them to observe fixed rules, whose hours are employed in settled daily duties. . . . . I have truly lived only whilst I have had an ever-present intellectual aim, which served as a bond to successive moments and ideas. But these aims, which the studious man gives to himself, are not permanent. He attains, passes by, and is disgusted with them. Besides, the faculties are not always disposed for action; and in those conditions of intelligential slumber which sometimes occur, what is he to do or become? A material labour, which is not subject to such perturbations, but which nevertheless sufficiently engages our activity to make us feel the need and pleasure of relaxation, is the necessary condition of a happy life."

"The good wish to be happy in God; the evil only desire to make use of Him. Instead of referring all their happiness, all their existence to Him, they refer Him to themselves, and wish to use his power as a means to the happiness of their choice. The first cause of the fall of the soul is this perversion of divine love. Malebranche says

that we love and seek God as the true good, even when we seem to be seeking only sensible pleasures. That is true in an objective sense; but in a subjective sense, if we consult our internal experience, we know well that it is no such thing."

"Nothing is more true than the distinction drawn by Kant between speculative and practical reason. . . . . I have acquired also a speculative conscience. In disapproving certain sentiments or actions, I seek the cause of that disapprobation, and find it sufficiently curious to prevent me from being angry at the cause of my reflections. Thus I distract myself from remorse, and take no precaution against repeated falls. The speculative instruction thus drawn from vice itself familiarises us with its hideousness, and makes it appear less,—as the naturalist loses his horror and disgust at the monsters he occupies himself with describing. Is it not, then, an immoral habit to consider so closely the good and evil which passes in oneself? My experience bids me fear that it is so. We must have an aim, a point of support, out of ourselves and higher than ourselves, in order to be able, in observing, to act with success upon ourselves."

"The sentiment of the soul which attaches itself to good with love depends much more than I have hitherto supposed on the voluntary disposition, and regular and elevated exercise of the intellectual faculties."

"I have not, like other men, pursued the external benefits of fortune; but I have looked for all good from my interior dispositions, which are not less under the empire of fortune than external things. Under an appearance of wisdom and moderation, I have been just as blind, inconstant, and frivolous, as those who are perpetually drawn from them themselves by passion and illusion. . . . . I must think less about myself. All men respect and honour, as by a moral instinct, those who forget themselves for others. That is the only truly moral disposition. . . . . God must occupy the place which self has hitherto been not ashamed to usurp. After God, all the reasonable objects of our affection must be loved, not for ourselves, but for themselves, and as works of God."

"Is it in the power of the soul to pass, by its own force, from an inferior to a superior condition? It is evident that it is not so unconditionally. The soul cannot of itself modify itself instantaneously. But what it can do is to conceive an aim, and to combine the means which are at its disposal in order to elevate itself progressively, and by a series of efforts. It is necessary to begin by living purely, morally, without having to do with the world except by duty; and then, the sensations losing their empire, the soul rises of itself, or by a grace which is its own, towards its source. It is no longer the plaything of a thousand illusions which seduce or torment it, so long as it is under the empire of the senses and the imagination. But we deceive ourselves greatly, if we think that it is in the power of the soul, by the most energetic display of its activity, to withdraw itself suddenly from the empire of passions, when they have planted their roots at once in the physical organisation and in the imagination, united by a mutual sympathy. A man can then no more cure himself than he could of

an organic disease or of madness. In order to save himself from the abyss, he must have an external point of support. Religion comes to his help; but the religious sentiment comes only by the practice of actions which are in our power, whatever may be our interior conditions."

"There is absolute harmony between psychology and religion. The one leads to the other."

"The sensitive or animal life has its sustenance from without the feeling and organised being, which has need of air, warmth, and food in order to exist. Why should it be otherwise with the life of the spirit? . . . . The communication of the Spirit of God with our spirit, when we know how to call upon Him and prepare Him a dwelling, is a veritable psychological fact, and not merely a point of faith."

It is with regret that we are compelled to conclude these extracts; but we trust that we have given enough to send many of our readers to this delightful little volume.

Art. IX. — THE PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC REVOLT FROM THE MIDDLE-SCHEME OF HENRY VIII.

History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. V. and VI. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1860.

The publication of Mr. Froude's valuable history in successive instalments of volumes, if prejudicial to the formation of a fair and broad estimate of the soundness of his conclusions, has at least this advantage, that it enables his critics to distinguish more clearly the various aspects which the story of the Tudor period may assume when scrutinised from different points of view, and suspends the ultimate judgment on the whole until the criticism has been exhaustive and complete. Although the satisfactory treatment of any peculiar aspect of the history must necessarily carry us, more or less, over the whole area of the work, yet each successive epoch has its own preëminently striking feature, which seems to claim with justice an especial and more immediate attention, and allots to the critic, by a natural law, the shape which his examination should assume. The domestic relations and private character of Henry, with the cognate subjects of the royal succession and the papal supremacy, are thus necessarily pointed out as the centre-pieces of the first stage of Mr. Froude's history; and, nearly as distinctly, the attainders and popular disturbances of the succeeding period point to the characteristics of the

civil government of the Tudors as the subject-matter of a second investigation. The ecclesiastical policy of Henry can hardly be estimated properly until we have before us the results of the Protestant and Catholic movements, in advance and retrogression, in the reigns of his two successors; while the period of Elizabeth would seem to give us the practical solution of the problem which Henry set before him in his attempt to combine a religious compromise with a religious penal test. We have yet to wait for the new materials which Mr. Froude may bring us towards a satisfactory judgment on this last point; but we are enabled by his present volumes, taken in connection with much of his former, to anticipate with some confidence what our decision is likely to be, even though it may be somewhat different from that which Mr. Froude intimates to be the result of his own more extended labours.

We should probably start from a serious difference in our estimate of the qualifications of the Tudor princes for becoming the national interpreters and guides in ecclesiastical matters. That the Tudors—taking as their representatives Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—were great civil rulers, we are prepared to admit and maintain; that they were equally wise heads of the Church, we are quite as much disposed to question. In the one case, their mental and physical characteristics harmonised in a remarkable manner with the demands of the crisis and the national sentiment. In the other, the peculiarities of the problem which was forced upon them by the course of events were exactly such as to convert the strongest points of their character into serious disqualifications.

That the English ecclesiastical system was in the reign of Henry in a very different condition from the political, will be admitted by every one. True it is, that the transitional character of the age applied to both systems alike; Church and State had both outlived their actual external garb, and required equally to be refashioned in accordance with the requirements and feelings of the times. In both cases the popular mind had passed beyond the confines of earlier formularies, which it found inadequate to give utterance to its unspoken aspirations. But the manner in which this feeling operated in the two cases differed, just as the past history of the one contrasted with that of the other. Questions of constitutional rights had ceased to occupy the foreground in public attention, because, in the increasing distance from the epoch of their agitation, they had quietly fallen into their natural and unconspicuous position in the harmonious retrospect of the landscape. The ecclesiastical horizon, on the other hand, was obscured, and the recognised landmarks of religious belief and clerical authority

had become half obliterated in the anxious eyes of bewildered public opinion, by the noxious exhalations of a foul and stagnant system. In both cases it was the uncertain light of day-break, in which familiar objects assume a strange and doubtful aspect, and the standards of right and wrong seem to vary and deflect with the changing atmosphere. But, in the one instance, the advancing light, if it gave little assistance on an unexplored road, pointed to errors avoided and dangers already escaped from, and was full of promise of future good fortune; in the other it disclosed only the miseries of the past and the uncertainties of the present.

In relation to this double aspect of State and Church, the Tudors had in the one case only to throw themselves into the position of national leaders, and to work a political machine already prepared to their hands. As administrators, they were, beyond doubt, in their natural position. Keeping their eyes steadily on the currents and fluctuations of popular feeling, they guided the ship so as to avoid meeting the opposing front of the waves, and steered steadily, though with much skilful tacking, to their desired end. But if good seamen, they were bad shipwrights; and when, as in the case of the Church, the timbers were so rotten that the vessel had to be taken to pieces and rebuilt before the new voyage could be undertaken, they laid down the "ship's lines" with little regard to any thing but their own arbitrary presumptions as to speed and safety, and hoped by the adroitness of their steering to escape from the consequences of their own wilfulness. Their successful and popular government of the English commonwealth was based on a careful observance of forms of law which had become the outward symbols of freedom and prosperity with the people; they forgot that, in the case of the Church, the abuses of the ecclesiastical order, while they had scattered and confused the ideas of faith, had not destroyed them. They were exactly in that undetermined state in which, although they did not present themselves in an aggregate and regularly organised form, they nevertheless required to be consulted and allowed for in their separate and undeveloped existence quite as much as if they were presented in the distinct attitude of a settled and uniform national conviction. But the Tudors, although they respected any usage or prejudice which had succeeded in identifying itself with the unmistakable voice of the whole nation, had little respect for individual convictions or fractional manifestations of opinion. They held themselves to be the natural representatives of the English nation; and where these had a common national faith, as in civil affairs, they accepted it, and acted upon it; but where this did not specifically

exist, they could not be satisfied, in their representative capacity, until they had invented one themselves. In constructing such a creed, the Tudors identified themselves so entirely with the nation, that they seemed to think they had only to strike the balance in their own minds between the opposite tendencies of its scattered convictions and wishes, and the nation itself would follow implicitly in the wake of their political logic, and merge its own ideas in a royal formulary of faith. There was indeed, one feature in the Roman-Catholic system which had never been in harmony with the national spirit of England. This was the dependency on Rome, and the exercise of the papal authority within this kingdom. When Henry's private feelings and wishes led him to throw off this yoke, and brave the consequences of an alienation from the papal sheepfold, he was backed and encouraged by the feeling of nearly the whole nation, whatever might be their opinion on the divorce question itself. The ill-feeling against much of the practical organisation of the Roman-Catholic Church throughout this country sustained him, again, in many of his more serious measures against monks and ecclesiastical dignitaries. So far the demolition of the Church-system may be said to have been a national movement as well as a royal project. But beyond this point there was no settled and general national feeling; and the Tudors, left to their own strong wills and imperious instincts, without the useful controlling power imposed by their wise respect for a definite national will, tried to make the English nation believe, disbelieve, and refrain from believing on the single strength of a royal *ipse dixit*. Nor was this the sole or chief mistake. The Tudors, as efficient administrators, had a strong opinion on the uselessness of laws without penalties for those who infringed them. In State affairs they had little difficulty in carrying with them that out-of-doors support which is essential to the enforcement of penal provisions. Their harshest enactments are to some extent palliated by the fact that they were embodiments of popular sentiment, or at any rate not flagrantly in violation of it. When, however, the royal scheme of religious faith was imposed by the same machinery, the result could hardly fail to be very different. The nation was decidedly anti-Romanist; but the circumstances of the case prevented it from being neutral between Catholicism and Protestantism, so as to be flexible to the king's Middle-Scheme. Protestantism, as a religious creed, was necessarily aggressive in its attitude, and definite and positive in its positions; to exist at all, it must inevitably dwell upon points of difference rather than of agreement. Compromise at this stage would empty it of its significance, and amount to a virtual suicide.

It assailed, not the mere outworks, but the very citadel of Catholicism, and no surrender of the former only could be accepted as a satisfactory conclusion of the struggle. The questions which had been awakened by this controversy were such, that any dereliction of duty on the part of the leaders of the Protestants would have only led to their agitation passing into the hands of more uncompromising managers. Although Protestantism had not yet achieved the character of a national movement, it had grown so deeply down into the hearts of a considerable section of Englishmen as to defy extirpation at the hands of any one. Its existence had become a political and social necessity, and that existence was based on principles negative of all compromise. English Catholicism was at first more open to that solution. As with most formal adherents of an established faith, individual conviction was, at the commencement of the struggle, rather vague and unformed; and the exaggerated pretensions of the Papal See had opened a door through which a modified Protestantism might have been introduced, without alienating the sympathies or irritating the prejudices of the great majority of English Catholics. But between this and the creed of the avowed Protestants there would be the difference of a negative and a positive system; and though a skilful management might have succeeded in assigning to each its natural and proper place in the ecclesiastical constitution of England, every thing which threw increased emphasis on the more important points of difference between the two Churches had the effect of thinning the numbers of this undecided class, and recruiting either the Catholic or Protestant camp at its expense. It must be evident that if the contest were prolonged, and as the tradition of a settled authoritative faith gradually died out, the nucleus of a middle party would also be destroyed, and the partition of the nation between two great hostile religious camps would be completed. The more decided Catholics, on the other hand, who were fighting *pro aris et focis*—the partisans of the papal supremacy—would lose no opportunity of widening their party by putting in the foreground those doctrines of the Catholic Church which were menaced by the Protestants, and still cherished, through ancestral associations, in the body of the nation, and exaggerating the tendencies of the Protestant movement, so as to prevent any concession, however slight, in that direction. So that we had, in the second place, a class of formal Catholics, whose continued existence as such was incompatible with a prolonged religious struggle, and a defeated but determined body of Papists, in the strict sense of the term, whose only chance lay in prolonging that struggle by exalting non-essential differences into essentials.

The wisest statesman might have failed in an entirely satisfactory settlement of so complicated a state of things; but a wise statesman, or one who was endowed with congenial qualities of mind, might, as the history of the three succeeding centuries leads us to conclude, have done much towards that end, or might at least have placed the State in a tenable and stable position in relation to the struggle, so long as it continued. Compromise, in the sense of giving up any important point either way, and subsiding into tranquil impartiality, was clearly out of the question at that time. The only compromise which could be accepted would be that implied in a scheme of comprehensive toleration, and the only basis of a national church sanctioned by authority that would be firm and durable must be laid in points of common agreement. To arrive at these, it was, in the first place, essential that the Crown should take up an independent position, removed from the field of religious controversy, and representing common national interests. From this calm vantage-ground it might have acted as a moderator of passions, and an arbiter and balance between extreme tendencies; securing to each their strictly religious standing-ground, but denying to either any assumption of national authority which it had not fairly earned by its spiritual conquests. Such views as these may seem vague and unpractical in the face of the positive difficulties of the position; but in their want of definiteness lies their real value. The national mind of England was undefined on religious questions, and none but the widest and most flexible rules could be properly applicable to its management. That much might have been done in this manner at the commencement of the Reformation in England, there can be no doubt. The more extreme Protestantism and Catholicism were very localised, the former being more especially characteristic of the large towns. The vague traditional Catholicism was spread over those country districts which then, as now, retained longer ancestral impressions. To force upon these last an unmitigated Protestantism, would be as injudicious and unjust as to suppress the onward tendencies in the first case. The State would have found ample and appropriate work in preserving general order and mutual forbearance, and in devising a remedy against those offences to public morality which had provoked general indignation in the earlier part of the reign of Henry, and had been denounced by sober Catholics as decidedly as by the most zealous Lollards.

But whatever good might have been effected in this manner, the Tudors had no idea of a temporising policy which involved such a studied abstinence on the part of the executive. They

could not wait until the English nation had worked out the problem of its future national faith for itself and in its own way. They stepped in, not with a system of tolerance and comprehension, but of arbitrary selection and compulsory imposition. The Tudors unhappily were theologians as well as statesmen. Henry had earned one of his titles—that of "Defender of the Faith"—by a treatise in answer to the apostle of the Reformation. He determined to inaugurate his new appellation of "Supreme head of the English Church" by imposing on Catholics and Protestants a newly-devised symbol of faith obnoxious to both. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism had attained to a national character; therefore both Catholicism and Protestantism were to cease to exist, and a scheme was to take their place, which we can only describe by saying that it contrived most successfully to combine the worst features of religious dogmatism with the lowest and most latitudinarian Erastianism. And this was to be not merely the residuary or passive creed of the nation, but its sole and active faith. Englishmen were not merely to cease to be dogmatic in other directions, they were also to become dogmatic for this royal *tertium quid*. The enthusiasm of Catholics and Protestants in favour of their own convictions was to cease, and they were to become enthusiasts for a scheme in which they had no interest and the faintest faith. There is something so audacious and shameless in this combined invocation of fanaticism and worldliness, that we see at once that the Tudor theory of government must have been based upon a profound contempt for individual character as well as individual convictions. If they had believed in any general existence of high principle in individual cases, they would hardly have ventured upon a scheme which appears on the face of it to assume a natural servility or an inconceivable amount of stolidity. But the case was worse than this. Had the king's creed been formed and enunciated once for all, there would have been at any rate the merit of setting up a fixed standard of faith, around which the national opinion might possibly be induced to range itself. But Henry's creed was a shifting one, with the variations in his personal and domestic relations, and not even a steadily progressive one. It sought to maintain and establish itself under all its phases, not by mediating between extreme parties, but by allowing by turns Protestants and Catholics to enjoy an instalment of power to persecute their adversaries. The extremities to which Cromwell was allowed to proceed, and the license afforded for a time after his fall to the Romanising bishops, may have been wise measures in a prince whose only desire was to teach all parties to tremble at the royal displeasure; but it inevitably prevented the adherents

of the court religion from being other than sycophants and time-servers, and entailed upon the succeeding generation a fatal legacy of religious heart-burning and of the true *odium theologicum*. Religious bigotry and persecution were made a question of time and not of principle; men were encouraged to hate and persecute on religious grounds; but they were deprived of the initiative, and degraded to the rank of mere hireling executioners.

So far as the outward success of such a policy could say any thing for it, Henry might indeed boast that he had gained his object. The Tudors never faltered in any road on which they had once fairly entered; and Henry had carried through his project with a high and unrelenting hand. The stake and the scaffold had done their work with impartial injustice; the earnest on both sides were silenced, or only opened their mouths when it suited the king's plans to employ their zeal in his politico-religious permutations. A so-called national church existed, into outward adherence to which all others had been dragooned. It represented nothing in the nation but the arbitrary will of the king; but while the king lived no one dared to dispute that will on such a point; and the general acquiescence might have been mistaken at first sight for a legitimate belief. But the death of Henry dispelled such dreams, if they existed in the minds of any of his courtiers. Chance, rather than any deliberate policy on the part of the late king, threw the reins of government at the commencement of the new reign into the hands of the Protestants. The birth of Edward, and the subsequent misadventure of the Catholic queen, Catherine Howard, determined which of the revolts from the Middle-Scheme of Henry should first have its way. The gallant and accomplished, though somewhat insolently ambitious, Earl of Surrey, had just paid the forfeit of his head,—possibly for a meditated treason, possibly for indiscreet self-confidence. His father, the old Duke of Norfolk, was a prisoner in the Tower, expecting every hour to be led to the scaffold. The Catholic party had received the last blow from the dying hand of Henry, and the Protestants were for the time in the ascendant, because they were not the latest victims of the royal displeasure. The Protestant family of Seymour succeeded to the throne and to the government of the realm. An uncle of the young king boldly grasped the protectorate. The will of Henry, with its laborious provisions for continuing a state of things which depended on his life alone, was swept aside as idle words and waste paper. The Reformation began to move onwards; the Protestants of England and the Continental reformers applauded the movement, and thanked God

with lightened hearts and confident hopes; the Catholics bided their time in gloomy and watchful resentment; and the nation at large, the sheet-anchor of authority gone, awaited with puzzled expectation what would be the new spiritual revelation from high quarters.

Edward himself was as yet too much a child, and till the very last part of his life too much under the influence of others, to make his own character and feelings an important element in the history of his reign. That he was an extraordinary boy for his years is manifest from the Journal which he has left, and which has all the marks of proceeding from the mind of the boy himself. That the premature development of his mind was connected with the physical disease which brought him to so early a grave, there can be little doubt. Whether a character of such a peculiar cast would ever, under any circumstances, have been matured into a really great and powerful organisation, may be well doubted. Its tendencies were just and conscientious, but they were not warm or generous. There is something almost heartless in the cold indifference with which Edward seems to have regarded the violent deaths of his uncles; and we can hardly think that such a temperament could ever have recommended itself to the English nation, as those of Henry and Elizabeth did under every drawback. His whole education had been systematic, and his religion was systematic also. It was a formularised Protestantism, and orthodoxy seems with him to have been another word for an intelligent and orderly classification of religious phenomena. It distressed him seriously that his sister Mary could not be brought to see the useless and irrational character of her popish mass. She considered it answer enough that she was not disobeying her father's orders. He was irritated, as he might have been at an obstinate adherence to a palpable blunder in Latin composition. The *Discourse on the Reformation of Abuses*, on which Mr. Froude lays some stress, as an indication of the great insight which Edward exhibited into the condition of England and the abuses of the government, really goes no further than to prove that the young king, who was fond of taking notes of facts as they fell under his notice, had been tempted by some of them into an exercise, on the model of his classical favourites, on the duty of good government. His remedies have all the vagueness of the moral speculations in which clever youths are fond of indulging, and contain no indication that the writer had any insight into the causes and real bearings of the matters which had arrested his attention.

Edward, Earl of Hertford and Duke of Somerset, the uncle of the young king, and the Protector of the kingdom during

the earlier part of the reign of Edward, was a man whose character has a much more important bearing on the history of England than that of his royal nephew. Mr. Froude appears to us to have done him scant justice, if we look to the difficulties of his position, and the glimpses we are able to obtain of his real wishes and intentions. His first portrait of him is the most favourable. It paints him as the historian supposes that he was at the death of Henry, and when his own independent career had yet to be entered upon. "The Earl of Hertford," he says, "ardent, generous, and enthusiastic, the popular successful general, the uncle of Edward, was dissatisfied with the limited powers and the narrow sphere of action which had been assigned him. He saw England, as he believed, ripe for mighty changes easy of accomplishment. He saw in imagination the yet imperfect revolution carried out to completion, and himself as the achiever of the triumph remembered in the history of his country. He had lived in a reign in which the laws had been severe beyond precedent, and where even speech was criminal. He was himself a believer in liberty; he imagined that the strong hand could now be dispensed with, that an age of enlightenment was at hand, when severity could be superseded with gentleness, and force by persuasion. But to accomplish these great purposes he required a larger measure of authority." There may be some truth in this character of Somerset taken in itself; but as an explanation of the course which he took and of the steps made in advance in the reformation of religion, we think it is incomplete and unsatisfactory. Somerset's own temperament might in any case have led him to prefer the more generous and freer course which the historian speaks of, and to underrate the difficulties with which such a sudden change would be attended. But it is another question whether any choice of the course which he should pursue was given to him, in the sense in which Mr. Froude understands it to have been. The peculiar and anomalous position assumed by Henry with reference to the two religious parties had become, even before his death, almost untenable. None but one who had made the position himself, and by his strong will and powerful ascendency of intellect had kept it so long, could have continued it much longer; and the last proceedings of Henry, and the communication respecting the eucharist with which he startled Cranmer, seem to indicate a growing conviction in the mind of that king himself, that he must soon abandon his armed neutrality, and identify himself with the cause of one of the combatants. Much more must this conviction have weighed upon Somerset. By terrorism alone, it is useless to deny, had

Henry's *via media* been imposed on the nation. But could a Council of Regency, or a Protector during a minority, venture upon maintaining a system isolated from the sympathies of the nation by such violent and despotic means? It is beside the question to discuss whether the strong hand might be removed with safety; it had actually been removed by the hand of death, and there was no one who could hope, with the smallest chance of success, to reimpose it. None but a mature and reigning king, and a reigning king such as Henry, could have done this. Henry was gone, and Elizabeth came too late by the interval of two revolutions. Somerset had no choice but to make up his mind to another system; and in choosing this he had to consider in what direction lay the best chances of forming a strong and beneficial government. A Council of Regency in such a case was equivalent to introducing into the executive itself the chaos from which it was necessary to rescue the country at large. A council could be efficient only with a single ruling spirit; and it was far better that the form of divided authority should be laid aside at once, and that, with the title and office of Protector, Somerset should also openly take upon himself the responsibility of public affairs.

Unable to stand by himself as Henry had done, Somerset's choice between factions could only lead him to the Reformers. Besides his own convictions, which led him in that direction, his social position dictated the same choice. The older nobility were either avowed leaders of the Catholic party, as the Howards, or leant in that direction in matters of religious dogma, as De Vere and Talbot. The nobility attached to the Reformation and the conformists, who had given to Henry their outward adhesion, were chiefly creations of the last reign. Somerset himself was one of them; and the *parvenu* blood of Seymour, scorned and hated as such by these proud relics of the older baronage, naturally sought refuge and support with those pedigrees which stood on a similar footing. But to secure the support of this party an onward movement in the Reformation was absolutely necessary; and Somerset only obeyed that sternest of all dictates when he became the leader of the Protestant revolt against the Middle-Scheme of the deceased king. So that, after allowing the first demonstrations of the Protestants to produce their effect on the public mind, the Protector gave the movement "the formal sanction of the government." "A general order is given for the purification of the churches," to adopt Mr. Froude's marginal summaries. "Images are put away, windows broken, and walls whitewashed. A general visitation is instituted. A *Book of Homilies* is issued, with instructions for the clergy. The behaviour of the

country clergy to be inquired into. Ancient customs are to be discontinued." We fully agree with Mr. Froude that this was going too fast and too far. As he remarks in his admirable manner, "the spirit of the innovations was destructive merely, and customs which were interwoven in the details of common life could not rudely be torn away with impunity. To most men habit is the moral costume which saves them from barbarism; and although there are costumes which may be worse than nakedness, it is one thing to do what is right, it is another to do it rightly and at the right opportunity." The policy was an unsound one; but the question recurs, On whom does the responsibility of its being considered necessary rest? and was it not, with all its faults and its inevitable provocatives to reaction, a nobler and healthier policy than that under which the living thought of England was compressed during the reign of Henry? We may lament the immediate consequences of the withdrawal of a strong hand, but when its continuance carried with it the demoralisation of a nation, is it not better that men should think and act honestly, even at the expense of some intolerance and fanaticism? Religious persecution was the offspring of the reign of Henry; and if it had now ceased to be regulated by the interests or caprices of a king, it gained, surely, in its moral influence on both persecutors and persecuted by being dictated by sincere conviction in a considerable portion of the nation, however narrow and however deplorable.

But under Somerset the reforming movement, though vexatious and intolerant as respected the feelings and convictions of a large portion of the nation, was mildness itself when contrasted with the authorised persecutions of the reign of Henry. A Protestant face was indeed put by the hand of authority on the public services of religion, but the first Act of Uniformity, in January 1549, was on the whole a moderate measure; the second of the year 1552, which went a stage farther, was not passed till after the execution of Somerset. It was upon the extreme Protestants themselves, the "Anabaptists" and "Arians" rather than the Romanists, that the severer penalties of the law were visited.

The difficulty against which Somerset had really to contend, in religious as well as civil matters, was well and emphatically stated by the shrewd diplomatist Sir William Paget. "Society in a realm," he wrote to the Protector, "doth consist and is maintained by means of religion and law; and these two or one wanting, farewell all just society, government, justice. I fear at home is neither. *The use of the old religion is forbidden; the use of the new is not yet printed in the stomachs of eleven of twelve*

parts of the realm." The legacy of selfishness, unregulated by fixed and deeply-rooted religious convictions, which Henry had bequeathed to England in the persons of the leading men of his court, produced its natural effects in the lower ranks of society. There can be conceived no crisis in the life of a nation, as there is none in that of an individual, more dangerous than a change in religious faith. The old standard of authority in the mind once removed, any new one, however conscientiously set up in its place, cannot escape from the conditions of its origin. It must rely entirely upon its continued hold on the intellectual apprehension of those of whose moral conduct it is become the arbiter. The symbol of faith is not external enough to be always respected, even when appreciated; and the human mind is too apt to deceive itself by juggling tricks, to become with safety the sole basis of religious belief. The natural dangers of such a transitional state had been aggravated by the restrictive and arbitrary impositions of Henry. There was no traditional feeling to support the anomalous creed which the king sought to impose; and the terrors of the civil arm left to the mind of most men only one escape in a continual tampering with their consciences so as to force their convictions within the letter of the religion prescribed by law. All respect was soon lost for what was so little respected by themselves; and the accession of Edward found a nation with the outward forms of religious faith, but with the foundations of morality seriously undermined. Such a state of things was not inconsistent with religious fanaticism. The intellectual adherence to a particular creed survived, and was exaggerated by a consciousness of its reality having become doubtful. And when this creed gained a healthier freedom of growth under the auspices of the Protector, the weeds which had grown up with it not unfrequently detracted from its seemliness, and threatened to choke it altogether. Somerset himself had not escaped unscathed from this dangerous ordeal, with the untoward consequences of which he had to contend in the body of the nation. It was a necessary danger from which no great religious movement can be exempted, and it is no serious disparagement to Somerset's abilities that he failed to cope successfully with it, and was overwhelmed by the consequences of the very movement which it was his duty and his necessity to foster and promote. But this very moral deterioration in Englishmen since the Reformation, which perplexed and distressed Latimer and Gilpin, and the more earnest Reformers, was the means of bringing out into strong relief the nobler and purer characteristics of the Protector. Perhaps his own position as a *parvenu* may have had something to do with the result; if so, however, the fa-

nearly a solitary one in the history of *parvenus;* but certain it is that the sympathies of the reforming Protector lay with that class of his countrymen who had suffered most in consequence of the Reformation, and who had most reason to look back to the times of crass ignorance and full stomachs. The lower classes in the country districts, who depended most of all on those in immediate local authority over them, had experienced to a frightful extent the consequences of the substitution of the demoralised selfishness of individuals for the customary benevolence of eleemosynary corporations, and of the grasping acquisitiveness of struggling aspirants for court favour, for the open-handed hospitality of former times. Men's hearts seemed to have grown hard in proportion as their consciences had become restless. The Reformation had, like the Gospel, in its promulgation brought any thing but peace and happiness into the households of England. Old ties had been rent asunder; old laws repealed or violated with impunity. Prices had risen, wages had fallen. Wealth seemed to have passed away from the generality, and to have concentrated itself in the persons of a comparatively few individuals. Dress and expenditure on the part of these wealthy few was lavish, without any sensibly beneficial influence on those below. Somerset's own household was magnificent beyond all the just requirements of his position. Others with less excuse followed his example; while the working classes covered the highways with their poverty-stricken and starving multitudes, and were ready to commit their lives and fortunes to any enterprise, however desperate, which offered an escape from their intolerable misery. Somerset, selfish and self-indulgent though he was in some things, felt keenly this result of the movement of which he was the recognised head, and, encouraged by such men as Latimer, tried with earnest sincerity to grapple with its evils. But in his attempts to moderate the grasping spirit of the landholders, and to restrain the victims, partly of their selfishness, partly of inevitable social changes, from resorting to violent and excessive means of redress, he almost wholly failed; nor was he wise in some of the methods he adopted to effect his end. He failed to obtain for the people what he desired; he provoked, with fatal results to himself, the hatred of the landowners. He fell, the victim of intrigues, in which personal selfishness was thinly veiled by the hypocrisy of public motives, though only too much helped to success by the manifest errors and misfortunes of the government; he succumbed before a man in whom the demoralising influences of the previous reign had worked more fatally, because on a less noble soil; but in falling Somerset left behind him his surest title to esteem in the eyes of posterity, and his strongest

appeal to their commiseration and allowance for his failings in the love of the common people, of which not even failure and the scaffold could rob him.

The second ruler of England during the nominal reign of Edward was John Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. The son of Henry VII.'s favourite and the father of Elizabeth's favourite, he himself enjoyed until the death of Edward an uninterrupted course of progressive advancement. We cannot introduce him better than by giving at length the character with which he is ushered into the pages of Mr. Froude's history: "Perfectly free from vague enthusiasm, in his faults and in his virtues he was alike distinguished from the Protector. Shrewd, silent, cunning, and plausible, he had avoided open collision with the uncle of the king; he had been employed upon the northern border, where he had done his own work skilfully; and if he had opposed Somerset's imprudent schemes, he had submitted like the rest, as long as submission was possible. He had the art of gaining influence by affecting to disclaim a desire for it; and in his letters, of which many remain in the State-Paper Office, there is a tone of studied moderation, a seeming disinterestedness, a thoughtful anxiety for others. With something of the reality, something of the affectation of high qualities, with great personal courage, and a coolness which never allowed him to be off his guard, he had a character well fitted to impose on others, because, first of all, it is likely that he had imposed upon himself." This is a portrait which, from its indistinctness in some points, might easily be converted by an advocate of Northumberland into a panegyric. Indeed, not merely plausible palliations, but undisguised panegyrics, have been based on much fewer historical concessions in the case of other great men. But in the pages of Mr. Froude Dudley's character grows darker and darker as the narrative advances, until the portrait, if more distinct and consistent in itself, is scarcely reconcilable with the qualities awarded to him in the foregoing passage. In the closing scenes of Northumberland's career we miss the intellectual clearness and the shrewd watchfulness which are made the leading features in this earlier portrait. His mental capacity scarcely raises him above our contempt, any more than his moral weakness. He was, perhaps, an example of that class of minds whose endowments are special, and, we might say, professional in their character, and who consequently are unequal to the wider demands from the administrator of the multiform business of a great state; who are brave without possessing the calm self-possession of true and sustained courage, are clever and shrewd without deeper intuitions of

nobler ends, and consequently with a defective insight into the more subtle distinctions of human character, and who rise rather through the expectations excited by the completeness of their own qualifications for a secondary position, than from any great affectation on their part of virtues which they have no intention of permanently displaying. Northumberland, too, it must be recollected, had his grave disadvantages to contend with in the outset of his government. He rose on the ruins of a man who had perished in the fullness of his popularity with a large portion of the nation; he had all the odium with the people of ingratitude to his former benefactor; nor, even if it be true that it had come to be matter of life and death between them, and that Somerset's existence menaced that of Northumberland, could the successful anticipator of the fatal blow hope to obtain the sympathy attaching to his popular victim. The heyday of the Reformation had gone by when he succeeded to the helm of affairs. The bright visions which had attended the opening years of Edward's reign had passed away. All the worst features of the Reforming movement, in its harsh narrowness and its tainted advocates, had been pressing upon public attention. The clouds were fast gathering which threatened a return of civil convulsions, if not of the darkness of a Popish restoration; and Northumberland was called upon to ride the whirlwind for which he was only partially answerable. The braver and better spirits among the Reformers openly denounced the evil and bewailed the inevitable consequences. The more timid, such as Cranmer, after contributing their share to the mischief by violations of law and justice, shrank back into a corner, and busied themselves in the humbler work of forging new fetters for the conscience in forty-two Protestant articles of faith. But Northumberland at any rate stood to his post, and fought his increasingly doubtful battle with the boldness of a desperate gambler, though not of a foreseeing statesman; and upon Northumberland first of all fell the consequences of his own rash errors and his own ambitious crimes.

The state of feeling in England on religious matters in the closing year of Edward's reign may be described with tolerable accuracy in Mr. Froude's own words. Speaking of the rising prospects of Mary, he says:

"A return of communion with the See of Rome was unthought of. Mary herself was not supposed to desire what, in common with the rest of the country, she had renounced under her father. A return to the constitution of religion as her father left it [?] was probably the wish of three-quarters of the English nation. The orthodox Catholics were outraged by the imprisonment of the bishops, and the establishment by law of opinions which they accounted as heresy. The moderate

English party had no sympathy with a tyranny which had thrust the views of foreign Reformers by force upon the people. Even the citizens of London, where Protestantism had the strongest hold, had been offended by the offensive combination of sacrilege and spoliation with a pedantry which could not bear the sound of the church-bells, and regarded an organ as impious. The clergy, at the moment when the king's illness became serious, were being subjected to a compulsory subscription to the Forty-two Articles, under pain of ejection from their benefices; while the universal corruption of public functionaries, the sufferings of the poor, the ruin of the currency, and the embarrassment of the finances, reflected double discredit on the opinions of which these were considered the results."

This picture, perhaps too universally sombre in its colouring, is meant by the historian to be confined to the reign of Edward, and the fuller development of the Reformation under him; but much of it was transferred, there can be little doubt, from the preceding reign, and only an additional intensity imparted to it by time. The torrent burst its bounds in one direction when the barriers which held it were withdrawn by the death of Henry; but its pent-up waters had gathered much of their impetuous strength from the violent restraint which had been laid upon their natural progress. The Reformation, under Edward, it is true, brought upon the land much immediate evil and misery—it also, however, entailed upon it many lasting blessings: it swept away much that was venerable in the eyes of contemporaries, but it also removed at once, and for ever, many customary abuses and degrading superstitions, which would probably have yielded only to a hand of violence. The returning wave of superstition never again could attain to the same water-mark. The English nation, though, as a whole, it repudiated the extreme form to which the Reformation had been pushed, would never again tolerate with the same patience even the mitigated Catholicism of the days of Henry. The church-system of Edward disappeared with small regret along with those who had brought discredit upon it by their selfish ambition; but it had gained sufficient hold on the mind of the nation to revive, with happier auspices, when purified from the alloy of worldly selfishness by the fires of Smithfield.

The Protestant revolt having run its course, and been brought to a premature conclusion, the Catholic reaction, in its turn, occupied the field. It began with all the *prestige* of the seemingly disastrous failure of its rival. It had escaped, by the force of accomplished events, from the false position in which it was placed, in the reign of Henry, between an unpopular dependence on Rome and the quasi-Catholic convictions of the king. It might become more completely *national* than the Church

had yet been since the commencement of the century, if it would only refrain from the error of becoming papal. In the public feeling towards its royal patron were united the national attachment paid to the lineal successor of an ancient line of kings, and the respect felt for her fidelity to her religious convictions under every trial. The gallant spirit with which Mary had thrown herself into the contest for her crown, against the timid dissuasions of the imperial ambassador, and in spite of the anxious forebodings of the worldly-wise Charles V., had cast a certain halo of greatness about her character, which was reflected upon the religion with which she had identified herself. Under Henry, the Catholic religion might be fairly said to have been placed at a disadvantage, which prevented its intrinsic merits from being estimated. Now, freed from embarrassing traditions, and with the aid of that popular forgetfulness of long-past evils which is a most powerful agent in all restorations, it started under the happiest auspices; and nothing but gross incapacity in its managers, or its inherent badness and incompatibility with English society, could bring about any but a favourable issue.

Of the Catholic reactionary movement, Mary herself is, we need hardly say, the central figure. To her royal courage it owed its great success at the outset; to her obstinate adherence to what she considered the line of policy dictated by duty it owed its first difficulties, and to her morbid eagerness for a Spanish husband its imminent danger of a sudden fatal catastrophe; to her undaunted bearing alone in the crisis which she had herself provoked it again owed its safety and triumph; to her growing fanaticism and increasingly gloomy bigotry it owes, in a great degree, the hateful associations of the blazing fagot and the martyr's stake, with which its doctrines have been ever since clouded in the eyes of Englishmen; and with her death disappeared the last chance of upholding that system which the imperious will of Henry had not been able to deprive of the affections of a large portion of the nation, and of which the temporary triumph of its adversaries, during the reign of Edward, had only served to demonstrate the inherent strength.

Mary is Mr. Froude's most successful historical portrait. He has just enough sympathy with the daughter of Henry VIII.—just enough appreciation of those among the higher qualities of the Tudor family which Mary displayed—just enough dislike to the more uncompromising Protestants, who were a trouble and offence to Henry and a difficulty to Elizabeth,—to counterbalance his natural antagonism to the Romish queen as the zealous undoer of the work of her father. Mary's English characteristics were almost entirely confined to those qualities of undaunted

courage and indomitable and unflinching persistence in a once-conceived purpose, which the Tudors shared with their subjects. In other respects she was essentially Spanish in her feelings and ideas. It was more than a political or religious fancy which led her to yearn for the match with Philip of Spain. It was rather an instinct of her physical and mental constitution. She felt as a Spaniard even when she acted and spoke as an English-woman. The fashion of her mind and her daily habits had all the stiff and proud formality of the Spanish court; her bearing might inspire respect, where her minute and morbid devoteeism did not provoke contempt, but it failed to rouse enthusiasm or secure warm affection. Her character was naturally honest and straightforward; and she only deviated from truth and practised dissimulation where the superior interests of her Church or the persuasions of her most trusted advisers had convinced her that it was pardonable, and even her duty so to do. On the whole, we think she was more conscientious than Mr. Froude has succeeded in proving that Henry was, or than he is likely to be able to succeed in proving Elizabeth to have been. But, though an honest and brave queen, Mary had few statesmanlike qualities. Her end was single and set clearly before her, but the ways by which she walked towards it were ill-chosen,—selected with little regard to the necessities of her position. All delay was to her mind a sin, as well as a heavy weight of misery. The early circumstances of her life had tinged with a morbid character all her impressions and impulses, whether sanguine or the reverse. For years she had brooded over her mother's wrongs, her own withheld rights, and the growing desolation of the Church of God. She then figured herself as one who had been destined by Heaven to wear out a long martyrdom of sorrow and humiliation, and she strung up her nerves to the trial, and suffered all her warmer and more hopeful feelings to be frozen into a cold, unmoved, death-like endurance. When the unpopularity and errors of Northumberland, and the rising enthusiasm of the English people in her cause, seemed to invite her from her retirement to the struggles of the world, a new light flashed upon her as to her destined mission. The first stage of her trial had been passed through with faithfulness, and Heaven had rewarded her by choosing her, thus approved by suffering, for the nobler work of reëstablishing the fallen altars in the high places in the land. She felt herself an apostle now instead of a martyr, and, with the sword of faith in her hand, she went forth, resolute to allow no danger to herself to deter her, no worldly distrust of the guidance and help of Heaven to discourage or hold her back. What could be more opposed to the results of human reasoning than

her present elevation? Who, after such a demonstration of the high purpose of God, should dare to doubt or falter in the path He had pointed out? The imperial ambassador and his imperial master might hesitate, and suggest caution and delay;—but had they not done so when hesitation and delay would have consigned her to the Tower-prisons instead of the palace? Her English Catholic advisers might hint at compromises, and speak of accomplished and irrevocable acts of ecclesiastical spoliation. She might be forced to yield for the time for want of immediate instruments of her wishes; but the conviction, and the determination to act on the conviction, remained fixed in her breast, awaiting the first opportunity for action. Philip himself—a bigot, but a politician—might shrink from the consequences in a wider point of view of running counter to the rooted feelings of the nation. The Pope himself might countenance, or even suggest gentler methods; but Mary had a divine commission in her own heart's faith, of which even papal infallibility could only imperfectly read the import, and which called upon her to be up and doing while the light of day still continued, lest the night of heretic darkness should suddenly return, in which no such work might be done.

Mr. Froude has disentangled very skilfully the natural disposition of Mary from the policy dictated by her sense of religious duty, and imposed upon her by the constant solicitations of advisers. The deaths both of Northumberland and of Lady Jane Grey must be attributed to the last rather than the former motive. Mary, when we can catch a glimpse of her herself, apart from the religious fanatic and the Catholic politician, seems to have been far from cruel in her disposition. She had not the fierceness of her father, and, except perhaps in the solitary case of Cranmer, cannot be held to have been vindictive. Let but the triumph and restoration of the true religion be assured, and it was enough for Mary. In her domestic relations the queen appears in a less pleasing light. We can excuse her ill-concealed hatred of Elizabeth, the presumptive heiress to the crown, in the flower of her youth and beauty, the darling of one party, the hope and object of increasing interest to the whole nation. But the manner in which the jealousy of the queen was displayed towards the daughter of Anne Boleyn exhibits most of the weaknesses of her character, both intellectual and moral. In the slight notices of Elizabeth given in these volumes we see the first shadowings forth of what promises to be after all the leading interest of Mr. Froude's history; and it is some excuse for Mary that even now we seem to grudge, as many did in those days, the years which are to elapse before the curtain falls on her chequered fortunes, and rises again on the glories

of her more highly-gifted rival. Mary was not wanting in that amount of penetration which jealousy, particularly in a woman, gives into the character of another; and the result of her reading of the mind of Elizabeth was the bitter conviction, which she vainly endeavoured to stifle, that she would succeed in overturning all that Mary had so eagerly rebuilt. The queen's relations with her husband, Philip, are even less pleasing; and we agree with Mr. Froude that the picture is one to be hastily sketched, and escaped from as quickly as possible. The self-deluded and doting bride of a husband on whom she had been forced, in spite of his scarcely dissembled distaste and repugnance, the haggard and careworn woman, never young in her feelings, and now no longer young in years, aping the passionate and love-sick humours of a girl, is no pleasing spectacle in any one, and least of all in a queen. Philip is but slightly sketched by the historian, except in his more sensual aspects. The finished portrait of the master of the invincible Armada is, we suppose, reserved for the more brilliant age of Elizabeth. Of a future matrimonial alliance with that princess, according to Mr. Froude, he entertained some idea even during the life of Mary; and this last fact (if true) is all that is wanting to fill up the cup of bitterness which the unhappy queen had to drink to the dregs.

Besides Mary, if we pass by the imperial ambassador, Renard, who is more a politician than a Catholic enthusiast, the principal figures in the reactionary party are Gardiner, Bonner, and Pole. Of these, Gardiner is the most interesting, as being the type of those religionists in England who were good Catholics, but bad Papists; who were vehement to the extremities of fire and the axe against doctrinal heretics, but would not have been unwilling to see the foreign and semi-political authority of the Papal See shaken off. Although in the height of the reaction under Mary, and with the recollection of his sufferings under a Protestant king fresh in his mind, Gardiner made a contrite recantation of his acknowledgment of the supremacy of the church assumed by Henry, there can be no doubt that his real feelings were adverse to the pretensions of Rome. Like most men, Catholic and Protestant, he had to a certain extent compromised himself under Henry on other points. Even Latimer, bold and uncompromising in other cases, seems to have shrunk back from confronting the real crimes of that king; and in his most plain-speaking discourses adopts a tone of satire calculated rather to tickle the ears than move the conscience of his royal auditor. We must not, then, blame Gardiner if he too stood less on the dignity of what he believed to be truth than might have been expected from his general

character. The reforming era under Edward afforded him—as the Marian reaction afforded the more sincere Protestants—an opportunity of redeeming his time-serving conduct, and of regaining the respect, if not the approval, of posterity. The coarse brutality of Bonner, which gained for him, in the popular imagination, even an undue share of the detestation with which the agents of the Marian persecutions were loaded, serves as an excellent foil to the polished, scholarly, and somewhat jesuitical fanaticism of Gardiner. Both, again, are contrasted strikingly with the burning zeal of Cardinal Pole, in whom the spirit of Peter the Hermit seemed to have become again incarnate, preaching a holy war against a new army of infidel heretics. This fiery and uncompromising evangelist of Rome seems to have personified the doctrines he was combating; and to have been almost incapable of a religious controversy in which he could not enter a field of deadly combat with some individual and representative foe. On Henry, as the incarnation of royal usurpation on the rights of holy Church and the Satan of the religious faith of England, he poured forth the vials of his wrath with small discretion as to facts, and less reserve as to language. Perhaps something of the lingering hatred of the more legitimate Plantagenets for the descendant of Katherine Swinford mingled unconsciously with this personal controversy. Like Mary, he had waited in sackcloth and ashes the termination of the days of the Church's desolation under Edward. When Mary entered on her enthusiastic enterprise, he was the one who most completely sympathised with her feelings,—perhaps the only one who did so. The wary caution of the Emperor, and Gardiner's jealous and English distrust of the uncompromising advocate of Papal supremacy, kept him for some time from the scene of the growing triumphs of Catholicism. Again and again he implored to be allowed to place his foot on his native soil, confident that his presence would be sufficient to set a stamp of permanence on the reaction. When at length he was permitted to return, the way had been made smooth before him, and he had only to perform the congenial and joyful task of welcoming back to the fold of Rome, and solemnly absolving, in the name of the holy father, a repentant nation and their ecstatic sovereign. This solemn scene of national humiliation is described by Mr. Froude in one of his most graphic passages; and we could not select a fitter illustration of the spirit in which he has treated the history of the Catholic reaction. In a few words he had previously set before us the external portrait of the Cardinal: "He was now fifty-four years old, and he had passed but little of his life in England; yet his features had

not wholly lost their English character. He had the arched eyebrow, and the delicately cut cheek, and prominent eye of the beautiful Plantagenet face; a long, brown, curling beard flowed down upon his chest, which it almost covered; the mouth was weak and slightly open; the lips were full and pouting; the expression difficult to read." The Lords and Commons had agreed, with what Mr. Froude calls "dangerous unanimity," to make their formal submission to Rome:

"And now St. Andrew's Day was come; a day, as was then hoped, which would be remembered with awe and gratitude through all ages of English history. Being the festival of the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece, high mass was sung in the morning in Westminster Abbey; Philip, Alva, and Ruy Gomez attended in their robes, with six hundred Spanish cavaliers. The Knights of the Garter were present in gorgeous costume, and nave and transept were thronged with the blended chivalry of England and Castile. It was two o'clock before the service was concluded. Philip returned to the palace to dinner, and the brief November afternoon was drawing in when the parliament reassembled at the palace. At the upper end of the great hall a square platform had now been raised several steps above the floor; on which three chairs were placed as before; two under a canopy of cloth-of-gold, for the king and queen, a third on the right, removed a little distance from them, for the legate. Below the platform benches were placed longitudinally towards either wall. The bishops sat on the side of the legate, the lay peers opposite them on the left. The Commons sat on rows of cross benches in front, and beyond them were the miscellaneous crowd of spectators, sitting or standing as they could find room. The cardinal, who had passed the morning at Lambeth, was conducted across the water in a state barge by Lord Arundel and six other peers. The king received him at the gate, and, leaving his suite in the care of the Duke of Alva, who was instructed to find them places, he accompanied Philip into the room adjoining the hall, where Mary, whose situation was supposed to prevent her from unnecessary exertion, was waiting for them. The royal procession was formed. Arundel and the Lords passed in to their places. The king and queen, with Pole in his legate's robes, ascended the steps of the platform, and took their seats.

When the stir which had been caused by their entrance was over, Gardiner mounted a tribune; and in the now fast-waning light he bowed to the king and queen, and declared the resolution at which the Houses had arrived. Then turning to the Lords and Commons, he asked if they continued in the same mind. Four hundred voices answered, 'We do.' 'Will you then,' he said, 'that I proceed in your names to supplicate for our absolution, that we may be received again into the body of the holy Catholic Church, under the Pope, the supreme head thereof?' Again the voices assented. The Chancellor drew a scroll from under his robe, ascended the platform, and presented it unfolded on his knee to the queen. The queen looked through it,

gave it to Philip, who looked through it also, and returned it. The Chancellor then rose and read aloud as follows :

'We, the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons of the present Parliament assembled, representing the whole body of the realm of England, and dominions of the same, in our own names particularly, and also of the said body universally, in this our supplication directed to your Majesties—with most humble suit that it may by your gracious intercession and means be exhibited to the most reverend father in God the Lord Cardinal Pole, legate, sent specially hither from our most holy father Pope Julius the Third and the See Apostolic of Rome—do declare ourselves very sorry and repentant for the schism and disobedience committed in this realm and dominions of the same against the said See Apostolic, either by making, agreeing, or executing any laws, ordinances, or commandments against the supremacy of the said See, or otherwise doing or speaking what might impugn the same; offering ourselves, and promising by this our supplication that, for a token and knowledge of our said repentance, we be, and shall be always, ready, under and with the authority of your Majesties, to do that which shall be in us for the abrogation and repealing of the said laws and ordinances in this present parliament, as well for ourselves as for the whole body whom we represent. Whereupon we most humbly beseech your Majesties, as persons undefiled in the offences of this body towards the Holy See—which nevertheless God by his providence hath made subject to your Majesties—so to set forth this our most humble suit that we may obtain from the See Apostolic, by the said most reverend father, as well particularly as universally, absolution, release, and discharge from all danger of such censures and sentences as by the laws of the Church we be fallen in ; and that we may, as children repentant, be received into the bosom and unity of Christ's Church; so as this noble realm, with all the members thereof, may, in unity and perfect obedience to the See Apostolic and Pope for the time being, serve God and your Majesties, to the furtherance and advancement of his honour and glory.'

Having completed the reading, the chancellor again presented the petition. The king and queen went through the forms of intercession, and a secretary read aloud, first, the legate's original commission, and, next, the all-important extended form of it.

Pole's share of the ceremony was now to begin.

He first spoke a few words from his seat. 'Much indeed,' he said, 'the English nation had to thank the Almighty for recalling them to his fold. Once again God had given a token of his special favour to the realm; for as this nation, in the time of the Primitive Church, was the first to be called out of the darkness of heathenism, so now they were the first to whom God had given grace to repent of their schism ; and if their repentance was sincere, how would the angels, who rejoice at the conversion of a single sinner, triumph at the recovery of a great and noble people.'

He moved to rise ; Mary and Philip, seeing that the crisis was approaching, fell on their knees, and the assembly dropped at their

example; while, in dead silence, across the dimly-lighted hall came the low, awful words of the absolution.

'Our Lord Jesus Christ, which with his most precious blood hath redeemed us and washed us from all our sins and iniquities, that he might purchase unto himself a glorious spouse without spot or wrinkle, whom the Father hath appointed head over all his Church,—he by his mercy absolves you, and we, by apostolic authority given unto us by the most holy Lord Pope Julius the Third, his vicegerent on earth, do absolve and deliver you, and every of you, with this whole realm and the dominions thereof, from all heresy and schism, and from all and every judgment, censure, and pain for that cause incurred; and we do restore you again into the unity of our Mother the holy Church, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Amidst the hushed breathing every tone was audible, and at the pauses were heard the smothered sobs of the queen. 'Amen, amen,' rose in answer from many voices. Some were really affected; some were caught for the moment with a contagion which it was hard to resist; some threw themselves weeping in each other's arms. King, queen, and parliament, rising from their knees, went immediately—the legate leading—into the chapel of the palace, where the choir, with the rolling organ, sang *Te Deum;* and Pole closed the scene with a benediction from the altar."

From the apostles of the triumphant Roman Church we must turn again to the fallen Church of Henry and Edward, degraded now to the condition of a seditious heresy. As we have said, the Reformation appeared for the first time in its true and pure colour in the fiery trials of Smithfield. We had now the reality of Protestantism face to face in its strength with undisguised Romanism. No royal patronage, no baneful worldly prosperity, lowered the character and obscured the merits of the reformed faith. Latimer, Ridley, and even Cranmer stood forward in a strength of dignified courage which man alone could not give. Of Cranmer we have hinted our less favourable appreciation than that given by Mr. Froude. There is something, to our apprehension, which is more than amiable sensitiveness in the manner in which on several occasions he shrank from the call of duty. There is too much of the flattery of a courtier in his subserviency to the wishes of Henry; there is too much of personal spite in his treatment of Gardiner during the reign of Edward; there is something too painfully ignominious in the circumstances of his recantation—however nobly itself recanted—under the terrors of Mary's inquisitors. But the last scenes of his life hinder us from passing any severer judgment on Cranmer than that he, perhaps more than any other man, suffered morally from being involved in the confused and tangled meshes of that royal Middle-Scheme, from the snares of which two successive religious revolutions rescued the English

national character, and practically established the fact that in the two honest extremes, rather than in the dishonest *via media*, are to be recognised the true elements of England's greatness.

To our previous knowledge of the royal victim of the Catholic triumph under Mary,—"the Twelfth-day queen," the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, Mr. Froude adds little beyond his sanction to the general meed of enthusiastic praise bestowed on her noble disposition and remarkable attainments in learning. But the shrinking reluctance which she displayed in accepting, and the thankful indifference with which she gave up her phantom title, might be quite as much indications of a mind unequal to the crisis, as of a high-minded superiority to selfish ambition. The manner, however, in which she succeeded in nerving her unstable though well-meaning father to undergo his fate with dignity, and without flinching from his religious convictions, is a clear indication, along with her own firm though gentle bearing, of something above the ordinary virtues of a devoted martyr. For her death the imperial ambassador seems to be primarily responsible; but who is to bear the fearful responsibility of the later persecutions which converted England into mere religious shambles it is not so easy to determine. Mr. Froude lays the burden on Cardinal Pole; but his reasons are at the best but plausible inferences, and all his references to the Cardinal savour a little too much of the rancour of the apologist of Henry against his most violent calumniator, not to make us pause before implicitly receiving such an imputation. If we are not mistaken, there are writings of Pole in which a more moderate course is recommended; and, zealot as he was, this is not inconsistent with his character. He was an Englishman after all in many of his feelings; and England once brought into submission to Rome, he had less genius for destroying a prostrate enemy than for combating him on equal terms, or bearding him in the fullness of his power. Has not Mr. Froude touched on the more probable authorship of these cruelties when he describes the increasing gloom, the feelings of wounded sensibility, the bitter disappointment of the queen herself? It is not necessary to picture her as a monster of wickedness if we accept this solution. She thought, doubtless, that in this, as in every thing that had gone before, she was strictly fulfilling her duty to God. But the future looked dark for the prospects of Catholicism in England. She felt that her own days were numbered. The long-cherished hopes of a child to succeed her, and to be cradled in the faith of her ancestors, had faded away. She could not, she saw, prevent the succession of Elizabeth. Elizabeth, she knew, was bound over by the circumstances of her mother's

marriage to the cause of the Reformation. How could she save the Church from this great impending danger? By no long-continued policy, by no gradual removal of the elements of evil could this now be effected. The medicine must be sharp and immediate in its action. She might so crush the hateful heresy, so maim it of all its leading members, that not even the good-will of Elizabeth would be able to infuse new vitality into the shapeless body. At any rate it was her duty to try; and when she had resolved on this, there were many inferior agents to stimulate her zeal, and few in a superior position willing or able to stay her hand. She failed in her violence even more decidedly than her father had done with his ambiguous Middle-Scheme. He had at least lowered the tone of the movement which he could not altogether guide in the path he had determined for it. She by a baptism of blood only gave it a new and nobler title to the affections of the English nation.

Under Elizabeth, the idea of a Middle-Scheme between pure Protestantism and Catholicism was partially revived, though in a modified form. This is not the occasion to speak of the merits or demerits of that "Anglican" platform; but the Puritan Revolution of the next century, and the Nonconformist disruption of the Protestant Church in England in the present day, do not say much for the wisdom, in a broader and far-sighted view, of the second *via media* of the Tudor princes.

Art. X.—THE NOVELS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Scenes from Clerical Life. By George Eliot. 2 vols. Blackwood. 1858.

Adam Bede. By George Eliot. 3 vols. Blackwood. 1859.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. 3 vols. Blackwood. 1860.

The genius which has distinguished the most successful of recent English novelists has been the growth of a very light intellectual soil. It has been a social inspiration; the spirit of some special social atmosphere has entered into them, and all their individual creations have been possessed with it too. Miss Austen, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Trollope, are all novelists of this class. Their characters all stand on one level, breathe the same social air, are delineated with great accuracy down to the same very inconsiderable depth, and no farther;—all, in short, are bas-reliefs cut out on the same surface. All of them are perfectly inexhaustible in resource on the special social ground the-

choose, and quite incapable of varying it. And all of them disappoint us in not giving more insight into those deeper roots of character which lie beneath the social surface. Probably the mobile sympathies which are so essential to artists of this class, and the faculty of readily realising, and of being easily satisfied with realising, the workings of other minds, are to some extent inconsistent with that imaginative intensity and tenacity which is needful for the deeper insight into human character. Certainly the accomplished artists we have named carve out their marvellously life-like groups in a flimsy though sufficiently plastic material. How perfect and how infinitely various are the images left on the mind by the characters in Miss Austen's novels! Lord Macaulay has expressed just admiration of the skill which could paint four young clergymen, "all belonging to the upper part of the middle class, all liberally educated, all under the restraints of the same sacred profession, all young, all in love, all free from any disposition to ride a special hobby, and all without a ruling passion," without making them insipid likenesses of each other. And no doubt this does show great power; but it is equally remarkable that all of them are drawn just to the same depth, all delineated out of the same social elements. None of their minds are exhibited in any direct contact with the ultimate realities of life; none of them are seen grasping at the truth by which they seek to live, struggling with a single deadly temptation,—or, in short, with any of the deeper elements of human life open to the light. The same may be said of Mr. Thackeray's and Mr. Trollope's sketches. Both authors, indeed, affect to probe the motives of their leading characters from time to time, but both take pains to report that at a very small depth below the surface the analysis fails to detect any certain result. The whole graphic effect of their art is produced with scarcely any disturbance of the smooth surface of social usage. The artist's graver just scratches off the wax in a few given directions till the personal bias of taste and bearing is sufficiently revealed while the pervading principle of the society in which the artist lives is strictly preserved.

This type of genius is more clearly understood if we contrast it with one of a very different school. Miss Brontë was no painter of society. Her imagination was not, and under the circumstances of her life could not have been, at home with the light play of social influences. There is an abruptness of outline, a total want of social cohesion among all her characters. They are sternly drawn, with much strong shading, and kept in isolated spheres. They break, or rather burst, in upon each other, when they exert mutual influences at all, with a rude effort, that is significant enough of the shyness of a solitary creative imagina-

tion. Still, for this very reason, what characters Miss Brontë does conceive truly, she reveals much more deeply than the other novelists of whom we have been speaking. She has no familiarity with the delicate touches and shades by which they succeed in conveying a distinct impression without laying bare the deeper secrets of character. She has not, like them, any power of giving in her delineations *traces* of thought and feeling which lie beyond her actual grasp. She has a full and conscious hold of all the moods she paints; and though her paintings are in nine cases out of ten far less lifelike, yet *when* lifelike they are far more profoundly imagined than those of Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Trollope, or Miss Austen. There is as little common life, diffused atmosphere of thought, and as few connecting social ideas, amongst the various figures in Miss Brontë's tales as is possible to conceive among fellow-men and fellow-countrymen. But what personal life there is, is of the deepest sort, though it is apt to be too exceptional and individual, and too little composed out of elements of universal experience.

There is another distinction between the two schools which it is to our present purpose to notice. The novelists of the former school, who delineate not only individual figures but a complete phase of society, had what we may call a *medium* ready to their hand in which to trace the characteristic features of the natures they delineate. They have a familiar world of manners to paint, in which a modulation, an omission, or an emphasis here and there, are quite sufficient to mark a character, or indicate a latent emotion. Not so an author who, like Miss Brontë, endeavours to fit all her characters with a new and appropriate outward manner of their own as distinct and special as the inward nature it expresses. With her there is necessarily a *directness* of delineation, a strong downrightness in the drawing which is in very marked contrast with the method that charms us so much in the pictures of Miss Austen and her modern successors. Much of the art of the drawing-room novelists consists in the indirectness, the allusiveness, the educated reticence of the artist. They portray a society; they *indicate* an individuality. They delight in fine strokes; they will give a long conversation which scarcely advances the narrative at all for the sake of a few delicate touches of shade or colour on an individual character. In the power to paint this play of common social life, in which there are comparatively but few key-notes of distinct personality, the charm of this school of art consists; while Miss Brontë's lies in the Rembrandt-like distinctness with which the mind conceived is brought into the full blaze of light, and the direct vigour with which all its prominent features are marked out.

The genius of George Eliot—as the authoress of *Adam Bede* is still to be styled—has some points of connection with both of these schools of art, beside some characteristics peculiarly its own. There is the same flowing ease of manner, clearness of drawing, delicacy of finish, and absence of excitement, which characterise the modern satirical school of novelists. But there is less of play in the surface-painting,—more of depth in the deeper characters imagined,—a broader touch, a stronger, directer fashion of delineation,—less of manner-painting, and more of the bare naturalism of human life. On the other hand, there is nothing of the Rembrandt-like style of Miss Brontë: the light flows far more equally over her pictures; we find nothing of the irregular emphasis with which Currer Bell's characters are delineated, or of the strong subjective colouring which tinges all her scenes. George Eliot's imagination, like Miss Brontë's, loves to go to the roots of character, and portrays best by broad direct strokes; but there the likeness between them, so far as there is any, ends. The reasons for the deeper method and for the directer style are probably very different in the two cases. Miss Brontë can scarcely be said to have had any large instinctive knowledge of human nature:—her own life and thoughts were exceptional,—cast in a strongly-marked but not very wide mould; her imagination was solitary; her experience was very limited; and her own personality tinged all she wrote. She "made out" the outward life and manner of her *dramatis personæ* by the sheer force of her own imagination; and as she always imagined the will and the affections as the substance and centre of her characters, those of her delineations which are successful at all are deep, and their manner broad.

George Eliot's genius is exceedingly different. There is but little of Miss Austen in her, because she has studied in a very different and much simpler social world; but there is in the springs of her genius at least *more* of Miss Austen than of Miss Brontë. Her genial, broad delineations of human life have more perhaps of the ease of Fielding than of Miss Austen, or of any of the manners-painters of the present day. For these imagine life only as it appears in a certain dress and manner, which are, as we said, a kind of artificial medium for their art,—life as affected by drawing-rooms. George Eliot has little, if any, of their capacity of catching the under-tones and allusive complexity of this sort of society. But though she has observed the phases of a more natural and straightforward sphere of life, she draws her external life from *observation*, instead of *imagining* it, like Miss Brontë, out of the heart of the characters she wishes to paint. The manners she has studied are manners of the simplest and most genuine kind,—of the rural farmers and labourers,—of the

half-educated portion of the country middle-class, who have learnt no educated reticence,—and of the resident country gentry and clergy in their relations with these rough-mannered neighbours. This is a world in which she could not but learn a direct style of treatment. The habit of concealing, or at most of suggesting rather than downright expressing what is closest to our hearts, is, as we know, a result of education. It is quite foreign to the class of people whom George Eliot knows most thoroughly, and has drawn with the fullest power. All her deepest knowledge of human nature has probably been acquired among people who speak their thoughts with the directness, though not with the sharp metallic ring, of Miss Brontë's Yorkshire heroes. But instead of almost luxuriating, as Miss Brontë appears to do, in the startling emphasis of this mannerism, and making all her characters precipitate themselves in speech in the way best calculated to give a strongly-marked picture of the conception in her own brain,—George Eliot has evidently delighted to note all the varieties of form which varying circumstances give to these direct and simple manners, and takes as much pleasure in painting their different shades as Miss Austen does in guiding her more elaborate conversations to and fro so as to elicit traits of personal character. Directness of delineation is, indeed, evidently natural to the author of *Adam Bede*, but it has no tendency whatever to take, with her, the form of concentrated intensity, which it assumes in Miss Brontë: her style has all the general composure and range of tone of the life she paints, and certainly shows her as much in sympathy with the passive and stolid phases of rural life as with its more active forms. Miss Brontë's manner, on the other hand, is adapted to suit the exigencies of her own imagination, and while its effect is graphic and unique, it is monotonous and not unfrequently unreal.

George Eliot's pictures are not only directer and simpler than those of the drawing-room novelists, but there is much more variety in the degrees of depth which she gives to her characters, and more of universality and breadth about them. This, again, is in part a result of her field of study, though it cannot, of course, be considered apart from the constitution of her genius. The manners of "good society" are a kind of social costume or disguise, which is, in fact, much more effective in concealing how much of depth ordinary characters have, and in restraining the expression of universal human instincts and feelings, than in hiding the individualities, the distinguishing inclinations, talents, bias, and tastes of those who assume it. The slight restraints which are imposed by society upon the expression of individual bias are, in fact, only a new excitement to its more subtle and various, though less straightforward, development. Instead of

speaking itself simply out, it gleams out in a hundred ways by the side-paths of a more elaborate medium. To avail yourself skilfully of all the opportunities which educated social manners permit *of being yourself*, adds a fresh, though very egotistic, interest to life, and gives much of the zest to the sort of study in which Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Trollope are the acknowledged masters. But this applies only to the lighter and more superficial part of human personality. Those deeper instincts and emotions in which all men share more or less deeply; which are in the strictest sense personal, and yet in the strictest sense universal; which are private, because either the objects or the occasions which excite them most deeply are different for every different person, and universal, because towards some objects, or on some occasions, they are felt alike by all;—these most personal and most widely diffused of all the elements of human nature are sedulously suppressed in cultivated society; and even the most skilful of the drawing-room novelists find little room for delineating the comparative depth of their roots in different minds. And yet these deepest portions of human character, which the simpler and less educated grades of society, in their comparative indifference to the sympathy they receive, do not care to hide, and which educated society half suppresses, or expresses only by received formulas quite without personal significance, are far truer measures of force and mass in human character than any other elements. They are, in fact, the only *common* measures which are applicable to all in nearly equal degree. After all, what we care chiefly to know of men and women, is not so much their special tastes, bias, gifts, humours, or even the exact proportions in which these characteristics are combined,—as the general depth and mass of the human nature that is in them,—the breadth and the power of their life,—its comprehensiveness of grasp, its tenacity of instinct, its capacity for love, its need of trust. A thousand skilful outlines of character based on mere individualities of taste and talent and temper, are not near as moving to us as one vivid picture of a massive nature stirred to the very depths of its commonplace instinct and commonplace faith. And the means of studying these broader aspects of human life are much fewer in the educated society which Miss Austen and Mr. Thackeray draw, than in the country-towns, mills, and farm-houses, which are dotted about George Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life*, and her more elaborate tales.

In the depth, force, and thorough naturalness of the human characteristics in the delineation of which she delights, the author of *Adam Bede* is not superior to Miss Brontë, who never fails to give us a distinct measure of the instinctive tenderness, depth of affection, and energy of will, of her creations. But

In breadth of range George Eliot is far beyond Currer Bell. Intensity is the main characteristic of the authoress of *Jane Eyre*. She cannot paint quiet massive strength, still less, easy, composed, and inert natures. George Eliot enters into these with even more insight than into the more concentrated. Eager prejudice, dumb pain, the passive famine of inarticulate desires, are painted by both authors with marvellous and almost equal power; but George Eliot has the wider and more tranquil nature, and sometimes almost seems to rival Sir Walter Scott in the art of delineating the repose of strong natures and the effortless strength they put forth. Again, in one field—the field of religious faith—the author of *Adam Bede* shows much broader insight than any of the writers we have named. The drawing-room school of novelists do not and cannot often go down to a deep enough stratum of life to come upon the springs of faith. Miss Austen never touches them. Mr. Thackeray turns dizzy with the very mobility of his own sympathies, and finding a distinct type of faith in every different man's mind, not only proclaims the inscrutability of all divine topics, but refuses to assign any strong motive power to religious emotions at all in his delineations of human life. Miss Brontë, too, found it needful to eliminate the supernatural, though she once or twice admits the preternatural, in her pictures. As an artist she is strictly a secularist, delineating religious enthusiasm only once, and then exhibiting it as the stimulus of a cold nature and as putting forth unlawful claims to overrule legitimate human affections. Even Sir Walter Scott, powerfully as he could paint fanaticism, and keen as was his pleasure in the marvellous, never attempted to paint the quieter and deeper forms of religious faith. He evidently did not admit any supernatural element into his conception of sensible men and women, and never paints its influence over a sober and tranquil will. Apparently, the author of *Adam Bede*,—if we may judge by a few hints she drops here and there in her various asides to the reader, and from the relative place she gives to the supernatural element in her different characters,—partly agrees with Mr. Thackeray that divine things are inscrutable, and that the stronger class of intellects meddle least with the subject, at all events intellectually. But she sees far more clearly than any of them the actual space occupied by spiritual motives in human life,—the depth, beauty, and significance which they, and they alone, give to human action. And, accordingly, in almost all her tales she introduces some character with conscious cravings for something beyond human happiness; while in the most perfect of her works she delineates the most delicately beautiful and spiritual [illegible] with which we have ever met in the whole range o

Goethe's picture of the "Fair Saint" in *Wilhelm Meister* cannot properly be said to belong to fiction at all. Not only is it, in fact, a minute copy from real life, but it is not even woven by his imagination into the texture of his story. It is an episode of mere description, and the character is not delineated in action at all. Nay, even in itself the "Schöne Seele" which Goethe has so delicately mirrored for us cannot compare in simplicity and beauty with Dinah in *Adam Bede*.

Another element in which the author of *Adam Bede* shows the masculine breadth and strength of her genius adds but little to the charm of her tales,—we mean the shrewdness and miscellaneous range of her observations on life. Nothing is rarer than to see that kind of strong acute generalisation in women's writings which Fielding introduced so freely. But we do not think the miscellaneous observations in which George Eliot so often indulges us, after the fashion of the day, are at all suited to the particular bent of her genius; indeed, they often break the spell which that genius has laid upon us. She is not a satirist, and she has too much adopted the style of a satirist in these elements of her books. There is a dash of Mr. Thackeray in all these asides, which does not at all assimilate with the exceedingly differing character of her genius. A powerful and direct style of portraiture is in ill-keeping with that flavour of sarcastic innuendo in which Mr. Thackeray delights. It jars upon the ear in the midst of the simple and faithful delineations of human nature as it really is, with which George Eliot fills her books. It is all very well for Mr. Thackeray, who makes it his main aim and business to expose the hollowness and insincerities of human society, to add his own keen comment to his own one-sided picture. But then it is of the essence of his genius to lay bare unrealities, and leave the sound life almost untouched. It is rather a relief than otherwise to see him playing with his dissecting-knife after one of his keenest probing feats; you understand better how limited his purpose is,—that he has been in search of organic disease,—and you are not surprised, therefore, to find that he has found little that was healthy. But George Eliot has a different power. She can delineate what is sound even more powerfully than what is unsound. She does not *expose* but paints human nature, its weakness and its strength; and the satirical tone in which Mr. Thackeray justifies to his readers the severity of his criticisms, by trying to show that they are all of them open to criticisms at least as severe, is a setting not at all in harmony with George Eliot's style of art. This is, indeed, usually so deep, direct, and real, that the interruption needed to listen to the author's aside is a painful break. It would suit her books far better if in this respect she followed Miss

Brontë's eager and undeviating style of narration, and did not indulge in the pleasure of being her own critic. But if she must intersperse her narratives with comments and thoughts of her own, she could not find a less suitable tone for them than that satirical contempt for his readers' unreal state of mind to which the author of *Vanity Fair* has accustomed us. When in the midst of an admirable sketch of the farm-labourers on Mr. Poyser's farm, by no means ill-natured in itself, we come upon such a sentence as this,—"When Tityrus and Melibœus happen to be on the same farm, they are not sentimentally polite to each other,"—we feel suddenly transported to the latitude of *Vanity Fair*. This is a kind of mannerism which, characteristic and perhaps fascinating in Mr. Thackeray, has a foreign and discordant bitterness in the pages of George Eliot; and we are sorry to see it increasing in her books. In the *Scenes from Clerical Life* it is only occasionally met with, though it jars us much. In *Adam Bede* it runs lightly through all the "aside" chapters in the book, though very little interspersed with the direct delineations; but even here it is rather a *style* than a substance. Often it is only that observations themselves not ungenial and profound are clothed in the half-scornful language which Mr. Thackeray's success has induced so many light writers to adopt. For example, there is in the chapter which opens as follows nothing that is not genial and wise. But throughout the whole there runs a tone of bantering depreciation,—a "what a vulgar world it is we live in" sort of air, which has no justification either in the tenor of what is said, or the particular incident on which it is a comment:

"'This Rector of Broxton is little better than a pagan!' I hear one of my lady readers exclaim. 'How much more edifying it would have been if you had made him give Arthur some truly spiritual advice! You might have put into his mouth the most beautiful things—quite as good as reading a sermon.'

Certainly I could, my fair critic, if I were a clever novelist, not obliged to creep servilely after nature and fact, but able to represent things as they never have been and never will be. Then, of course, my characters would be entirely of my own choosing, and I could select the most unexceptionable type of clergyman, and put my own admirable opinions into his mouth on all occasions."

This is, when read in its context, sarcasm quite out of its natural element, floundering like a fish out of water. Indeed, this foreign mannerism gives a certain air of laborious *smartness* to the chapters of comment in *Adam Bede*, which seems to us the only defect in that powerful book. But that which is only an external mannerism in the occasional commentary of *Adam Bede*, has grown into a rankling foreign substance

in the *Mill on the Floss*, and we find ourselves not unfrequently coming upon passages in the following tone:

"In writing the history of unfashionable families, one is apt to fall into a tone of emphasis which is very far from being the tone of good society, where principles and beliefs are not only of an extremely moderate kind, but are always presupposed, no subjects being eligible but such as can be touched with a light and graceful irony. But then good society has its claret and its velvet carpets, its dinner-engagements six weeks deep, its opera and its fairy ball-rooms; rides off its ennui on thoroughbred horses, lounges at the club, has to keep clear of crinoline vortices, gets its science done by Faraday, and its religion by the superior clergy who are to be met in the best houses; how should it have time or need for belief and emphasis? But good society, floated on gossamer wings of light irony, is of very expensive production; requiring nothing less than a wide and arduous national life condensed in unfragrant deafening factories, cramping itself in mines, sweating at furnaces, grinding, hammering, weaving under more or less oppression of carbonic acid; or else, spread over sheepwalks, and scattered in lonely houses and huts on the clayey or chalky corn-lands, where the rainy days look dreary. This wide national life is based entirely on emphasis—the emphasis of want, which urges it into all the activities necessary for the maintenance of good society and light irony: it spends its heavy years often in a chill, uncarpeted fashion, amidst family discord unsoftened by long corridors. Under such circumstances, there are many among its myriads of souls who have absolutely needed an emphatic belief: life in this unpleasurable shape demanding some solution even to unspeculative minds; just as you inquire into the stuffing of your couch when any thing galls you there, whereas eider-down and perfect French springs excite no question. Some have an emphatic belief in alcohol, and seek their *ekstasis* or outside standing-ground in gin; but the rest require something that good society calls 'enthusiasm,' something that will present motives in an entire absence of high prizes, something that will give patience and feed human love when the limbs ache with weariness, and human looks are hard upon us—something, clearly, that lies outside personal desires, that includes resignation for ourselves, and active love for what is not ourselves."

The tone of these comments, however much truth there may be in them, is bitter, and the manner of sarcasm which the author has adopted misleads her into innuendoes negatived by the higher parts of her own mind; as when she intimates that it is discontent with the uncomfortablenesses of life rather than any positive yearning, which precipitates the sufferers—some into excess, others into faith. This is unworthy of George Eliot. It is painful to see that the superficial satire in her other books seems to be sinking deeper. For even where it is best, she has not the skill to bring out without effort, and yet in full relief, the weak points of men, as the genius of satire

requires; and we cannot but feel painfully, that, like most able people who do what it is not their bent to do, she overdoes it, and breaks a butterfly on the wheel. How lightly and tauntingly Mr. Thackeray would have given us the following! how broadly ludicrous Mr. Dickens would have made it! but in George Eliot's hands it is neither broad fun nor indirect satire, but intellectual power commenting, with painfully minute analysis, on human foibles:

"It is a pathetic sight and a striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions by a high state of civilisation—the sight of a fashionably-drest female in grief. From the sorrow of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large buckram sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon-strings—what a long series of gradations! In the enlightened child of civilisation the abandonment characteristic of grief is checked and varied in the subtlest manner, so as to present an interesting problem to the analytic mind. If, with a crushed heart and eyes half-blinded by the mist of tears, she were to walk with a too devious step through a door-place, she might crush her buckram sleeves too, and the deep consciousness of this possibility produces a composition of forces by which she takes a line that just clears the doorpost. Perceiving that the tears are hurrying fast, she unpins her strings and throws them languidly backward—a touching gesture, indicative, even in the deepest gloom, of the hope in future dry moments when cap-strings will once more have a charm. As the tears subside a little, and with her head leaning backward at the angle that will not injure her bonnet, she endures that terrible moment when grief, which has made all things else a weariness, has itself become weary; she looks down pensively at her bracelets, and adjusts their clasps with that pretty studied fortuity which would be gratifying to her mind if it were once more in a calm and healthy state."

George Eliot's humour, which is very great, is not of the ironical or satirical kind. The covert meaning which aims at one thing while it appears to say another is not in her manner. Her danger in this respect is probably caricature, though at present there is but little real caricature in her writings. The sketches of farmers' life in the *Mill on the Floss* not unfrequently remind us in their somewhat too broad style of Miss Burney's sketches of vulgar shopkeepers in *Evelina*. The humour in which she excels most has nothing in it of the self-command and reticence which gives its edge to irony. The satirist just moves away sufficiently from the station at which for the moment his character is placed to show you how one-sided and shallow that character is; but he keeps on the mask of sympathy, though he allows you to see him smiling under it; and half the sting of his irony consists in his assuming that the weakness probed is too deeply rooted in human nature to mock at openly, thoug

need not shut our eyes to it. There is nothing of this species of humour in the author of these books. She has a large share of that dramatic humour of which Shakespeare's is the model, which consists in a rapid and complete change of moral and intellectual latitude, in showing us the strangely different views of human things,—vulgar, contemplative, and practical,—which differently situated beings take. Of this kind of humour there is no more perfect specimen than the scene in which George Eliot enters into the unflinching (or as we might falsely say, indelicate) feeling of the uneducated towards Death, and the necessary accompaniments of Death, in telling us Lisbeth Bede's wishes about her husband's coffin and funeral.

"'What art goin' to do?' asked Lisbeth. 'Set about thy feyther's coffin?'

'No, mother,' said Adam; 'we 're going to take the wood to the village, and have it made there.'

'Nay, my lad, nay,' Lisbeth burst out in an eager, wailing tone; 'thee wotna let nobody make thy feyther's coffin but thysen? Who'd make it so well? An' him as know'd what good work war, an 's got a son as is th' head o' the village, an' all Treddles'on too, for cleverness.'

'Very well, mother, if that's thy wish, I'll make the coffin at home; but I thought thee wouldstna like to hear the work going on.'

'An' why shouldna I like 't? It's the right thing to be done. An' what's likin' got to do wi 't? It's choice o' mislikins is all I 'n got i' this world. One mossel's as good as another when your mouth's out o' taste. Thee mun set about it now this mornin' fust thing. I wunna ha' nobody to touch the coffin but thee.'

Adam's eyes met Seth's, which looked from Dinah to him rather wistfully.

'No, mother,' he said, 'I'll not consent, but Seth shall have a hand in it too, if it's to be done at home. I'll go to the village this forenoon, because Mr. Burge 'ull want to see me, and Seth shall stay at home and begin the coffin. I can come back at noon, and then he can go.'

'Nay, nay,' persisted Lisbeth, beginning to cry, 'I 'n set my heart on 't as thee shalt ma' thy feyther's coffin. Thee 't so stiff an' masterful, thee 't ne'er do as thy mother wants thee. Thee wast often angered wi' thy feyther when he war alive; thee must be the better to 'm now he's goen'. *He'd ha' thought nothin' on 't for Seth to ma 's coffin.*'"

And the same humour in a lighter vein is seen in the inimitable sketch of Tom's intercourse with his uncle Pullet in the *Mill on the Floss*:

"With Tom the interval had seemed still longer, for he had been seated in irksome constraint on the edge of a sofa directly opposite his uncle Pullet, who regarded him with twinkling gray eyes, and occasionally addressed him as 'Young sir.' 'Well, young sir, what do you learn at school?' was a standing question with uncle Pullet, whereupon Tom always looked sheepish, rubbed his hand across his face, and

answered, 'I don't know.' It was altogether so embarrassing to be seated *tête-à-tête* with uncle Pullet, that Tom could not even look at the prints on the walls, or the fly-cages, or the wonderful flower-pots; he saw nothing but his uncle's gaiters. Not that Tom was in awe of his uncle's mental superiority; indeed, he had made up his mind that he didn't want to be a gentleman farmer, because he shouldn't like to be such a thin-legged, silly fellow as his uncle Pullet—a molly-coddle, in fact. A boy's sheepishness is by no means a sign of over-mastering reverence; and while you are making encouraging advances to him under the idea that he is overwhelmed by a sense of your age and wisdom, ten to one he is thinking you extremely queer. The only consolation I can suggest to you is, that the Greek boys probably thought the same of Aristotle. It is only when you have mastered a restive horse, or thrashed a drayman, or have got a gun in your hand, that these shy juniors feel you to be a truly admirable and enviable character. . . . . Now Mr. Pullet never rode any thing taller than a low pony, and was the least predatory of men, considering firearms dangerous, as apt to go off of themselves by nobody's particular desire. So that Tom was not without strong reasons when, in confidential talk with a chum, he had described uncle Pullet as a nincompoop, taking care at the same time to observe that he was a very 'rich fellow.'

The only alleviating circumstance in a *tête-à-tête* with uncle Pullet was that he kept a variety of lozenges and peppermint-drops about his person, and when at a loss for conversation, he filled up the void by proposing a mutual solace of this kind.

'Do you like peppermints, young sir?' required only a tacit answer when it was accompanied by a presentation of the article in question."

There is also in George Eliot abundance of what always accompanies dramatic humour,—we mean, a great fertility in illustrative analogies which go to the very heart of a one-sided view of any question. Of this Mrs. Poyser's justly-admired wit is the most obvious example. When, for instance, she wishes to impress upon Dinah that her village convert's piety is an artificial result of her own personal influence, and cannot outlast her absence a day, what can be more felicitous than her simile? "There's that Bessy Cranage, she'll be flaunting in new finery three weeks after you're gone, I'll be bound: she'll no more go on in her new ways without you than a dog 'ull stand on its hind legs when nobody's looking."

But while George Eliot's imagination is opulent enough in its power of dramatic sympathy, in a capacity for easily migrating from one moral latitude to another, and also fertile enough in illustration of any view, or any character it once grasps, we see in the third volume of the *Mill on the Floss* that there is no proportionate power of indirectly portraying character by the side-lights and shadows of easy general conversation,—a power which generally distinguishes feminine novelists. I

picture of life as it passed in St. Ogg's drawing-rooms, she falls so much below herself that we see at once it is not her natural field of art. With all her subtlety and intellectual power, which is obviously great, and her humour, which is greater, she falls far short of many who are greatly her inferiors in genius in her attempt to delineate character through this tranquil play of educated social intercourse. Take up almost any scene in Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Trollope, and you will find a conversation in which, without any formal discussion, every character seems to be answering by some slight modification in its own tone to the chords struck by the others. This sort of play of character is mainly a fruit of social education. The type of mind in the uncultivated classes, whom George Eliot has made her chief study, is much stiffer and more monotonous. The latter change with the changes in their own mood, but do not suffer the same subtle modifications of tone and feeling from social influences, which you perceive in educated life. George Eliot has but little skill in delineating this social phenomenon. Her imagination requires a distinct conception of the mood, or thought, or feeling to be seized before seizing it. There is nothing of that easy modulation, which comes by instinct rather than by imagination, in the conversation of her educated people, but which constitutes half its charm, and which gives to the modern novelist so wide a field for indirect portraiture. Among Miss Austen's scenes, for instance, George Eliot might perhaps have written those between people of a totally different social essence, as, for example, the humorous scenes between the Miss Steeles and the Miss Dashwoods in *Sense and Sensibility*. But the third volume of the *Mill on the Floss* seems to show that the delicately-delineated play of feeling between Elizabeth Bennett and Mr. Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*, or between Emma and Jane Fairfax in *Emma*, would have been quite out of her sphere. Indeed, there are probably no two more different types of genius than that which excels in indirect and that which excels in direct delineation. And the author of *Adam Bede*, like Sir Walter Scott, is always most successful with the broadest and simplest modes in which human character expresses itself. In short, for masculine composure and range of sympathy, for strength of grasp in dealing with universal human feelings, for skill in habitually realising to us that individual differences of character are engrafted on a fundamental community of nature,—she has no rival among the literary artists of the present day. And though it is in part a logical consequence of these great gifts, yet, as we have shown, it is exceptional enough to deserve separate notice, and adds indefinitely to the charm they exercise, that she has a keen sense of that infinite hunger of the spirit which

nothing human can appease, and a true eye for the inward conditions, by the rare fulfilment of which that hunger is satisfied.

Broad as is the genius of the author whom we are criticising, she has as yet published only one great work of art. *Adam Bede* is a story of which any English author, however great his name, could not fail to have been proud. Every thing about it (if we except perhaps a touch of melodrama connected with the execution scene) is at once simple and great, and the plot is unfolded with singular simplicity, purity, and power. George Eliot is evidently a writer who needs a plot of great natural interest, and with a natural unity of its own, to unfold fully the resources of her genius. We have said that she has none of the concentrative and subjective intensity of Miss Brontë; that her lights flow equally over her pictures; and we must add, that their tendency is to overflow. Her first publication, *Scenes from Clerical Life*, of which the first and last are quite loose sketches without any natural unity, show the characteristic freedom of her manner. She finds it difficult to concentrate her own interest, and therefore to concentrate her readers' interest, on any one particular current of life. Her genius delights in depicting the life of a little community; and even when she has got a really deep interest at work on her village stage, she is always anxious to remind herself and her readers how the general population are doing meanwhile in spite of it,—to picture them as they are, quite unconscious of the unfolding plot, and living out their ordinary lives in the ordinary way, with but few half-curious glances at the slowly-maturing crisis. This tendency gives a great charm to a tale in which the interest is really profound; for it turns the story from a mere narrative of individual perils, trials, joys, and sorrows, into a vivid illustration of the common human lot. There is a concentrated sort of egotism about common novels, even of a high order of talent, which is one reason why the interest in them is apt to die away in riper years. Sir Walter Scott's novels are never iron-bound by this purely individual kind of interest: to children they seem far too discursive, too little limited to the particular story; but his tales retain among the mature the popularity which they have in youth in great measure on this very account, that they range so pleasantly beyond the borders of the immediate narrative, and give us so wide a knowledge of the great common life in the heart of which the individual actors of the story were placed. But then, Sir Walter Scott had also an intense sympathy with action, an eager interest in the unwinding of his own tales, which generally at least prevented his discursiveness from passing the boundaries of legitimate art. He never failed to give us a general background, a

vista of tradition concerning the times of which he writes; but he seldom fails to make it a background to some much more vivid interest which fills the foreground in his own mind.

Perhaps the author of *Adam Bede* is to some extent deficient in this sympathy with action. At all events, *Adam Bede* and the short tale called *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story* are the only tales of which the essence and the unity are determined by any naturally unfolded plot; and even of these the structure is so simple, so entirely free from artificial complications, that in the hands of any one with less power to create living characters, their interest would be short-lived. George Eliot has obviously a great dislike to all those artificial enhancements of interest which do not arise fairly out of the moral constitutions of the characters; and this perhaps induces her to overlook too much the artistic value of a rapid current of action, of a certain shadow of suspense, as instruments in the exhibition of the deeper springs of human character. But if this indifference to the machinery of romance be a defect, it disappears in *Adam Bede*, and is closely connected with its greatest beauties. In almost any other writer's hands the story of seduction which is at the basis of *Adam Bede* would have been heightened by innumerable factitious elements, and the various threads of interest multiplied and interwoven at every point. George Eliot's natural aversion to these adventitious effects induce her to limit herself strictly to the simplest possible unfolding of the tragedy; and the consequence is, that the story gains in moral spaciousness far more than it could have lost in exciting elements.

Nor is this clearness of the moral space, this free movement of personal character, a common characteristic of modern novels. There are two common errors into which even the greatest authors manage to fall, and by which they produce a suffocating effect in their pictures, and give the impression that their characters are, as Mr. Thackeray calls them, "puppets," with the strings pulled from behind. One error, the commonest in the greater modern artists, is to smother character in society,—to limit the whole scope of the delineation to the little effects which can be produced on a crowded canvas, where there is no room for even one mind to be itself, or to be seen apart from the rippling of social influences upon it. The other error, the commonest in writers of the older school, is to smother character in incident, to accumulate motives and external excitements so thickly, as to drown all spontaneous life in the artificial tension of passive emotion and involuntary impulse. One amongst several reasons why Scott's heroes and heroines are usually the poorest characters in his tales is, that they are made the centres of all these circumstantial interests,—the puppets arbitrarily

moved about by these hidden strings. In neither case is there proper space for the free play of personal life. Real men of any force have a free sphere of their own, influenced, but in no way determined, by the social or circumstantial influences which hem them round; and to encumber the principal characters with too great a pressure of subsidiary influences, whether of one kind or another, is almost inevitably to cramp the design and destroy the freedom of the life portrayed. Now there is nothing of all this in *Adam Bede*. There is no such concentration of distracting influences as to bewilder any of the characters out of their natural responsibility for themselves and their own actions. No doubt a rural society, a certain community of life, is depicted; but while this is kept constantly present to our minds by the fidelity with which all the mutual external relations of the village society are impressed on the language and bearing of all the characters delineated, yet each character stands out distinct and clear, holding its own destiny in its own power. This gives dignity, freedom, and simplicity to the whole, and adds a kind of solemnity to the movement of the principal action in the story, which, had it been complicated by any extraneous or chance elements, must have produced a less profound and single effect on the imagination.

Even in *Adam Bede* there is an occasional looseness in the texture of the narrative which indicates the characteristic tendency of the author to sketch in freely all her imagination has grasped, without reference to unity of design; but the intrinsic interest of the plot so far checks this tendency as to render it visible only when previously suggested by her other works. We see it mainly in this, that some of the principal figures, quite essential to the whole effect of the tale, stand too much outside the thread of the story, and take no part in its evolution. In Goethe's novels this fault reaches its climax; for no one has any reason to suppose, merely because a figure appears there, and is very carefully painted in, that it is to be connected in any way with the unwinding of the tale. George Eliot is not chargeable with any fault so great as this; but, without feeling any disposition to uphold mere technical or formal rules of art, we believe that there is a greater vividness of impression, a more concentrated effect produced on the mind, when the course of the narrative works *in conjunction* with the power of the artist to engrave the picture upon the memory, than when they work apart. Seth Bede, for instance, one of the best conceptions in the story, is almost entirely a spectator of its course; one might remember the whole essence of the plot, and almost forget his existence,—and yet he is not a mere side-sketch, like Bartle Massey or Mr. Craig, for his character is essential to bring out in full relief the

character of Adam. Even in this tale, then, the group of characters painted is a far more perfect work of art than the story, taken as a whole, which includes them; for only one or two are strongly impressed on the mind by virtue of their close connection with the action of the narrative; the images of the remainder, graphically as they are rendered, are conveyed to us mainly through dialogue and description.

But, this once admitted, there is no further qualification to make in our admiration of the art of the story. The group of characters, conceived in themselves, and without reference to the narrative, seems to us perfect,—a rural cartoon of marvellous simplicity, and yet stately in its beauty. The strong-headed, manly, sharp-tempered, secular carpenter, with his energetic satisfaction in work, his impatience of dreamers, and his early passion for Hetty's earthly loveliness,—the tender-hearted, mystic-minded Seth, who so readily unlooses his hold of his one dream of happiness,—the pretty, vain, little, pleasure-loving dairymaid, with her inarticulate love of luxury and dread of shame, so shallow that she cannot even feel a passing anticipation of the fate before her, but flutters into it like a moth into the candle,—the spiritual, transparent-minded, meditative, yet clear-sighted Wesleyan factory-girl, whose delicate sensitiveness to the inward condition and wants of others never ruffles her own distinct apprehension of the personal duty before her,—the good-natured, self-deceiving, weak young squire, with his patronising generosity, and his disposition to comfort himself, in his self-reproach, with the good opinion of those who are totally ignorant of his grounds for self-reproach,—and the noble, easy-minded, tolerant rector, who feels so little impulse to exert moral influence over others that the Wesleyan factory-girl is a problem to him, and who, even where he has natural authority, rather shrinks from the intrusion necessary to exert it,—with the many other vividly painted figures more or less in the background,—the quick-witted, fretful Lisbeth, with her excessive fondness for the son she fears, and her half-contempt for the son whose religiousness she regards as an insurance to the family,—the more quick-witted and more audacious farmer's wife, whose reverence for the piety of her niece is so strongly mixed with dislike of eccentricity and dissent;—these, with the slighter but equally true outlines with which the picture is filled up, form one of the truest and most typical groups of English life we have ever seen delineated. Moreover, the characters themselves are not more perfectly handled than the scene. It is impossible to forget where we are for a moment. The hum of village-life is heard throughout; the paramount influence of the manor-house, the substantial importance of the well-to-do farmer, the rector's

authority in the parish,—are all conveyed without any effort through the force with which the author realises her scenes; and frequently we have a picture of idyllic beauty—as where Adam Bede finds Hetty picking currants in the garden—that reminds us of the soft poetic touch with which Goethe delineated a situation that had sunk deep into his mind.

The greatest effort and greatest success of the book consist, however, in the wonderful power of the contrast between Hetty and Dinah. From the first introduction of Dinah preaching to the crowd on the village green, and winning her little success over the vain heart of the blacksmith's daughter, and the first appearance of Hetty tossing her butter in the dairy, full of conscious delight at *her* little success in riveting Captain Donnithorne's admiration, the interest centres in these two figures. What common measure of human nature can apply to them both? Near as they are in position, and equal in attractions, and belonging alike to the same half-educated class, they represent evidently the highest and lowest grade in the scale of spiritual nature, and the thoughts that fill the mind of the one do not even rouse the faintest echo in the nature of the other. The art of the contrast is the greater that it is never forced on our attention, and never exaggerated. Yet from the first it is growing upon us. Dinah's gentle rejection of the one brother whom she cannot love opens the tale, while Hetty's conduct to the other whom she cannot love forms its climax of interest. The interest is the deeper and truer that it is not the commonplace antithesis between right and wrong, but between the finest and most delicate of spiritual consciences, and that absolute inaccessibility to moral or spiritual thought which marks a soft, shallow, pleasure-loving nature preoccupied with self-love. The moral *material* of which the two girls are made seems chargeable with the difference rather than any conduct of their own. Can any meeting-point be found between the two? or, if not, any experience, however strange, which shall bridge the apparently impassable gulf? This is in great measure the theme of the story; and the scene in which it is first fully realised, —where Dinah and Hetty are pictured in the adjoining bedrooms, each in their separate world,—is one of the most powerful pieces of imaginative writing which the present generation has produced. We can but extract the closing passage:

"What a strange contrast the two figures made! Visible enough in that mingled twilight and moonlight. Hetty, her cheeks flushed and her eyes glistening from her imaginary drama, her beautiful neck and arms bare, her hair hanging in a curly tangle down her back, and the baubles in her ears. Dinah, covered with her long white dress, her pale face full of subdued emotion, almost like a lovely corpse into which

the soul has returned charged with sublimer secrets and a sublimer love. They were nearly of the same height; Dinah evidently a little the taller, as she put her arm round Hetty's waist, and kissed her forehead.

'I knew you were not in bed, my dear,' she said, in her sweet clear voice, which was irritating to Hetty, mingling with her own peevish vexation like music with jangling chains, 'for I heard you moving; and I longed to speak to you again to-night, for it is the last but one that I shall be here, and we don't know what may happen to-morrow to keep us apart. Shall I sit down with you while you do up your hair?' 'O yes,' said Hetty, hastily turning round and reaching the second chair in the room, glad that Dinah looked as if she did not notice her earrings.

Dinah sat down, and Hetty began to brush together her hair before twisting it up, doing it with that air of excessive indifference which belongs to confused self-consciousness. But the expression of Dinah's eyes gradually relieved her; they seemed unobservant of all details. 'Dear Hetty,' she said, 'it has been borne in upon my mind to-night that you may some day be in trouble—trouble is appointed for us all here below, and there comes a time when we need more comfort and help than the things of this life can give.' I want to tell you that if ever you are in trouble and need a friend that will always feel for you and love you, you have got that friend in Dinah Morris at Snowfield; and if you come to her, or send for her, she'll never forget this night, and the words she is speaking to you now. Will you remember it, Hetty?' 'Yes,' said Hetty, rather frightened. 'But why should you think I shall be in trouble? Do you know of any thing?' Hetty had seated herself as she tied on her cap, and now Dinah leaned forwards and took her hands as she answered,

'Because, dear, trouble comes to us all in this life: we set our hearts on things which it isn't God's will for us to have, and then we go sorrowing; the people we love are taken from us, and we can joy in nothing because they are not with us; sickness comes, and we faint under the burden of our feeble bodies; we go astray and do wrong, and bring ourselves into trouble with our fellow-men. There is no man or woman born into this world to whom some of these trials do not fall, and so I feel that some of them must happen to you; and I desire for you, that while you are young you should seek for strength from your Heavenly Father, that you may have a support which will not fail you in the evil day.'

Dinah paused and released Hetty's hands, that she might not hinder her. Hetty sat quite still; she felt no response within herself to Dinah's anxious affection; but Dinah's words, uttered with solemn, pathetic distinctness, affected her with a chill fear. Her flush had died away almost to paleness; she had the timidity of a luxurious pleasure-seeking nature, which shrinks from the hint of pain. Dinah saw the effect, and her tender anxious pleading became the more earnest, till Hetty, full of a vague fear that something evil was sometime to befall her, began to cry. . . . . Dinah had never seen Hetty affected in this way

before, and with her usual benignant hopefulness, she trusted it was the stirring of a divine impulse. She kissed the sobbing thing, and began to cry with her for grateful joy. But Hetty was simply in that excitable state of mind in which there is no calculating what turn the feelings may take from one moment to another, and for the first time she became irritated under Dinah's caress. She pushed her away impatiently, and said with a childish sobbing voice, 'Don't talk to me so, Dinah. Why do you come to frighten me? I've never done anything to you. Why can't you let me be?'

Poor Dinah felt a pang. She was too wise to persist, and only said mildly, 'Yes, my dear, you're tired; I won't hinder you any longer. Make haste and get into bed. Good-night.' She went out of the room almost as quietly and quickly as if she had been a ghost; but once by the side of her own bed, she threw herself on her knees, and poured out in deep silence all the passionate pity that filled her heart. As for Hetty, she was soon in the wood again—her waking dreams being merged in a sleeping life scarcely more fragmentary and confused."

This is powerful, and it seems scarcely possible that the conception of a problem so deep should be worked out with any adequate success; and yet the development is as powerful as the commencement, and the solution most powerful of all. To depict the sufferings of a sensitive but frail nature,—the remorse of guilt, the despair of shame,—this would be comparatively easy to an imagination so powerful as George Eliot's. But to deal with a nature too shallow for any real sense of guilt, too easily numbed by pain for clear thought at all, too cowardly for despair,—and to show how, by the slow, dull pressure of mingled shame and hardship, momentarily broken by a new instinct, and then renewed after a more conscious act of guilt, a dim sense of spiritual things is literally *wrung* out of this sterile little pleasure-loving life, till under Dinah's kindly influence it becomes a distinct cry for help,—this is a task as great as any which an imaginative writer below the rank of a great poet ever attempted. Let us observe with what flexibility the author contracts her own powerful imagination within the limits of Hetty's nature, and delineates the growing wretchedness and numbness of her vacant mind during the futile journey in search of Captain Donnithorne, the helpless attempt to destroy herself, and the violent shrinking of her whole being from the brink of death.

"There it was, black under the darkening sky: no motion, no sound near. She set down her basket, and then sank down herself on the grass, trembling. The pool had its wintry depth now: by the time it got shallow, as she remembered the pools did at Hayslope, in the summer, no one could find out that it was her body. But then there was her basket—she must hide that too: she must throw it into

the water—make it heavy with stones—and then throw it in. She got up to look about for stones, and soon brought five or six and she laid down beside her basket and then sat down again. There was no need to hurry—there was all the night to drown herself in. She sat leaning her elbow on the basket. She was weary, hungry. There were some buns in her basket—three, which she had supplied herself with at the place where she ate her dinner. She took them out now, and ate them eagerly, and then sat still again, looking at the pool. The soothed sensation that came over her from the satisfaction of her hunger, and this fixed, dreamy attitude, brought on drowsiness, and presently her head sank down on her knees. She was fast asleep.

When she awoke it was dark night, and she felt cold. She was right could, but then she would be in the water, and not able to walk about that she might get warm again, as she would have no resolution then.

The horror of this cold and darkness and solitude—out of all human reach—became greater every long minute: it was almost as if she were dead already, and knew that she was dead and longed to get back to life again. But no: she was alive still—she had not taken the dreadful leap. She felt a strange contradictory wretchedness and exultation; wretchedness, that she did not dare to face death; exultation, that she was still in life—that she might yet know light and warmth again. She walked backwards and forwards to warm herself, beginning to discern something of the objects around her, as her eyes became accustomed to the night: the darker line of the hedge, the rapid motion of the overhanging trees, and the pale gleaming of the grass. She remembered that if she turned round she could see the lights of Windsor, and she thought she could walk back across the fields, and get into the street, and then, in the very next field, she thought, she remembered there was a hovel of furze near a sheepfold.

She had found the shelter: she groped her way, touching the prickly gorse, to the door, and pushed it open. It was an ill-smelling close place, but warm, and there was straw on the ground: Hetty sank down on the straw with a sense of escape. Tears came—she had never shed tears before since she left Windsor—tears and sobs of hysterical joy that she had still hold of life, that she was still on the familiar earth, with the sheep near her. The very consciousness of her own limbs was a delight to her: she turned up her sleeves, and raised her arms with the passionate love of life.

Seldom has any human experience been more powerfully painted, and yet the confession in prison which Dinah at last wins from her is still more powerful. In short, the whole thread of onward history which unites the first interview between them in Hetty's bedroom with the last in her cell, is recounted with a power quite unsurpassed in fiction. With no more promising instrument to work upon than the most sterile and frivolous of characters, George Eliot has brought forth tones which are far more

pathetic than could have been extorted from a nobler type of suffering and penitence, for they seem to attest more solemnly the capacities of all men—of man. The spiritual and the earthly natures find at last a single meeting-point in the infantine cry for divine mercy which poor little Hetty puts forth to Dinah rather than to God.

The artistic conditions under which the author of *Adam Bede* works are, when she chooses, singularly favourable to the exhibition of the only kind of moral which a genuine artist should admit. No one now ever thinks of assuming that a writer of fiction lies under any obligation to dispose of his characters exactly as he would perhaps feel himself bound to deal if he could determine for them the circumstances of a real instead of an imaginary life. It was a quaint idea of the last generation to suppose that the moral tendency of a tale lay, not in discriminating evil and good, but in the zeal which induced the novelist to provide, before the end of the third volume, for plucking up and burning the tares. But though we have got over that notion, our modern satirists are leading us into the opposite extreme, and trying to convince us that even discrimination itself in such deep matters is nearly impossible. The author of the *Mill on the Floss* may not be exempt from this tendency, but in *Adam Bede* it is not discernible. The only moral in a fictitious story which can properly be demanded of writers of genius is, not to shape their tale this way or that, which they may justly decline to do on artistic grounds, but to discriminate clearly the relative nobility of the characters they do conceive; in other words, to give us light enough in their pictures to let it be clearly seen where the shadows are intended to lie. An artist who leaves it doubtful whether he recognises the distinction between good and evil at all, or who detects in all his characters so much evil that the readers sympathies must either be entirely passive or side with what is evil, is blind to artistic as well as moral laws. To banish confusion from a picture is the first duty of the artist; and confusion must exist where those lines which are the most essential of all for determining the configuration of human character are invisible or indistinctly drawn.

Moreover, we think it may be said that in painting human nature, an artist is bound to give due weight to the motives which would claim authority over him in other acts of his life; and as he would be bound at any time and in any place to do any thing in his power to make clear the relation between good and evil, the same motive ought to induce him never to omit in his drawing to put in a light or a shadow which would add to the moral truthfulness of the picture.

But this conceded, an artist must still work according to the

conditions of his own genius; and where that genius leads him only to give lively sketches, such as Miss Austen's for example, of the social externals of character, and barely to indicate the interior forces which determine its form and growth, it is unreasonable to expect more than a very superficial moral. Those stories alone can have deep morals which are concerned with the deepest moral phenomena; but where this is so they must show them in their true light. *Adam Bede* may be said to produce in this sense a deeper and nobler moral impression than any other story of our day. It exhibits in close mutual relations characters of very various degrees of moral depth. It teaches us to discriminate truly between them. It has for its centre-piece one singularly beautiful and bright character which illuminates the whole narrative, and so aids us to realise the good and the evil in all the others; and hence every conscience as well as every imagination gains fresh force and distincter vision from its perusal.

The Mill on the Floss is in every way inferior, in some respects painfully inferior, to *Adam Bede*, though we do not see in it any sign of diminished intellectual power. The author, as we have said, needs both the stimulus and the natural unity of a deeply interesting story, in order to concentrate her imagination in a defined channel of action, and prevent that tendency to diffusive sketching which characterises her genius. There is no single plot in *The Mill on the Floss*; it is a masterly fragment of fictitious biography in two volumes, followed by a second-rate one-volume novel,—the three connected into a single whole by very inadequate links. The deeper characters in the tale are not nearly so deep as those in *Adam Bede*; and the shallower characters do not serve in the same way to bring into relief the nobler characteristics of the deeper. The moral foundations of the story are almost entirely laid on the same dreary level. Moral and spiritual *perspective* there is almost none. The one character which is intended to give depth to and light up the tale at one time threatens to go out in smoke; and the shadows are any thing but clear. There is occasional confusion, both artistic and moral, some exaggeration, and one great blot.

Yet *The Mill on the Floss* is a book of great genius. Its overflowing humour would alone class its author high among the humorists, and there are some sketches in it of country English life which have all the vivacity and not a little of the power of Sir Walter Scott's best works. The proud, warm-hearted, not very clear-headed miller, whose heart is broken by bankruptcy, and whose spirit is consumed with the thirst for revenge, is a character to live in the imagination. Perhaps there may be a slight touch of Mr. Dickens's foolish habit of ticketing his cha-

racters with some definite watchword, in Mr. Tulliver's too-often reiterated comment on the puzzlingness of life, George Eliot must beware of this caricaturist's danger, which seems to threaten for the first time in this tale. But in Mr. Tulliver's case at least it is a mere threatening. His character is conceived and executed throughout with true fire, and with his death the deepest interest of the tale seems to expire. The excitement of the fragment which follows is of a spurious and theatrical sort, when compared with the sympathy which the gradual cracking of Tulliver's strong nature under the pressure of adversity, and the rankling wounds of real or fancied injury, has wrung from us. Philip Wakem is conceived with far less force, though there is genius in the sketch. But the central interest of the book is undoubtedly meant to grow out of the characters and mutual relations of the brother and sister. Merely in order adequately to explain *their* natures and destinies, all the elaborate group of aunts and uncles is said—though we think with some exaggeration—to be portrayed. If their career is a fit subject in itself, adequately conceived and artistically delineated, the book is justified; if not, it must be pronounced more or less a failure.

We have already intimated that to us it does seem, in many respects, a failure, and this on more than one ground. First, as to the artistic failure: it was a bold attempt to make the misunderstandings of a brother and sister the subject of a tragic story, and it was more than a bold, it was a very rash, attempt to do so with Tom Tulliver for one of the two chief actors. We do not deny the great power with which his character is drawn, but it is at best a hard and repulsive character. Even from the first it is difficult to feel that it could be any privilege to Maggie to be thoroughly appreciated by him. It is not easy to believe, and the author herself does not seem to believe entirely, that it was any very overwhelming misery to be depreciated by him. Hence the alienation between the brother and sister is not painful to us; the reconciliation is not a relief; and we do not feel as we are intended to feel, and ought to feel, if the tale were truly tragic,—that for Maggie to be reunited to him in the moment of their death adds any solemn satisfaction to the ending of her troubled life. The truth is, that the tale does not really, though it does formally, turn on the sister's and brother's mutual affection. Other interests have to be invoked which entirely throw this into the background; and no one can read the whole without feeling that the motto it bears, "In their deaths they were not divided," is very deceptive as a key-note to the burden of the story. Admirably as the childhood of Tom and Maggie is painted, the attachment between them is never deep on his side, and never absorbing on hers; and few

readers would have preferred the account of Mr. Tom Tulliver's death by drowning had he been drowned alone, without his sister that decent official regret which includes the final disappearance of an ably executed character. The interest which the intrinsic relation between the brother and the sister cannot excite is therefore acted out by the course of Maggie's impetuous love, and this leads us off at a tangent into a new field, where the whole issue turns on a moral problem foreign to that main subject of the story.

Nor is this merely an artistic defect. The discontinuity in the story is closely connected also with the complaints we have to make against it as regards its embodiment of moral elements. The intention of the author is to describe the growth of character in two neglected minds of widely different temperaments, the impulsive, imaginative, admiration-loving girl, and the unimaginative, self-sufficient, indefensible boy. They grow up among relations whose narrow and prejudiced traditions, thoughts, and manners stiffen all impressions that naturally stir mind and will of Tom, while they divide and react on the subtler intellect, warmer heart, and more complex nature of Maggie. The dead level of the class of society depicted is, the author tells us, as depicted intentionally, for without knowing what it was, we could not have understood this form of character assumed by either brother or sister. It was absolutely necessary, we are told, to realise that their father and mother, uncles and aunts, were virtually heathens with no gods except family traditions, customs, and local respectability, in order to understand the unreal sentimental shape which her later attempts at self-culture take in Maggie's case, and the self-satisfied dogmatism of Tom's attitude towards his sister when he thought he knew the right thing to do. For this reason it is that we are permitted no glimpse of a deeper world, except in the heroine alone, and that the rich and various forms of life which are so powerfully delineated in *Adam Bede* are exchanged for the sterile flats of Dullborough, which the author has built as well as inhabited. Such are the conditions of the children's joint world. Tom's rectitude is the natural fruit of those conditions, acting on a strong but narrow understanding and an iron will. Maggie's nature is the result of that recoil from those conditions which a noble and imaginative nature craves for sympathy and finds only admiration, would experience.

Nor have we any exception to take to the general truthfulness of the delineation. Up to the end of the second volume the effect on Maggie's mind of an isolated lot amid those who do not in the least understand her thoughts and wants, the long-suffering sympathy which leads her into virtual deception, and the neglect

engagement to the reformed and sensitive Philip Wakem, entered into from feelings that are more lofty and grateful than inequalities finely delineated. Tom's rude and almost insolent interference is equally well told. It is when we come to the third volume, which is intended to portray the effect on Maggie of an irresistible, and yet unhappy and unworthy passion, her conflict with it, the moral problems to which it leads, and her ultimate victory over it, that we seem to lose sight at once of the artistic power of the author, and of the delicate moral discrimination which is so conspicuous in *Adam Bede*.

And let us say at once that we do not believe that this tale adopts or embodies any questionable moral principle. The charge which we bring against it is not that of asserting false principles, or failing to assert true ones. The unfavourable impression produced is entirely due to the interposition, into the picture of a noble though not faultless character, of an episode so inconsistent with its general tenor as to force on us the conviction that the author does not believe any amount of native fidelity and delicacy of character powerful enough to protect her heroine against the degenerating fascination of what she calls the "law of association." She evidently estimates the natural safeguards which position, duty, and feeling in a refined and delicate nature casts around as utterly inadequate to defend her against the approaches of physical passion. She endows her with a physiological law so far above both affection and conscience in point of *strength*, that she represents Maggie as driven helplessly about on the tide of passion, and rescued at last only by the last supreme effort of a usually overpowered will.

Maggie is staying with her cousin Lucy, to whom she is tenderly attached. Her cousin is known to all but herself to Mr. Stephen Guest, while she herself is pledged as dear to Philip Wakem. But the *hero*, if we can so call him, of this unpleasant part of the book is, that a powerful physique, and the self-possessed nature which rarely goes with a diseased or delicate physique, is an essential to command the full passion of Maggie's heart, which Mr. Stephen Guest deserves for and obtains. The man is painted *large*,—now of sterling metal at all, indeed the sketch of a villain poor, and does not even realise him strongly to our minds. But the grave fault of the episode is the assumption that the ingrained affectionateness and fidelity of Maggie's nature should be no protection against the approaches of her quite *unmerited* passion for Lucy's lover. It must be remembered that, whatever were the defects of the social influences under which she is represented as having been educated, no intense regard for the claims of kindred and the

claims of justice are depicted as deeply rooted in all her relations. This feeling is painted as reproduced in full force both in brother and sister; and yet it never even occurs to the author that these deeply implanted principles would have exercised so powerful a latent effect as to counteract effectually any 'elective affinities' between her and Mr. Guest. The whole of this portion of the book is a kind of enthusiastic homage to physiological law, and seems to us as untrue to nature as it is unpleasant and indelicate. The light of a character in itself transparently beautiful is here almost extinguished in very unfragrant fumes of physiological smoke.

When we have said this, we have exhausted our moral protest. It seems to us entirely unjust to represent the final struggle as otherwise than decisive as well as noble. Exception has been taken to the following passage, as if it involved any hesitation as to the alternative between passion and duty:

> The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it: the question, whether the moment has come in which a man has fallen below the possibility of a renunciation that will carry any efficacy, and must accept the sway of a passion against which he had struggled as a trespass, is one for which we have no master-key that will fit all cases. The casuists have become a by-word of reproach; but their perverted spirit of minute discrimination was the shadow of a truth to which eyes and hearts are too often fatally sealed: the truth, that moral judgments must remain false and hollow, unless they are checked and enlightened by a perpetual reference to the special circumstances that mark the individual lot.

The clear meaning of the author is,—and it is not only true, but evidently a result of deep and thoughtful moral sentiment,—not of course that passion can or ought ever to put in a claim above duty, but that the true course of duty will change from time to time if passion be indulged, so that a return to what would once have been the right course will often be the wrong course now. In other words, though it is never too late to clear any life of moral weakness or sin, it is often too late to clear it of the consequences of former moral weakness or sin; and the time will come when to attempt to *ignore* the past, and act as though the problem of duty were unchanged by what it has brought, will be itself the most lamentable symptom of a conscience weakened by transgression. For our own part, we hold that if once, without violence to all the impressions produced by the earlier part of the book, we could imagine Maggie in the situation towards Mr. Stephen Guest into which the author has driven her, there is the most perfect delicacy and truthfulness displayed in the description of her conflict and her

victory. What we do cordially protest against, as a very dark blot on a fine picture, is the virtual assumption that the most deeply-rooted habits of thought and feeling in the finest natures are far too weak to paralyse the force of this assumed physiological omnipotence. There seem to us to be false and degrading assumptions in the delineation of the temptation, but the truest moral insight in the picture of the final conflict and the ultimate victory.

We have now indicated, imperfectly enough, the leading characteristics of the genius, whose broad and humorous sketches of English life, and profound insight into the commonest parts of the commonest natures, are likely, we trust, often to rivet our admiration afresh. We will not believe that the flavour of bitterness, the tendency slightly to magnify the dreariness and dullness of human nature, to caricature the worldliness of the world, and all the blinding dust of life, the disposition to exaggerate the relative influence of the lowest elements in our moral constitution, which appear in *The Mill on the Floss*, are any indication that one of the most genial and sunny, as well as one of the most powerful and noble, of modern English authors is losing any part of her delicate apprehension of the unfailing springs of beauty and truth. She is not in any danger of falling into that unreal ideality which ignores the minute and frail and earthly side of human nature. But there is quite as great a danger of unreality in the opposite direction,—of that unreality which is so intent on the skin and the wrinkles and the earthly fibres, that it loses all trace of the inextinguishable fountains of life beneath. The author of *Adam Bede* can scarcely fall into unreality such as this.

ART. XI.—MR. GLADSTONE.

Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Finance of the Year and the Treaty of Commerce with France. Delivered in the House of Commons, on Friday, February 10, 1860. Corrected by the Author.

We believe that Quarterly essayists have a peculiar mission in relation to the characters of public men. We believe it is their duty to be personal. This idea may seem ridiculous to some of our readers; but let us consider the circumstances carefully. We allow that personality abounds already, that the names of public men are for ever on our lips, that we never take up a newspaper without seeing them. But this incessant personality

is wholly fragmentary; it is composed of clever criticism on special traits, of captious remarks on temporary measures, of casual praise and casual blame. We can expect little else from what is written in haste, or is spoken with a light heart. Public men must bear this criticism as they can. Those whose names are perpetually in men's mouths must not be pained if singular things are sometimes said of them. Still we would deliberate truth should be spoken of our statesmen, and if Quarterly essayists do not speak it who will? We fear it will remain unspoken.

Mr. Gladstone is a problem, and it is very remarkable that he should be a problem. We have had more than ordinary means for judging of him. He has been in public life for seven-and-twenty years; he has filled some of the most conspicuous offices in the State; he has been a distinguished member of the Tory party; he is a distinguished member of the Liberal party; he has brought forward many measures; he has passed many years in independent Opposition, which is unquestionably the place most favourable to the display of personal peculiarities in Parliament; he is the greatest orator in the House of Commons; he never allows a single important topic to pass by without telling us what he thinks of it; and yet, with all these data, we are all of us in doubt about him. What he will do, and what he will think, still more, why he will do it, and why he will think it, are *quæstiones perplexæ* at every political conjuncture. At the very last ministerial crisis, when the Government of Lord Derby was on the verge of extinction, when every voice on Lord John's resolution was of critical importance, no one knew till nearly the last hour how Mr. Gladstone would vote; and in the end he voted against his present colleagues. The House of Commons gossips are generally wrong about him. Nor is the uncertainty confined to parliamentary divisions, it extends to his whole career. Who can calculate his future course? Who can tell whether he will be the greatest orator of a great administration, whether he will rule the House of Commons, whether he will be, as his gifts at first sight mark him out to be, our greatest statesman? or whether, below the gangway, he will utter unintelligible discourses, will aid in destroying many ministries and share in none, will pour forth during many hopeless years a bitter, a splendid, and a vituperative eloquence?

We do not profess that we can solve all the difficulties that are suggested even by the superficial consideration of a character so exceptional. We do not aspire to be prophets. Mr. Gladstone's destiny perplexes us—perhaps as much as it perplexes our readers. But we think that we can explain much of his past career, that many of his peculiarities are not so un-

accountable as they seem, that a careful study will show us the origin of most of them, that we may hope to indicate some of the material circumstances and conditions on which in some course depends, though we should not be bold enough to venture to foretell it.

During the discussion on the Budget, an old Whig who did not approve of it, but who had to vote for it, muttered of its author, "Ah, Oxford in the surface, but Liverpool below." And there is truth in the observation, though not in the sarcastic sense in which it was intended. Mr. Gladstone does combine in very curious way many of the characteristics with which we generally associate with the place of his education with many of those which we usually connect with the place of his birth. No one can question the first part of the observation. No man has through life been more markedly an Oxford man than Mr. Gladstone. His *Church and State*, published after he had been several years in public life, was instinct with the very spirit of the Oxford of that time. His *Homer*, published the other day, bears nearly equal traces of the school in which he was educated. Even in his ordinary style there is a tinge, half theological, half classical, which recalls the studies of his youth. Many Oxford men much object to the opinions of their distinguished representative, but none of them would deny that he remarkably embodies the peculiar results of the peculiar teaching of the place.

And yet he has something which his collegiate training never would have given him, which it is rather remarkable it has not taken away from him. There is much to be said in favour of the University of Oxford. No one can deny to it very great and very peculiar merits. But certainly it is not an exciting place, and its education tranquillizes as a narcotic rather than as a stimulant. Most of its students devote their lives to a single profession, and very many observe among their a kind of sacred formality. In many rural parishes there are men of very great cultivation, who are sedulous in their routine duties, who attend minutely to the ecclesiastical state of the souls in their village, but who are perfectly devoid of general intellectual interests. They have no anxiety to solve great problems, to busy themselves with the speculations of their age; to impress their peculiar theology—for peculiar it is both in its expression and its substance—on the educated mind of their time. Oxford, it has been said, is distinguished mainly by the absence of certain defects. At any rate since Newman left Father Newman, for all of her acknowledged

controversies. Jowett she would repudiate, and Mansel is but applying the weapons of scepticism to the service of credulity. The most characteristic of Oxford men labour quietly, delicately, and let us hope usefully, in a confined sphere; they hope for nothing more, and wish for nothing more. Even in secular literature we may observe an analogous tone. The *Saturday Review* is remarkable as an attempt on the part of "University men" to speak on the political topics and social difficulties of the time. And what do they teach us? It is something like this: "So-and-so has written a tolerable book, and we would call attention to the industry which produces tolerable books. So-and-so has devoted himself to a great subject, and we would observe that the interest now taken in great subjects is very commendable. Such-and-such a lady has delicate feelings, which are desirable in a lady, though we know that they are contrary to the facts of the world. All common persons are doing as well as they can, but it does not come to much after all. All statesmen are doing as ill as they can, and let us be thankful that *that* does not come to much either." We may search and search in vain through this repository of the results of "University teaching" for a single truth which it has established, for a single high cause which it has advanced, for a single deep thought which is to sink into the minds of its readers. We have, indeed, a nearly perfect embodiment of the corrective scepticism of a sleepy intellect. "A B says he has done something, but he has not done it; C D has made a parade of demonstrating this or that proposition, but he does not prove his case; there is one mistake in page 5, and another in page 113: a great history has been written of this or that century, but the best authorities as to that period have not been consulted, which, however, is not very remarkable, as there is nothing in them." We could easily find, if it were needful, many traces of the same indifferent habit, the same apathetic culture, in the more avowed productions of Oxford men. The shrewd eye of Mr. Emerson, stimulated doubtless by the contrast to America, quickly caught the trait. "After all," says the languid Oxford gentleman of his story, "there is nothing true and nothing new, and no matter!"

To this, as to every other species of indifferentism, Mr. Gladstone is the antithesis. Oxford has not disheartened *him*. Some of his colleagues would say they wished it had. He is interested in every thing he has to do with, and often interested too much. He proposes to put a stamp on contract notes with an eager earnestness as if the destiny of Europe, here and hereafter, depended upon its enactment. He cannot let any thing alone.

"Sir," said an old distributor of stamps in Westmoreland, "my head, sir, is worn out. I must resign. The Chancellor, sir, is imposing of things that I can't understand." The world is not well able to understand them either. The public departments break down under the pressure of the industry of their superior. Mr. Gladstone is ready to work as long as his brain will hold together—to make speeches as long as he has utterance (words he is sure to have); but the subordinate officials will not work equally hard. They have none of the excitement of origination; they will not share the credit of success. They do, however, share the discredit of failure. In the high-pressure season of this year's Budget, Acts of Parliament have been passed in which essential provisions were not to be found, in which what was intended to be enacted was omitted or exceeded, in which the marginal notes were widely astray of the text. In his literary works Mr. Gladstone is the same. His book on Homer is perhaps the most zealous work which this generation has produced. He has the enthusiasm of a German professor for the scholastic detail, for the exact meaning of word No. 1, for the precise number of times which word No. 2 is used by the poet; he has the enthusiasm of a lover for Helen, the enthusiasm of an orator for the speeches. Of his theological books we need not speak; every reader will recall the curious succession of needless *quæstiunculæ* by which their interest is marred.

Some of this energy Mr. Gladstone probably owes to the place of his birth. Lancashire is sometimes called "America-and-water;" we suspect it is America and very little water. The excessive energy natural to half-educated men who have but a single pursuit cannot, indeed, in any part of England, produce the monstrous results which it occasionally produces in the United States; it is kept in check by public opinion, by the close vicinity of an educated world. But in its own pursuit, in commerce, we question whether New York itself is more intensely eager than Liverpool,—at any rate, it is difficult to conceive how it can be. Like several other remarkable men whose families belong to the place, Mr. Gladstone has carried into other pursuits the eagerness, the industry,—we are loth to say the rashness, but the boldness—which Liverpool men apply to the business of Liverpool. Underneath the scholastic polish of his Oxford education, he has the speculative hardihood, the eager industry of a Lancashire merchant.

Such is one of the principal peculiarities which Mr. Gladstone's character presents even to a superficial observer. But something more than superficial observation is necessary really to understand a character so complicated and so odd. We will touch upon some of the traits which are among the most im-

portant; and if our minute analysis has, or seem to have, some of the painfulness of a vivisection, we would observe that a defect of this kind is in some degree inseparable from the task we have undertaken. We cannot explain the special peculiarities of a singular man of genius without a somewhat elaborate and a half-metaphysical discussion.

It is needless to say that Mr. Gladstone is a great orator. Oratory is one of the pursuits as to which there is no error. The criterion is ready. Did the audience feel? were they excited? did they cheer? These questions, and others such as these, can be answered without a mistake. A man who can move the House of Commons—still, after many changes, the most severe audience in the world—must be a great orator. The most sincere admirers and the most eager depreciators of Mr. Gladstone are agreed on this point, and it is almost the only point on which they are agreed.

It will be well, however, to pause upon this characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's genius, and to examine the nature of it, rather anxiously, because it seems to afford the true key to some of his most perplexing peculiarities. Mr. Gladstone has, beyond any other man in this generation, what we may call the oratorical *impulse*. We are in the habit of speaking of rhetoric as an art, and also of oratory as a faculty, and in both cases we speak quite truly. No man can speak without a special intellectual gift, and no man can speak well without a special intellectual training. But neither this gift of the intellect nor this education will suffice of themselves. A man must not only know what to say, he must have a vehement longing to get up and say it. Many persons, rather sceptical persons especially, do not feel this in the least. They see before them an audience,—a miscellaneous collection of odd-looking men,—but they feel no wish to convince them of any thing. "Are not they very well as they are? They believe what they have been brought up to believe." "Confirm every man in *his own* manner of conceiving," said one great sage; "A savage among savages is very well," remarked another. "You may easily take away one creed and then not be able to implant another." "You may succeed in unfitting men for their own purposes without fitting them for your purposes"—thus thinks the *cui bono* sceptic. Another kind of sceptic is distrustful, and speaks thus: "I know *I can't* convince these people; if I could, perhaps I would, but I can't. Only look at them! they have all kinds of crotchets in their heads. There is a wooden-face man in spectacles. How can you convince a wooden-face man in spectacles? And see that other man with a narrow forehead and compressed lips—is it any

use talking to him? It is of no use: do not hope that mere arguments will impair the prepossessions of nature and the steady convictions of years. Mr. Gladstone would not feel these sceptical arguments. He would get up to speak. He has the *didactic* impulse. He has the "courage of his ideas." He will convince the audience. He knows an argument which will be effective, he has one for one and another for another; he has an enthusiasm which he feels will rouse the apathetic, a demonstration which he thinks must convert the incredulous, an illustration which he hopes will drive his meaning even into the heads of the stolid. At any rate, he will try. He has *a nature*, as Coleridge might have said, towards his audience. He is sure, if they only knew what he knows, they would feel as he feels, and believe as he believes. And by this he conquers. This living faith, this enthusiasm, this confidence, call it as we will, is an extreme power in human affairs. One *croyant*, said the Frenchman, is a greater power than fifty *incrédules*. In the composition of an orator the hope, the credulous hope, that he will convince his audience is the *primum mobile*, it is the primitive incentive which is the spring of his influence and the source of his power. Mr. Gladstone has this incentive in perhaps an excessive and dangerous measure. Whatever may be right or wrong in pure finance, in abstract political economy, it is certain that no one save Mr. Gladstone would have come down with the Budget of 1860 to the Commons of 1860. No other man would have believed that such a proposal would have a chance. Yet after the warning,—the disheartening warning of a reluctant Cabinet,—Mr. Gladstone came down from a depressing sick-bed with semi-bronchitis hovering about him, entirely prevailed for the moment, and three-parts conquered after all. We will not say that *the world* is given to men of this temperament and this energy; on the contrary, there is often a turn in the tide, the ovation of the spring may be the prelude to unpopularity in autumn; but we see that *audiences* are given them; we see that unimpressible men are deeply moved by them,—that the driest topics of legislation and finance are for the instant affected by them,—that the prolonged effects of that momentary influence may be felt for many years, sometimes for centuries. The orator has a dominion over the critical instant, and the consequences of the decisions taken during that instant may last long after the orator and the audience have both passed away.

Nor is the didactic impulse the only one which is essential to a great political orator, nor is it the only one which Mr. Gladstone has. We say it with respect, but he has the *contentious* impulse. He illustrates the distinction between the

pacific and the peaceful. On all great questions, on the controversies of states and empires, Mr. Gladstone is the most pacific of mankind. He hates the very rumour of war; he trusts in moral influences; he detests the bare idea of military preparations. He will not believe that preparations are necessary till the enemy is palpable. In the early part of 1853 he did not believe that the Russian war was impending; after the conversations of the Emperor Nicholas with Sir Hamilton Seymour, he proposed to Parliament a scheme for converting some portions of the National Debt, which could only be successful if peace continued, and which, after the outbreak of the war, failed ignominiously. In 1860, *mutatis mutandis*, he has done the same. He staked his financial reputation upon a fine calculation; he gave us a Budget in which the two ends scarcely met. The Chinese war came, and they no longer meet. We believe Mr. Gladstone so much hates the bare idea of the possibility of war, that after many warnings, after at least one failure, which must have been painful, and which should have been instructive, he has refused to take even the contingency of hostilities into his calculations. Some one said he was not only a Christian, but a morbid Christian. He cannot imagine that any thing so coarse as war will occur; when it does occur, he has a tendency to disapprove of it as soon as he can. During the Russian war he soon joined, in fact if not in name, the peace-at-all-price party; he exerted his finest reasonings and his most persuasive eloquence against a war which was commenced with his consent. At the present moment no Englishman, not Mr. Bright himself, *feels* so little the impulse to arm. He will not believe in a war till he sees men fighting. He is the most pacific of our statesmen in theory and in policy.—When you see Mr. Gladstone he is about the most combative. He can bear a good deal about the politics of Europe, but let a man question the fees on vatting, or the change in the game-certificate, or the stamp on bills of lading—what melodious thunders of loquacious wrath! The world, he hints, is likely to end at such observations, and that they should be made by the honourable member who made them,—"by the honourable member who four years ago said so-and-so, and five years before that moved, &c. &c." The number of well-intentioned and tedious persons that Mr. Gladstone annually scolds into a latent dislike of him must be considerable.

But though we may smile at the minutiæ in which this contentious impulse sometimes shows itself, we must remember that the impulse itself is essential to a great political orator, every where in some degree, but in England especially. To be an influential speaker in the House of Commons, a man must

be a great debater. He must excel not only in elaborate set speeches, but likewise in quick occasional repartee. No one but a rather contentious person will ever so excel. Mr. Fox, the most genial of men, was asked why he disputed so vehemently about some trifle or other. He said, "I *must* do so; I can't live without discussion." And this is the temperament of a great debater. It must be a positive pain to him to be silent under questionable assertions, to hear others saying that which he cannot agree with. An indifferent sceptic, such as we formerly spoke of, endures this very easily. "He thinks, no doubt, what the speaker is saying is quite wrong; but people do not understand what he is saying; very likely they won't understand the answer: besides, we've a majority; what is the use of arguing when you have a majority? Let us outvote him on the spot, and go to bed." And so report says have whips argued to Mr. Gladstone, but he is ever ready. He takes up the parable of disputation at a quarter-past twelve, and goes on till he has exhausted argument, illustration, ingenuity, and research. To hardly any man have both the impulses of the political orator been given in so great a measure: the didactic orator is usually felicitous in exposition only; the great debater is, like Fox, only great when stung to reply by the *œstrus* of contention. But Mr. Gladstone is by nature, by vehement overruling nature, great in both arts; he longs to pour forth his own belief; he cannot rest till he has contradicted every one else.

In addition to this oratorical temperament, Mr. Gladstone has in a high degree the most important intellectual talent of an orator; he has what we may call an adaptive mind. He has described this himself better than most people would describe it. "Poets of modern times have composed great works, in ages that stopped their ears against them. 'Paradise Lost' does not represent the time of Charles the Second, nor the 'Excursion' the first decades of the present century. The case of the orator is entirely different. His work, from its very inception, is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapour, which he pours back upon them in a flood. The sympathy and concurrence of his time is, with his own mind, joint parent of his work. He cannot follow nor frame ideals; his choice is, to be what his age will have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him, or else not to be at all. And as when we find the speeches in Homer, we know that there must have been men who could speak them, so, from the existence of units who could speak them, we know that there must have been crowds

who could feel them." We may judge of the House of Commons in the same way from the great "Budget" speech. No one, indeed, half guides, half follows the moods of his audience more quickly, more easily, than Mr. Gladstone does. There is a little playfulness in his manner, which contrasts with the dryness of his favourite topics, and the intense gravity of his earnest character. He has the same sort of control over the minds of those he is addressing that a good driver has over the animals he guides; he feels the minds of his hearers as the driver the mouths of his horses.

The species of intellect that is required for this task is pre-eminently the advocate's intellect. The instrument of oratory, at least of this kind of oratory, is the *argumentum ad hominem*. It is "inextricably mixed up with practice." It argues from the data furnished to him "by the mind of his hearers." He receives his premises from them "like a vapour," and pours out his "conclusions upon them like a flood." Such an orator may believe his conclusions, but he can rarely believe them for the reasons which he assigns for them. He may be an enthusiast in his creed, he may be a zealot in his faith, but not the less will he be an advocate in his practice; not the less will he catch at disputable premises because his audience accepts them; not the less will he draw inferences from them which suit his momentary purpose; not the less will he accept the most startling varieties of assertion, for he will imbibe from one audience a different "vapour" of premises from that which he will receive from another; not the less will he have the chameleon-like character which we associate with a consummate advocate; not the less will he be one thing to-day, with the colour of one audience upon him; not the less will he be another to-morrow, when he has to address, persuade, and influence some different set of persons.

We scarcely think with Mr. Gladstone that this style of oratory is the very highest, though it is very natural that he should think so, for it exactly expresses the oratory in which he is the greatest living master. Mr. Gladstone's conception of oratory, in theory and in practice, is the oratory of Pitt, not the oratory of Chatham or of Burke: it is the oratory of adaptation. We do not deny that this is the kind of oratory which is most generally useful, the only kind which is commonly permissible, the only one which in general would not be a *bore*; but we must remember that there is an eloquence of great principles which the hearers scarcely heed, and do not accept—such as, in its highest parts, is the eloquence of Burke,—we must remember that there is an eloquence of great passions, of high-wrought intense feeling, which is nearly independent of the peculiarities

of its audience, because it appeals to our elemental human nature, which is the same, or much the same, in almost every audience, which is every where and always susceptible to the union of vivid genius and eager passion. Such as this last was, if we may trust tradition, the eloquence of Chatham, the source of his rare, magical, and occasional power. Mr. Gladstone has neither of these. Few speakers, equally great, have left so few passages which can be quoted, so few which embody great principles in such a manner as to be referred to by coming generations. He has scarcely given us a sentence that lives in the memory; nor is his declamation, facile and effective as it always is, the very highest declamation it is a nearly perfect expression of intellectualised sentiment, but it wants the volcanic power of primitive passion.

The prominence of advocacy in Mr. Gladstone's mind is in appearance, though not in reality, diminished by the purity and intensity of his zeal. There is an elastic heroism about him. When he begins to speak, we may know that we are going to hear what we shall not agree with. We may believe that the measures he proposes are mischievous; we may smile at the emphasis with which some of their minutiæ are insisted upon; but we inevitably feel that we have left the ordinary earth. We know that high sentiments will be appealed to by one who feels high sentiments, that strong arguments will be strongly stated by one who believes that argument should decide controversy. We know that we are beyond the realm of Sir William Hayter, we have left behind us the doctrine that corruption is the ruling power in popular assemblies, that patronage is the purchase-money of power. We are not alleging that in the real world in which we live there is not some truth —more or less of truth—in these lower maxims; but they do not rule in Mr. Gladstone's world. He was not born to be a Secretary of the Treasury. If he tried his hand at it, he would perplex the borough attorneys out of their lives. And he *could* not keep the office a month; he would evince a real disgust at detestable requests, and guide with odd impulsiveness the delicate and latent machinery. His natural element is a higher one. He has—and it is one of the springs of great power—a real faith in the higher parts of human nature; he believes, with all his heart and soul and strength, that there is such a thing as truth; he has the soul of a martyr with the intellect of an advocate.

Another of Mr. Gladstone's characteristics is an extraordinary love of labour. We have alluded several times to his taste, we might almost say his whimsical taste, for *minutiæ*. He is ready with whatever detail may be necessary on any subject,

no matter of what kind. He covers his greatest schemes with a crowd of irrelevant appendages, till it is difficult to see their outline. The Budget of 1860 was large enough and complicated enough, one would have thought, in its essential irremovable features; but its author did not think so. He had supplementary provisions respecting game-certificates, respecting the transmission of newspapers by the post, respecting "several other minuter changes with which he was almost ashamed to trouble the committee." The labour necessary to all these accessories must have been enormous. Many of the alterations may have—must have—been lying ready in his memory, or in some old note-book, for many years. But the industry to furbish them up, to get them into a practicable, or even into a proposable, shape, would frighten not only most persons, but most laborious persons. And Mr. Gladstone's energy seems to be strictly intellectual. Nothing in his outward appearance indicates the iron physique that often carries inferior men through heavy tasks. Whatever he does that is peculiar, he does by the peculiarity of his mind. He is carried through his work, or seems to be so, by pure will, zeal, and effort.

The last characteristic of Mr. Gladstone which is very remarkable, or which we shall mention, is his scholastic intellect. We have not much of this in conspicuous men in the present day; but in former times there was a good deal of it. Lord Bacon had something like it in his eye when he spoke of minds which were not "discursive" or skilful in discovering analogies, but were "*discriminative*" or skilful in detecting differences. The best scene for training this sort of intellect is the law-court. Lord Bacon must have seen much of it in the work of Gray's Inn when he was young, and traces of the discipline which he then underwent may perhaps be found even in books which were written by him many years afterwards. When, as in positive law, the first principles are fixed, there is no room for the highest originality; the only admissible controversy is whether a particular case comes or does not come within a particular principle. On this point there is room for endless distinctions and eternal hair-splitting. When the principles settled by authority are not entirely consistent, the function of this kind of distinguishing reason is even greater; it has to suggest nice refinements, which may reconcile the apparent differences between the principles themselves, as well as to settle the exact relation of the case on the facts to the doctrine of the authorities. Accordingly, the scholastic theologians of mediæval times were the most expert masters of the discriminative ratiocination which the world has ever seen. They had to reconcile the recognised authorities of the Catholic Church—

authorities vast in size, and scattered over centuries in time—with one another, with good sense, with the facts of special cases, with the general exigencies of the age. By their labour was formed that acute logic, that subtle, if unreal, philosophy which fell at the Reformation, when the authorities of the Catholic Church were no longer conclusive, and the art of arranging them was no longer important. We have learned to smile at the scholastic distinctions of former times; the inductive philosophy, which is now our most conspicuous pursuit, does not need them; the popular character of our ordinary discussion does not admit of them. In a free country we must use the sort of argument which plain men understand,—and plain men certainly do not appreciate or apprehend scholastic refinements. So at least we should say beforehand. Yet Mr. Gladstone is the statesman whose expositions have, for good or for evil, more power than those of any other; his voice is a greater power in the country of plain men than any other man's; nevertheless his intellect is of a thoroughly scholastic kind. He can distinguish between any two propositions; he never allowed, he could not allow that any two were identical: if any one on either side of the House is bold enough to infer any thing from any thing, Mr. Gladstone is ready to deny that the inference is correct,—to suggest a distinction which he says is singularly important,—to illustrate an apt subtlety which, in appearance at least, impairs the validity of the deduction. No schoolman could be readier at such work. We may find the same tendency of mind even more strikingly illustrated in his writings. At the time of the Gorham case, for example, he wrote a pamphlet on the Royal Supremacy. For the purposes of that case, it was of the last importance to determine the exact position of the Crown with respect to ecclesiastical affairs, and especially to the offence of heresy. The law at first seems distinct enough on the matter. The 1st of Elizabeth provides "that such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and preëminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority hath heretofore been or may lawfully be exercised or used for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and for reformation, order, and correction of the same, and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities, shall for ever, by authority of this present parliament, be united and annexed to the imperial crown of this realm." These words would have seemed distinct and clear to most persons. They would have seemed to give to the Crown all the power it could wish to exercise—all that any spiritual authority had ever "theretofore exercised"—all that any temporal authority could

ever use. We should think it was clear that Queen Elizabeth would have applied a rather summary method of instruction to any one who attempted to limit the jurisdiction conferred by this enactment. If Mr. Gladstone had lived in the times about which he was writing, he may have had to make a choice between being silent and being punished; but in the times of Queen Victoria he is not subjected to an alternative so painful. He writes securely:

"We have now before us the terms of the great statute which, from the time it was passed, has been the actual basis of the royal authority in matters ecclesiastical: and I do not load these pages by reference to declarations of the Crown, and other public documents less in authority than this, in order that we may fix our view the more closely upon the expressions of what may fairly be termed a fundamental law in relation to the subject-matter before us.

"The first observation I make is this: there is no evidence in the words which have been quoted that the Sovereign is, according to the intention of the statute, the source or fountain-head of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. They have no trace of such a meaning, in so far as it exceeds (and it does exceed) the proposition, that this jurisdiction has been by law united or annexed to the Crown.

"I do not now ask what have been the glosses of lawyers—what are the reproaches of polemical writers—or even what attributes may be ascribed to prerogative, independent of statute, and therefore applicable to the Church before as well as after the Reformation. I must for the purposes of this argument assume what I shall never cease to believe until the contrary conclusion is demonstrated by fact, namely, that in the case of the Church justice is to be administered from the English bench upon the same principles as in all other cases—that our judges, or our judicial committees, are not to be our legislators—and that the statutes of the realm, as they are above the sacred majesty of the Queen, so are likewise above their ministerial interpreters. It was by statute that the changes in the position of the Church at that great epoch were measured—by statute that the position itself is defined; and the statute, I say, contains no trace of such a meaning as that the Crown either originally was the source and spring of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or was to become such in virtue of the annexion to it of the powers recited; but simply bears the meaning, that it was to be master over its administration."

So that which seems a despotism is gradually pruned down into a vicegerency. "All the superiorities and preëminences spiritual and ecclesiastical," which had ever been lawfully exer-

cised are restricted to the single function of regulation; and by a judicious elaboration the Crown becomes scarcely the head of the Church, but only the *visitor* and corrector of it, as of several other corporations. We are not now concerned with the royal supremacy—we have no wish to hint or intimate an opinion on a vast legal discussion; but we *are* concerned with Mr. Gladstone. And we venture to say that a subtler gloss, more scholastically expressed, never fell from lawyer in the present age, or from schoolmen in times of old.

The great faculties we have mentioned give Mr. Gladstone, it is needless to say, an extraordinary influence in English politics. England is a country governed mainly by labour and by speech. Mr. Gladstone will work and can speak, and the result is what we see. With a flowing eloquence and a lofty heroism; with an acute intellect and endless knowledge; with courage to conceive large schemes, and a voice which will persuade men to adopt those schemes,—it is not singular that Mr. Gladstone is of himself a power in parliamentary life. He can do there what no one else living can do.

But the effect of these peculiar faculties is by no means unmixedly favourable. In almost every one of them some faulty tendency is latent, which may produce bad effects—in Mr. Gladstone's case has often done so, perhaps does so still. His greatest characteristic, as we have indicated, is the singular vivacity of his oratorical impulse. But great as is the immediate power which a vehement oratorical propensity, when accompanied by the requisite faculties, secures to the possessor, the advantage of possessing it, or rather of being subject to it, is by no means without an alloy. We have all heard that Paley said he knew nothing against some one *but* that he was a popular preacher. And Paley knew what he was saying. The oratorical impulse is a *disorganising* impulse. The higher faculties of the mind require a certain calm, and the excitement of oratory is unfavourable to that calm. We know that this is so with the hearers of oratory; we know that they are carried away from their fixed principles, from their habitual tendencies, by a casual and unexpected stimulus. We speak commonly of the power of the orator. But the orator is subject himself to much the same calamity. The force which carries away his hearers must first carry away himself. He will not persuade any of his hearers unless he has first succeeded, for the moment at least, in persuading his own mind. Every exciting speech is conceived, planned, and spoken with excitement. The orator feels in his own nerves, even in a greater degree, that electric thrill which he is to communicate to his hearers. The telling ideas take hold of him with a sort of *seizure*. They fasten close upon

his brain. He has a sort of passionate impulse to tell them. He hungers, as a Greek would have said, till they are uttered. His mind is full of them. He has the vision of the audience in his mind. Until he has persuaded these men of these things, life is tame, and its other stimulants are uninteresting. So much excitement is evidently unfavourable to calm reflection and deliberation. Mr. Pitt is said to have thought more of the manner in which his measures would strike the House than of the manner in which, when carried, they would work. Of course he did—every great orator will do so, unless he has a supernatural self-control. An ordinary man sits down—say to make a Budget: he arranges the accounts; adds up the figures; contrasts the effects of different taxes; works out steadily hour after hour their probable incidence, first of one, then of another. Nothing disturbs him. With the orator it is different. During that whole process he is disturbed by the vision of his hearers. How they will feel, how they will think, how they will like his proposals,—cannot but occur to him. He hears his ideas rebounding in the cheers of his hearers, he is disheartened at fancying that they will fall tamely on an inanimate and listless multitude. He is subject to two temptations; he is turned aside from the conceptions natural to the subject by an imagination of his audience; his own eager temperament naturally inclines him to the views which will excite that audience most effectually. The tranquil deposit of ordinary ideas is interrupted by the sudden eruption of volcanic forces. We know that the popular instinct suspects the judgment of great orators; we know that it does not give them credit for patient equanimity; and the popular instinct is right.

Nor is cool reflection the only higher state of mind which the oratorical impulse interferes with; we believe that it is singularly unfavourable also to the exercise of the higher kind of imagination. Several great poets have written good dramatic harangues; but no great practical orator has ever written a great poem. The creative imagination requires a singular calm: it is "the still unravished bride of quietness," as the poets say —"the foster-child of silence and slow time." No great work has ever been produced except after a long interval of still and musing meditation. The oratorical impulse interferes with this. It breaks the exclusive brooding of the mind upon the topic; it brings in a new set of ideas, the faces of the audience and the passions of listening men; it *jerks* the mind, if the expression may be allowed, just when the delicate poetry of the mind is crystallising into symmetry. The process is stayed, and the result is marred.

Mr. Gladstone has suffered from both these bad effects of

the oratorical temperament. His writings, even on imaginative subjects, even on the poetry of Homer, are singularly devoid of the highest imagination. They abound in acute remarks; they excel in industry of detail; they contain many animated and some eloquent passages. But there is no central conception running through them; there is no binding idea in them; there is nothing to fuse them together; they are elaborate aggregates of varied elements; they are not shaped and consolidated wholes. Nor, it is remarkable, has his style the delicate graces which mark the productions of the gentle and meditative mind; there is something hard in its texture, something dislocated in its connections. In his writings, where he is removed from the guiding check of the listening audience, he starts off, just where you least expect it. He hurries from the main subject to make a passing and petty remark. As he has not the central idea of his work vividly before him, he overlays it with tedious, accessory, and sometimes irrelevant detail.

His intellect has suffered also. He is undeniably defective in tenacity of first principle. Probably there is nothing which he would less like to have said of him, and yet it is certainly true. We speak of course of intellectual consistency, not of moral probity. And he has not an *adhesive* mind; such adhesiveness as he has is rather to projects than principles. We will give—it is all we have space to give—a single remarkable instance of his peculiar mutability. He has adhered to his projects of reducing the amount levied in England by indirect taxation in the year 1860. He announced in 1853 that he would do so, and, what was singular enough, he was able to do it when the time came. But this superficial consistency must not disguise from us the entire inconsistency in abstract principle between the Budget of 1853 and the Budget of 1860. The most important element in English finance at present is the income-tax. In 1853 that tax was, Mr. Gladstone explained to us, an occasional, an exceptional, a sacred reserve. It had done much that was wonderful for our fathers in the French war; Sir R. Peel had used it with magical efficiency in our own time; but it was to be kept for first-rate objects. In 1860 the income-tax has become the tax *of all work*. Whatever is to be done, whatever other tax is to be relinquished, it is but a penny more or a penny less of this ever-ready and omnipotent impost. We do not blame Mr. Gladstone for changing his opinion. We believe that an income-tax of moderate amount should be a permanent element in our financial system. We think that additions to it from time to time are the best ways of meeting any sudden demand for exceptional expenditure. But we cannot be unaware of the transition which he has

made. His opinion as to our most remarkable tax has varied, not only in detail, but in essence. It was to be a rare and residuary agency; it is now a permanent and principal force. The inconsistency goes further. He used to think that he would be guilty of a "high political offence" if he altered the present mode of assessing the income-tax, if he equalised the pressure on industrial and permanent incomes. But he is now ready to *consider* any plan with that object,—in other words, he is ready to do it if he can. A great change in his fundamental estimate of our greatest tax has made an evident and indisputable change in his mode of viewing proposed reforms and alterations in it.

Mr. Gladstone's inclination—his unconscious inclination for the art of advocacy—increases his tendency to suffer from the characteristic temptations of his oratorical temperament. It is scarcely necessary to say that professional advocacy is unfavourable to the philosophical investigation of truth; a more battered commonplace cannot be found any where. To catch at whatever turns up in favour of your own case; to be obviously blind to every thing which tells in favour of the case of your adversary; to imply doubts as to principles which it is not expedient to deny; to suggest with delicate indirectness the conclusive arguments in favour of principles which it is not wise directly to affirm,—these, and such as these, are the arts of the advocate. A political orator has them almost of necessity, and Mr. Gladstone is not exempt from them. Indeed, without any fault of his own, he has them, if not to an unusual extent, at least with a very unusual conspicuousness. His vehement temperament, his "intense and glowing mind," drive him into strong statements, into absolute and unlimited assertions. He lays down a principle of tremendous breadth to establish a detail of exceeding minuteness. He is not a "hedging" advocate. He does not understand the art which Hume and Peel, different as were their respective spheres,—practised with almost equal effect in those spheres. Mr. Gladstone dashes forth to meet his opponents. He will believe easily,—he will state strongly whatever may confute them. An incessant use of ingenious and unqualified principles is one of Mr. Gladstone's most prominent qualities; it is unfavourable to exact consistency of explicit assertion, and to latent consistency of personal belief. His scholastic intellect makes matters worse. He will show that any two principles are or may be consistent; that if there is an apparent discrepancy, they may still, after the manner of Oxford, "be held

One of the most remarkable of Father Newman's sermons explains how science teaches that the earth

goes round the sun, and how Scripture teaches that the sun goes round the earth; and it ends by advising the discreet believer to accept *both*. Both, it is suggested, may be accommodations to our limited intellect—aspects of some higher and less discordant unity. We have often smiled at the recollection of the old Oxford training in watching Mr. Gladstone's ingenious "reconcilements." It must be pleasant to have an argumentative acuteness which is quite sure to extricate you, at least in appearance, from any intellectual scrape. But it is a dangerous weapon to use, and particularly dangerous to a very conscientious man. He will not use it unless he believes in its results; but he will try and believe in its results in order that he may use it. We need not spend further words in proving that a kind of advocacy at once acute, refined, and vehement, is unfavourable both to consistency of statement and to tenacious sluggishness of belief.

In this manner the disorganising effects of his greatest peculiarities have played a principal part in shaping Mr. Gladstone's character and course. They have helped to make him annoy the old Whigs, confound the country gentlemen, and puzzle the nation generally. They have contributed to bring on him the long array of depreciating adjectives, 'extravagant,' 'inconsistent,' 'incoherent,' and 'incalculable.'

Mr. Gladstone's intellectual history has aggravated the unfavourable influence of his characteristic tendencies. Such a mind as his required, beyond any man's, the early inculcation of a steadying creed. It required that the youth, if not the child, should be father to the man; it required that a set of fixed and firm principles should be implanted in his mind in its first intellectual years,—that those principles should be precise enough for its guidance, tangible enough to be commonly intelligible, true enough to stand the wear and tear of ordinary life. The tranquil task of developing coherent principle might have calmed the vehemence of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual impulses, —might have steadied the impulsive discursiveness of his nature. A settled and plain creed which was in union with the belief of ordinary men might have kept Mr. Gladstone in the common path of plain men—might have made him intelligible and safe. But he has had no such good fortune. He began the world with a vast religious theory; he embodied it in a book on Church and State; he defended it, as was said, mistily,—at any rate, he defended it in a manner which requires much careful pains to appreciate, and much preliminary information to understand; he puzzled the ordinary mass of English Churchmen; he has been half out of sympathy with them ever since. The creed which he had chosen, or which his Oxford training

stamped upon him, was one not likely to be popular with common Englishmen: it has a scholastic appearance and a mystical essence which they dislike almost equally; but this was not its worst defect. It was a theory which broke down when it was tried. It was a theory with definite practical consequences, which no one in these days will accept—which no one in these days will propose. It was a theory to be shattered by the slightest touch of real life, for it had a definite teaching which was inconsistent with the facts of that life—which all persons who were engaged in it were, on some ground or other, unanimous in rejecting. In Mr. Gladstone's case it has been shattered. He maintained that a visible church existed upon earth; that every state was bound to be directed by that church; that all members of that state should, if possible, be members of that church; that at any rate none of the members should be utterly out of sympathy with her; that the state ought to aid her in her characteristic work, and refrain from aiding all her antagonists in that work; that within her own sphere the church, though thus aided, is substantially independent; that she has an absolute right to elect her own bishops, to determine her own creed, to make her own definitions of orthodoxy and heresy. This is the high Oxford creed; and, in all essential points, it was Mr. Gladstone's first creed. But a curious series of instructive events proved that England at least would not adopt it,—that the actual Church of England is not the church of which it speaks,—that the actual English State is by no means the state of which it speaks. The additional endowment of the Maynooth College which Sir Robert Peel proposed was an express relinquishment of the principle that the Church of England had an exclusive right to assistance from the State; it proved that the Conservative party—the special repository of constitutional traditions—was ready to aid a different and antagonistic communion. The removal of the Jewish disabilities struck a still deeper blow: it proved that persons who could not be said to participate in even the rudiments of Anglican doctrine might be prime ministers and rulers in England. The theory of the exclusive union of a visible church with a visible state vanished into the air. The real world would not endure it. We fear it must be said that the theory of the substantial independence of the English church has vanished too. The case of Dr. Hampden proved conclusively that the intervention of the English church in the election of her bishops was an ineffectual ceremony; that it could not be galvanised into effective life; that it was one of those lingering relics of the past which the steady English people are so loth to disturb. Undisputed practice shows that the prime

minister, who is clearly secular prince, is the dispenser of ecclesiastical dignities. And the judgment of her Majesty's Council in the Gorham case went further yet. It touched on the finest and tenderest point of all. It decided that, on the critical question, heresy or no heresy, the final appeal was not to an ecclesiastical court, but to a lay court—to a court, not of saintly theologians, but of tough old lawyers, to men of the world most worldly. The Oxford dream of an independent church, the Oxford dream of an exclusive church, are both in practice forgotten; their very terms are strange in our ears; they have no reference to real life. Mr. Gladstone has had to admit this. He has voted for the endowment of Maynooth; he has voted for the admission of Jews to the House of Commons; he has acquiesced in the Hampden case; he sees daily the highest patronage of the church distributed by Lord Palmerston, the very man who, on any high-church theory, ought not to dispense it, to the very men who, on any high-church theory, ought not to receive it. He wrote a pamphlet on the Gorham case, but he does not practically propose to alter the constitution of the judicial committee of the Privy Council; he has never proposed to bring in a bill for that purpose; he acquiesces in the supreme decision of the most secular court which can exist over the most peculiarly ecclesiastical questions that can be thought of. These successive changes do credit to Mr. Gladstone's good sense; they show that he has a susceptible nature, that he will not live out of sympathy with his age. But what must be the effect of such changes upon any mind, especially on a delicate and high-toned mind. They tend, and must tend, to confuse the first principles of belief; to disturb the best landmarks of consistency; to leave the mind open to attacks of oratorical impulse; to foster the catching habit of advocacy; to weaken the guiding element in a disposition which was already defective in that element. The "movement of 1833," as Father Newman calls it, has wrecked many fine intellects, has broken many promising careers: it could not do either for Mr. Gladstone, for his circumstances were favourable, and his mental energy was far too strong; but it has done him harm, nevertheless; it has left upon his intellect a weakening strain and a distorting mark.

Mr. Gladstone was a likely man to be enraptured with the first creed with which he was thrown, and to push it too far. He wants the warning instincts. Some one said of him formerly, "He may be a good Christian, but he is an atrocious pagan;" and the saying is true. He has not a trace of the protective morality of the old world, of the *modus in rebus*, the *μέσον*, the shrinking from an extreme which are the prominent characteristics of the ethics of the old world, which are

still the guiding creed of the large part of the world that is scarcely altered after two thousand years. And this much we may concede to the secular moralists,—unless a man have from nature a selective tact which shuns the unlimited, unless he have a detective instinct which unconsciously but sensitively shrinks from the extravagant, he will never enjoy a placid life, he will not pass through a simple and consistent career. The placid moderation which is necessary to coherent success cannot be acquired, it must be born.

Perhaps we may seem already to have more than accounted for the prominence of Mr. Gladstone's characteristic defects. We may seem to have alleged sufficient reasons for his being changeable and impulsive, a vehement advocate, and an audacious financier. But we had other causes to assign which have aggravated these faults. We shall not, indeed, after what we have said, venture to dwell on them at length. We will bear in mind the precept, "If you wish to exhaust your readers, exhaust your subject." But we will very slightly allude to them.

A writer like Mr. Gladstone, fond of deriving illustration from the old theology, might speak of public life in England as an *economy*. It is a world of its own, far more than most Englishmen are aware of. It presents the characters of public men in a disguised form; and by requiring the seeming adoption of much which is not real, it tends to modify and to distort much which is real. An English statesman in the present day lives by following public opinion; he may profess to guide it a little; he may hope to modify it in detail; he may help to exaggerate and to develop it; but he hardly hopes for more. Many seem not willing to venture on so much. And what does this mean except that such a statesman has to follow the varying currents of a varying world; to adapt his public expressions, if not his private belief, to the tendencies of the hour; to be in no slight measure the slave—the petted and applauded slave, but still the slave—of the world which he seems to rule. Nor is this all. A minister is not simply the servant of the public, he is likewise the advocate of his colleagues. No one supposes that a cabinet can ever agree; when did fifteen able men—fifteen able men, more or less rivals—ever agree on any thing? We are aware that differences of opinion, more or less radical, exist in every cabinet; that the decisions of every cabinet are in nearly every case modified by concession; that a minority of the cabinet frequently dissents from them. Yet all this latent discrepancy of opinion is never hinted at, much less is it ever avowed. A cabinet minister comes down to the House habitually to vote and occasionally to speak

in favour of measures which he much dislikes, from which he has in vain attempted to dissuade his colleagues. The life of a great minister is the life of a great advocate. No life can be imagined which is worse for a mind like Mr. Gladstone's. He was naturally changeable, susceptible, prone to unlimited statements—to vehement arguments. He has followed a career in which it is necessary to follow a changing guide, and to obey more or less, but always to some extent, a fluctuating opinion; to argue vehemently for tenets which you dislike; to defend boldly a given law to-day, to propose boldly that the same law should be repealed to-morrow. Accumulated experience shows that the public life of our parliamentary statesmen is singularly unsteadying, is painfully destructive of coherent principle; and we may easily conceive how dangerous it must be to a mind like Mr. Gladstone's—to a mind, by its intrinsic nature, impressible, impetuous, and unfixed.

What, then, is to be the future course of the remarkable statesman whose excellencies and whose faults we have ventured to analyse at such length? No wise man would venture to predict. A wise man does not predict much in this complicated world, least of all will predict the exact course of a perplexing man in perplexing circumstances. But we will hazard three general remarks.

First, Mr. Gladstone is essentially a man who cannot impose his creed *on* his time, but must learn his creed *of* his time. Every parliamentary statesman must, as we have said, do so in some measure; but Mr. Gladstone must do so above all men. The vehement orator, the impulsive advocate, the ingenious but somewhat unsettled thinker, is the last man from whom we should expect an original policy, a steady succession of mature and consistent designs. Mr. Gladstone may well be the expositor of his time, the advocate of its conclusions, the admired orator in whom it will take pride; but he cannot be more. Parliamentary life rarely admits the autocratic supremacy of an original intellect; the present moment is singularly unfavourable to it; Mr. Gladstone is the last man to obtain it.

Secondly, Mr. Gladstone will fail if he follow the seductive example of Sir R. Peel. It is customary to talk of the unfavourable circumstances in which the latter was placed, but in one respect those circumstances were favourable. He had very unusual means of learning the ideas of his time. They were forced upon him by a loud and organised agitation. The repeal of the corn-laws, the revival of the Catholic disabilities,—the two acts by which he will be remembered,—were not chosen by him, but exacted from him. The world around him clamoured for them. But no future statesman can hope to have such an ad-

vantage. The age in which Peel lived was an age of destruction; the measures by which he will be remembered were abolitions. We have now reached the term of the destructive period. We cannot abolish all our laws; we have few remaining with which educated men find fault. The questions which remain are questions of construction,—how the lower classes are to be admitted to a share of political power, without absorbing the whole power; how the natural union of Church and State is to be adapted to an age of divided religious opinion, and to the necessary conditions of a parliamentary government. These, and such as these, are the future topics of our home policy. And on these the voice of the nation will never be very distinct. Destruction is easy, construction is very difficult. A statesman who will hereafter learn what our real public opinion is, will not have to regard loud agitators, but to disregard them; will not have to yield to a loud voice, but to listen for a still small voice; will have to seek for the opinion which is treasured in secret rather than for that which is noised abroad. If Mr. Gladstone will accept the conditions of his age; if he will guide himself by the mature, settled, and cultured reflection of his time, and not by its loud and noisy organs; if he will look for that which is thought rather than for that which is said,—he may leave a great name, be useful to his country, may steady and balance his own mind. But if not, not. The coherent efficiency of his career will depend on the guide which he takes, the index which he obeys, the *δαίμων* which he consults.

There are two topics which are especially critical. Mr. Gladstone must not object to war because it is war, or to expenditure because it is expenditure. Upon these two points Mr. Gladstone has shown a tendency,—not, we hope, an uncontrollable tendency, but still a tendency—to differ from the best opinion of the age. He has been unfortunately placed. His humane and Christian feelings are opposed to war; he has a financial ideal which has been distorted, if not destroyed, by a growing expenditure. But war is often necessary; finance is but an end; money is but a means. A statesman who would lead his age must learn its duties. It may be that the defence of England, the military defence, is one of our duties; if so, we must not sit down to count the cost. If so, it is not the age for arithmetic. If so, it is for our statesmen—it is especially for Mr. Gladstone, who is the most splendidly gifted amongst them—to sacrifice cherished hopes; to forego treasured schemes; to put out of their thoughts the pleasant duties of a pacific time; to face the barbarism of war; to vanquish the instinctive shrinkings of a delicate mind.

Lastly, Mr. Gladstone must beware how he again commits himself to a long period of bewildering opposition. Office is a steadying situation. A minister has means of learning from his colleagues, from his subordinates, from unnumbered persons who are only too ready to give him information what the truth is, and what public opinion is. Opposition, on the other hand, is an exciting and a misleading situation. The bias of every one who is so placed is to oppose the ministry. Yet on a hundred questions the ministry are likely to be right. They have special information, long consultations, skilled public servants to guide them. On most points there is no misleading motive. Every minister decides, to the best of his ability, upon most of the questions which come before him. A bias to oppose him, therefore, is always dangerous. It is peculiarly dangerous to those in whom the contentious impulse is strong, whose life is in debate. If Mr. Gladstone's mind is to be kept in a useful track, it must be by the guiding influence of office; by an exemption from the misguiding influence of opposition.

No one desires more than we do that Mr. Gladstone's future course should be enriched, not only with oratorical fame, but with useful power. Such gifts as his are amongst the rarest that are given to men; they are amongst the most valuable; they are singularly suited to our parliamentary life. England cannot afford to lose such a man. If in the foregoing pages we have seemed often to find fault, it has not been for the sake of finding fault. It is *necessary* that England should comprehend Mr. Gladstone. If the country have not a true conception of a great statesman, his popularity will be capricious, his power irregular, and his usefulness insecure.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

Modern Painters, Vol. V., completing the work, and containing: Part VI. Of Leaf Beauty; VII. Of Cloud Beauty; VIII. Of Ideas of Relation, (1) Of Invention Formal; IX. Of Ideas of Relation, (2) Of Invention Spiritual. By John Ruskin, M.A. Smith and Elder.

Froude's History of England. Vols. V. and VI. J. W. Parker.

[Reviewed in Article IX.]

Lord Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings. 2 vols. Longman.

[Containing many striking essays of Lord Macaulay not previously collected; as, for example, the remarkable essay on Barère.]

Metaphysics; or, the Philosophy of Consciousness, Phenomenal and Real. By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D. Black.

[A reprint from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The "Phenomenal" section is distinguished by Mr. Mansel's well-known acuteness; the "Ontological" section reproduces the views on which we have commented in former Numbers.]

The Province of Reason: a Criticism of the Bampton Lecture on the "Limits of Religious Thought." By John Young, LL.D. Smith and Elder.

[The author has got well hold of the fundamental errors in Mr. Mansel's book, but his treatment of them is not very satisfactory.]

Christ in Life: Life in Christ. By J. C. M. Bellew. Chapman and Hall.

[Eloquent, and marked by the characteristic faults and merits of eloquence.]

Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us. By T. E. Poynting. Whitfield.

[The second part of this book is a very thoughtful and valuable contribution to the philosophy of science, which we should have preferred to have had alone. It deserves careful study.]

Thoughts in Aid of Faith, gathered chiefly from recent works in Theology and Philosophy. By Sara S. Hennell. George Manwaring.

[We would be the last to deny that these thoughts *are* an aid to Miss Hennell's faith. They are earnest, intelligent, and candid. But the Pantheistic Positivism they preach, compounded of Comte, Spencer, Buckle, and Strauss, would aid *our* faith only as the study of negatives aids us in grasping affirmatives.]

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter; with a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with many Copies from his own Sketches. Edward Moxon.

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by Tom Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. Murray.

[A very amusing book, full of point and anecdote.]

Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy. By his Son, M. A. Shee, Esq. 2 vols. Longmans.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel. By Sir Lawrence Peel. Longmans.

[Not excellent, though both the eminence of the writer and his relationship to the subject of the biography will ensure it a certain measure of attention.]

Filippo Strozzi: a History of the Last Days of Old Italian Liberty. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

Robert Owen and his Social Philosophy. By William Lucas Sargant. Smith and Elder.

[A respectable book on a subject of more than ordinary capabilities.]

The Arrest of the Five Members. By John Forster. Murray.

[A book of sterling value, containing much new detail, and rich illustrations from D'Ewes' Journal and the public records in the State-Paper Office, though bringing out no new feature of any great importance. The inaccuracies of Clarendon are examined and exposed. In form the book is too discontinuous, and too much encumbered with notes.]

The History of Italy from the Abdication of Napoleon I.; with Introductory References to that of Earlier Times. By Isaac Butt, M.P. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Wycliffe and the Huguenots; or, Sketches of the Rise of the Reformation in England, and of the early History of Protestantism in France. By the Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D. Constable.

Rights of Nations; or, the New Law of European States applied to the Affairs of Italy. By Count Mamiani. Translated and edited by Roger Acton. Jeffs.

[A work well worthy of the careful translation it has here obtained.]

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. By Captain Richard F. Burton. With Map and Illustrations. 2 vols. Longmans.

A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas; with Sporting Adventures in the Vale of Cashmere. Edited by Mountaineer. Hurst and Blackett.

The Hunting-Grounds of the Old World. By the Old Shekarry. Saunders and Otley.

An Arctic Boat-Journey in the Autumn of 1854. By Isaac Hayes. Bentley.

[Full of interest, in consequence both of the light cast on the character of the Esquimaux and of the Arctic adventure.]

The Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff, the Bokhara Missionary. Second edition. Vol. I. Saunders and Otley.

Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labours in East Africa. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf. With Portrait and coloured Illustrations of Scenery and Costume. Trübner.

Wild Sports of India. By Captain Henry Shakespear. Smith and Elder.

[An unaffected and interesting account of perilous sports.]

A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its celebrated Authors from the 12th century down to the present time. By Octave Delepierre, LL.D. Compiled from Flemish sources. Murray.

Town and Forest. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Bentley.

[Contains a pleasant and fresh account of missionary labours among the gipsies of Hainault Forest.]

Scarsdale; or, Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border Thirty Years ago. Smith and Elder.

Stories from the Sandhills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen. Bentley.

[One of Mr. Andersen's most charming collections of tales.]

Artist and Craftsman. Macmillan.

Castle Richmond. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

[Not one of Mr. Trollope's most highly-finished novels, but interesting, lively, and vigorous.]

A Lady in her own Right. By Westland Marston. Macmillan.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. 3 vols. Blackwood.

[Noticed in Article X.]

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1860.

ART. I.—THE FRANKS AND THE GAULS.

The Franks, from their first Appearance in History to the Death of King Pepin. By Walter C. Perry. London, 1857.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vols. I. and II. London, 1858-60.

The History of France. By Parke Godwin. Vol. I.: Ancient Gaul. London and New York, 1860.

WE think it right, at the beginning of this Article, to tell our readers exactly what we are going to talk about, and what we are not. Though we have transcribed the names of three books as the beginning of our task, we are not going minutely to criticise any one of the three. We are not going to plunge into any antiquarian minutiæ about the settlement of the Franks in Gaul, or to perplex ourselves and our readers with any questions as to Leudes, Antrustions, and Scabini. Still less are we about to enter on the disputed ground of Gaulish or British ethnology,—to trace out the exact line of demarcation between the Gael and the Cymry, or to decide the exact relations of the Belgæ either to them or to their Teutonic neighbours. Both these subjects possess an interest and an importance which we should be the last to depreciate. And of the books which stand at the head of this Article, two at least might be well worthy of a formal review. The volumes both of Mr. Perry and Mr. Godwin have considerable merit; Mr. Godwin, especially, displays no small amount of the true historic power, though his book is throughout strangely disfigured by errors in detail. But neither the subjects nor the books form our imme-

diate business; our present object is to pass rapidly through the whole history of Gaul and France, from the earliest period down to our own day. We wish to take a general survey of Gaulish and Frankish history from a point of view which we think is not commonly understood, but which strikes us as well suited to throw a very important light alike upon the history of remote ages and upon the most recent events of our own day. The past and the present are for ever connected; but the mode of connection which exists between them differs widely in different cases. Past history and modern politics are always influencing one another; but the forms which their mutual influence takes are infinitely various. Sometimes the business of the historian is to point out real connections and real analogies which the world at large does not perceive. This is most conspicuously his duty in dealing with what is called the "ancient" history of Greece and Italy, and, to a large extent also, in dealing with the early and mediæval history of our own island. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is his duty to upset false connections and false analogies, which have not only misled historical students, but have often exercised a most baneful influence upon public affairs. This is his primary duty when dealing with the history of Gaul and France. It is something to show that the old history of Athens and of Rome is no assemblage of lifeless chronicles, but the truest text-book for the real statesman of every age. It is something to show that the England of our own times is in every important respect identical with the England of our earliest being. But it is something no less valuable to break down false assumptions which pervert the truth of history, and enable designing men to throw a false colour over unprincipled aggressions. If it is worth our while to show that Queen Victoria is in every sense the true successor of Cerdic and Alfred and Edward I., it is no less worth our while to show that Louis Napoléon Buonaparte is in no conceivable sense the successor of Clovis and of Charles the Great.

There is perhaps nothing which people in general find more difficult to master than the science of historical geography. Few men indeed there are who fully realise the way in which nations have changed their places, and countries have changed their boundaries. We say "fully realise", because the facts are continually known in a kind of way, when there is no sort of living realisation of them. People know things and, so to speak, do not act upon their knowledge. Almost every body has heard, for instance, of the succession of "the Britons" and "the Saxons" in this island. A man knows in a kind of way that "the Saxons" are his own forefathers, and that they drove "the Britons" into a corner; but he does

not fully take in the fact that these "Britons" and "Saxons" are simply Welshmen and Englishmen. When Dr. Guest, like a good and accurate scholar, talks of "the English" in the fifth and sixth centuries, to most ears it sounds like a paradox. In the mean while, the most unmistakable Teutons will talk glibly about "our British ancestors," and see no absurdity in the title of Haydon's picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury." Similarly men have a sort of notion that Gaul is the "ancient name" of France, and France the "modern name" of Gaul. A man sees "Charlemagne" called "King of France," and he thinks that the France of Charlemagne is the same as the France of Lewis XIV. or of Louis Napoleon. One cause of the evil is, of course, the want of proper historical maps. Every household, nay every university, does not boast a copy of Spruner's Hand-Atlas. People are set to read the history of the world with two sets of maps. One is to serve from Adam to Theodoric or to Charles V.—we are not quite sure which; the other, from Theodoric or Charles V. to the year 1860. They sit down to read about John and Philip Augustus either with a map of Roman Gaul, or with a map of Napoleonic France. Now, if you want to find the homes of the Twelve Peers of France, it is no light matter to do so when you have to choose between a map showing you only Lugdunensis and Germania Prima, and a map showing you only the departments of Gironde and of Ille and Vilaine. People read of the return of Richard Cœur-de-Lion from the East,—how he falls into the hands of the Duke of Austria, and is presently passed over into those of the "Emperor of Germany." This duke and this emperor are persons not a little mysterious to those whose only idea of "Austria" is something which takes in Venetia at the one end and Transylvania at the other. If a man in this state of mind came across a copy of Eginhard, and found Mainz, Köln, and Trier spoken of as cities of "Francia," he would think that he had hit upon an irrefragable argument in favour of the claims of Paris to the frontier of the Rhine. A "King of France" once reigned upon the Elbe, the Danube, the Tiber, and the Ebro! A patriotic Frenchman will trumpet the discovery abroad as the greatest of triumphs; a patriotic Englishman might perhaps be inclined to hide so dangerous a light under the first bushel. Our business just now is to show that the fact tells quite the other way, so far as it tells any way at all. If any inference in modern politics is to be drawn from the phenomena of mediæval geography, they would certainly rather prove the right of Maximilian of Bavaria to the frontier of the Atlantic, than the right of Napoleon of Paris to the frontier of the Rhine.

We will begin by admitting, if it is needful for any body either to assert or to deny the fact, that modern France is, beyond all doubt, connected with ancient Gaul in a way that modern England is not connected with ancient Britain. There can be no question that the predominant blood in modern France is that, not of the conquering Franks, but of the conquered Gallo-Romans; while in England the predominant blood is that, not of the conquered Britons, but of the invading Angles and Saxons. The truth is, that the Frankish conquest of Gaul must, of the two, have been more analogous to the Norman than to the English conquest of our own country. The Frank in Gaul, and the Norman in England, were predominant for a season; but in the end the smaller and foreign element died out, and left Gaul once more Gaul, and England once more England. In fact, England still retains more traces of the Norman than France does of the Frank. The Romance infusion into our Teutonic speech is far more extensive than the Teutonic infusion into the Romance speech of Gaul. The main difference is, that Gaul has changed its name to France, while England has not changed its name to Normandy. This was doubtless, among other causes, owing to the more settled condition of states and nations in the eleventh century as compared with the sixth, and to the fact that William of Normandy claimed to be, not the unprovoked invader of England, but the lawful inheritor of her crown. But, on the other hand, Gaul has, even in name, never so thoroughly become France as Britain has become England. This may sound strange at first hearing, because "Britain" and "British" are now such household words to express ourselves; but their use in that sense is extremely modern; it has simply come in from the necessity, constant in political language and frequent elsewhere, of having some name to take in alike England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. So lately as James II.'s time, a Briton still meant a Welshman;* and we believe that, exactly a century back, the famous declaration of George III., that he "gloried in the name," not of Englishman, but "of Briton," was looked upon by many of his subjects as a wicked machination of the Scotchman Bute. To this day, "England" and "Englishmen" are the words which always first occur to us in the language either of every-day discourse or of the rhetoric of the heart. The word "Britain," in the mouth of an Englishman,

* Compare the ballad quoted by Lord Macaulay:

"Both our Britons are fooled,
Who the laws overruled,
And next Parliament both shall be plaguily schooled."

The "Britons" are the Welshmen Jeffreys and Williams.

is reserved either for artificial poetry, for the dialect of foreign politics, or for the conciliation of Scottish hearers. Before England and Scotland were united, the name "Briton," as including Englishmen, was altogether unheard of; but the name "Gaul" has never fully died out as the designation of France. How does the case stand in what was so long the common language of Europe? The most pedantic Ciceronian never scrupled to talk familiarly about Anglus and Anglia; but Francus and Francia are hardly known except in language more or less formal. "Gallus," "Gallia," "Galliarum Rex," are constantly used by writers who would never think of an analogous use of "Britannus" and "Britannia." In ecclesiastical matters, Gaul has always remained even the formal designation. The Gallican Church answers to the Anglican, the Primate of the Gauls to the Primate of all England. And if it be said that the reason is, that England is not coextensive with Britain, neither, we are happy to say, is France even yet coextensive with Gaul. If Britain includes Scotland as well as England, Gaul includes Belgium and Switzerland as well as France. The difference of expression merely sets forth the truth of the case. France is still really Gaulish; England is in no sense British, except in a sense lately introduced for political convenience.

If we turn to a map of the Roman Empire, we shall find in the west of Europe the great province of Gaul, whose extent, as we have hinted in the last paragraph, was considerably larger than that of the modern empire of France. Its boundaries are the ocean, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine. It includes the modern states of France, Switzerland, and Belgium, the lately plundered duchy of Savoy, and portions of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and of the German states of Prussia, Bavaria, and Hesse. And then, as now, the division was geographical, and not national. As France now forms the greatest part, but far from the whole, of the ancient province, so in those days the Celtic blood occupied the greater part, but not the whole, of geographical Gaul. The German was then, as now, on both sides of the Rhine. The Basque was then, as now, in Aquitaine, though his tongue has now shrunk up into a much narrower corner of the land than it then occupied. Now the only claim of modern France to the Rhine frontier must be, that it was the frontier of ancient Gaul. But why should one of the states into which ancient Gaul is divided thus claim to be the representative of the whole? There is no reason, save that of their relative strength, why France should, on geographical principles, annex Belgium or Switzerland, rather than Belgium or Switzerland annex France. If the Parisii claim to reach to the Rhine

as the eastern frontier of Gaul, the Helvetii may just as well claim to reach to the Atlantic, as no less undoubtedly its western frontier. And, on this sort of reasoning, why stop at the Alps? why be satisfied with Savoy and Nizza? What are Lombardy and Romagna but fragments feloniously cut off from the great Gallic whole? They came as much within the limits of the Gaul of Cæsar as Paris itself. Cæsar spent his winters at Lucca without leaving his province. He had got some way into the present Papal territory before he violated the sacred limits of Roman Italy. Geographical necessities and natural boundaries may, in the mouth of a despot, mean whatever he pleases; but we really do not see why every argument in favour of the French claim to the frontier of the Rhine would not tell equally strongly in favour of a French claim to the frontier of the Rubicon.

The truth is, that, though modern France does represent ancient Gaul, so far as that the old Gaulish blood is predominant in the veins of the modern Frenchman, still the connection is purely geographical and ethnological; modern France is in no political or historical sense the representative of ancient Gaul. France, in short, in the modern sense of the word, that is, the monarchy of Paris, has no continuous existence earlier than the tenth century, and no existence at all earlier than the ninth. Parisian France has been in Gaul what Castile has been in Spain, what Sweden has been in Scandinavia, what Prussia is in Protestant Germany, and Sardinia, more recently, in Italy; that is, it is one state among several, which has risen to greater importance than any of its fellows, and which has gradually swallowed up many of them into its own substance. The kings of Paris have gradually united to their domain nearly all the territories of their nominal vassals, and a vast territory besides which never owed them so much as a formal homage. So have the kings of Castile done in the Spanish peninsula; so is the Sardinian monarchy doing before our own eyes in Italy. There is of course one wide difference between the cases; Italy is being annexed to Sardinia by its own free will, while, in the Spanish peninsula, Portugal has not the least wish to be again incorporated with Castile and Aragon, and, in Gaul, the free states of Belgium and Switzerland have still less longing to be swallowed up by the despotism of Paris. Otherwise, for Sardinia to annex any Italian state by fraud, or conquest, or the mere award of foreign powers, would be as much opposed to justice as the annexation of Portugal by Spain, or of Belgium by France. The thing which men have so much difficulty in [illegible] is, that modern France is a power which really has [illegible] way. The existence of France in its modern ex-

tent, or nearly so, is assumed as something almost existing in the eternal fitness of things. The name of France, a mere fluctuating political expression for a territory which has grown, and which may again diminish, is used as if it had a permanent physical meaning, like the names Spain or Italy. To speak of a time when Lyons and Marseilles were no parts of France, would seem to many as great a paradox as to speak of a time when Rome was no part of the Italian peninsula. People know in a way, but they do not fully take in, that Rouen, Poitiers, and Toulouse were once the seats of sovereigns whose allegiance to the Parisian king was at least as loose as that of Frederick of Prussia to the Austrian emperor; still less do they realise that Provence, Dauphiny, Franche Comté, Lorraine, and Alsace were all—some of them till very lately—as absolutely independent of the crown of France as they were of the crown of Russia. There was no reason in the nature of things why, not Paris, but Aquitaine, or Languedoc, or Burgundy might not have risen to the supremacy in Gaul, any more than why Saxony might not have risen to the place in Germany now held by Prussia.

This sort of geographical and historical confusion is very much aided by one or two peculiarities in modern diplomatic language. When Louis Napoléon Buonaparte first expressed his wish to become master of Savoy, the word selected for the occasion was the verb "révendiquer," and the actual process of annexation is expressed by the noun "réunion" and the verb "réunir." At first sight this seems very much as if a burglar who asked for your money or your life should be said to "révendiquer" the contents of your purse, and afterwards to effect a "réunion" between them and the contents of his own. According to all etymology, "*ré*vendiquer" must mean to claim back again something which you have lost, and "*ré*union" must mean the joining together of things which have been separated after being originally one. Now undoubtedly, in modern French usage, the particle "re" has lost its natural force, and "réunion" has come simply to mean "union." But, first of all, foreigners may, indeed, get to *know*, but they can hardly get to *realise* this; you may know the construing in the dictionary, but you cannot get rid of the instinctive impression that "*ré*vendiquer" and "*ré*union" imply the recovery of something lost, most probably of something unjustly lost. "La réunion de Savoie" will always seem to an Englishman to mean that Savoy was a natural part of France unjustly dissevered from it. If Savoy remains annexed to France for the next hundred years, people will begin to look on it as they have already learned to do upon the "réunion" of Lorraine in the last century, and upon the earlier "réunions" of Provence and Lyons. And one can hardly doubt

that the twofold meaning of the word, its etymological sense and its modern Parisian sense, has been purposely made use of as a blind by French diplomatists. They tell us that they use the word merely in its modern Parisian sense; but they know very well that many people now, and still more hereafter, will instinctively interpret it in its natural meaning. And secondly, it is a most speaking fact, that in any language "réunion" should have come to mean the same as "union." It could only have come to do so in the language of a country where a long series of fraudulent or violent "unions" had been ingeniously passed off as legitimate "réunions."

The truth is, that while all nations have a tendency to annexation, France stands alone in the art of veiling the ugly features of annexation by various ingenious devices. France is not more guilty in this matter than Russia, Prussia, Austria, Turkey, or Spain; indeed, we cannot venture to profess that our own English hands are altogether clean. But France stands distinguished from them all by her power of putting a good name on a bad business. A Russian or Austrian aggression is simply an aggression of brute force, and is defended by the aggressor, if he condescends to defend it at all, simply on grounds of political expediency. Austria does not retain Venetia for the good of the Venetians, or because the hand of nature has marked out Venetia as a necessary portion of her dominions. She has simply got it, and means, if she can, to keep what she has got. But a French aggression is quite another business. There is always some elaborate reason for it. French ingenuity is never without a theory for every thing. A country is annexed in the interests of French versions of physical geography, of French notions of what has been, or French notions of what ought to be. France "wars for an idea;" an idea, it may be, either of past history or of anticipated futurity. Treaties are broken, legal rights are trampled under foot, natural justice is cast to the winds; but there is a good reason for every step. French cleverness is alike apt at proving the doctrine that the annexed people ought to desire annexation, and the fact that they actually do desire it. In short, while Austria acts as a mere vulgar and brutal highwayman, France prefers the character of an elegant, plausible, and ingenious swindler. The tendency is not new. Lewis XI. had much to say for himself when he appropriated Provence and the duchy of Burgundy, and Philip Augustus extemporised a jurisprudence and a tribunal to put himself into lawful possession of Normandy and Anjou.

Another means by which a false light is thrown upon the successive aggressions of France arises out of the familiar and

almost universal use of the French language. We are so much more familiar with French than with any other tongue, French has become to so great an extent our medium of communication with other nations, that we have got into a way of speaking of half the cities of Europe, not by their own names, but by French corruptions. The custom is quite recent; in the sixteenth century Englishmen spoke of a German, Flemish, or Italian town either by its real German, Flemish, or Italian name, or else by some corruption of their own making. Now our habit of calling all places by French names greatly softens the ugliness of French aggression. Alsace sounds as if it had been a French province from all eternity; the Teutonic Elsass suggests ideas altogether different. The "réunion" of Nice may a generation or two hence sound quite natural; but that of Nizza would retain its native ugliness to all time. Cologne, Mayence, and Trèves sound as if they positively invited annexation; so do Liège, Malines, and Louvain; and it is no wonder that people think that Charles the Great was a Frenchman when they find his tomb at such a French-sounding place as Aix-la-Chapelle. But Köln, Mainz, Trier, Lüttich, Mecheln, Löwen, and Aachen would, by their very names, stand up as so many bulwarks against Parisian aggression. For at least eight hundred years past Frenchmen have been incapable of spelling rightly any single name in any foreign language; but it is not at all unlikely that the incapacity may now and then not have been without a sound political motive.

We will now return to our geographical survey, which we have perhaps somewhat irregularly interrupted. Some time back we drew a map of ancient Gaul as a province of the Roman empire. In the days of the great Teutonic migration, when Ostrogoths poured into Italy, Visigoths into Spain, Vandals into Africa, Angles and Saxons into Britain, the kindred nation of the Franks appeared in Gaul. Every body knows that France is so called from the Franks; but people are apt to forget that France is not the only country which is called from them. France and Franconia are etymologically the same word; the difference in their modern form is simply owing to the necessity of avoiding confusion, which was avoided in early mediæval Latin by speaking of "Francia occidentalis" and "Francia orientalis," "Francia Latina" and "Francia Teutonica." The difference between the two is, that the Frank of France was a settler in a strange land, while the Frank of Franconia remained in the land of his fathers; that the Frank of France ere long degenerated into something half Roman, half Celtic, while the Frank of Franconia has ever remained an uncontaminated Teuton. In short, the Franks conquered Gaul, but without forsaking Germany; and they

conquered different parts of Gaul in widely different senses and degrees. In northern Gaul, to a certain extent, they settled. Orleans, Paris, Soissons, and Metz became the seats of Frankish kingdoms; but in the southern provinces of Aquitaine and Burgundy they hardly settled at all. There other Teutonic conquerors had been before them. The Visigoth reigned at Toulouse, and the Burgundian had given his name to the land between the Rhone and the Alps. Both were in a certain sense conquered. The orthodox zeal of the newly-converted Merwing formed a good pretext for expelling the Arian out of Gaul. The Gothic monarchy had to retire beyond the Pyrenees, and the Burgundian kingdom, for a while, "ceased to exist." But the conquest was at most a political one. Southern Gaul was brought into a subjection more or less complete to the Frankish kings, but it never really became part of the true Frankish territory. There certainly was no permanent Frankish population south of the Loire, and, as the Merovingian dynasty declined, Aquitaine again became to all intents and purposes an independent state. Under Pippin we find a Duke of Aquitaine who has to be conquered just as much as any prince of Lombardy or Saxony. In truth, to this day Aquitaine and France proper have absolutely nothing in common, except the old Roman element and the results of their political union during the last 400 years. The Teutonic element is different, and, in a large district at least, the aboriginal element is different also. The Frenchman is formed by the infusion of the Frank upon the Celt, the Gascon by the infusion of the Goth upon the Basque. Both speak tongues derived from that of Rome, but the difference passes the limits of mere dialectical diversity. The arrogance of modern Paris talks, indeed, of the "bad French" of Aquitaine and Provence. In its ignorant pride, it can see only a patois of itself in a tongue which is as distinct as that of Spain or Italy, and which was a finished and polished speech, the speech of the refined courts of Poitiers and Toulouse, while northern France had still only an unfinished and unwritten jargon.

"France," then, if we are to use the name to express the dominions of the Kings of the Franks of the house of Clovis, in no way answers either to ancient Gaul or to the modern French Empire. Merovingian France consisted of northern Gaul and central Germany. Southern Gaul was overrun rather than really conquered; and northern Italy was overrun also. For a short period, during the wars of the sixth century, Frankish conquerors appeared south of the Alps on an errand which, for aught we know, may afford a full precedent for the Italian campaigns of Francis I., or for those of either Napoleon. But the real

France of this period does not reach southward of the Loire. North of that river we find the Frank of Neustria, probably by this time pretty considerably Romanised, and to the east of him the true German Frank of Austrasia. How far the Franks of Gaul had yielded to Roman influences during the Merovingian period it is impossible to say; but every thing leads us to believe that before the time of Pippin they must have begun to differ widely from their uncorrupted Austrasian brethren. We shall see presently that, by the middle of the ninth century, a Romance speech, no longer Latin, but as yet hardly to be called French, had grown up in Frankish Gaul. Now the influences of the previous century and a half were altogether in a Teutonic direction; a Romance dialect could hardly have lived on through the domination of the Austrasian mayors and kings, unless it had been pretty firmly established before the close of the Merovingian rule.

The Carolingian dynasty of course dates its formal beginning from the election of Pippin as King of the Franks in 752. But practically it may be carried back to the beginning of the series of Austrasian mayors in 681. The first Pippin and the first Charles were as much really sovereigns of the Franks as the Pippin and the Charles who were invested with the royal title. And this transfer of power to the house of Pippin was practically nearly equivalent to a second Teutonic conquest. Whatever the Merwings and their Gaulish subjects may have been, there is no doubt as to the true Teutonic character of the whole dynasty of the Karlings. They were raised to power by the swords of the Teutonic Austrasians; the cradle of their race was the Teutonic Heerstall; their favourite seats of royalty were the Teutonic Ingelheim and Aachen; as Mayors of the Palace, as Kings of the Franks, as Roman Cæsars, nay even when they had shrunk up into the petty kings of the rock of Laon, they firmly adhered, down to their latest days, to the dress, the manners, and the tongue of their Teutonic fathers. Under the "kings of the second race," Aquitaine and even Neustria were little more than subject provinces of a German monarch.

The zenith of the Frankish power was attained in the reign of Charles the Great. One longs to call him, as Mr. Godwin ventures to do, by his real Teutonic name of Karl; but at least we may use a nomenclature which will distinguish the German Charles of history from the Gallic Charlemagne of romance. Charles, King of the Franks, King of the Lombards, Patrician of the Romans, was something far more than a king of France or of Gaul; he was the lord of Western Christendom. All Gaul, all that was then Germany, were his; Aquitaine, Saxony,

Bavaria, Lombardy, were gathered in as conquered provinces; the Slave, the Avar, the Northman, became subjects or tributaries; the Commander of the Faithful himself corresponded on equal and friendly terms with the mightiest of the followers of the Cross. At last a dignity fell to the lot of the triumphant Frank to which no barbarian of the West had as yet ventured to aspire. Goths and Herulans had long before made and unmade the Western Cæsars; Gothic chiefs had reigned in Italy with the royal title; but the diadem and the sceptre of Augustus had as yet been worn by no Teutonic brow and grasped by no Teutonic hand. The Old Rome had stooped to become a provincial dependency of the New; but it had never submitted to the permanent sway of a barbarian. Theodoric had reigned, a Gothic king, indeed, in fact, but an imperial lieutenant in theory; Alboin and Liudprand had appeared as open enemies, but they had never passed the gates of the Eternal City; Charles himself, his father, and his grandfather, had exercised under humbler names the full imperial power: but the Patrician was only the republican magistrate of the Roman commonwealth, or the vicegerent of the Eastern Cæsar. By that Cæsar's regnal years charters still were dated, and his image and superscription were still impressed on a coinage from which no tax or tribute ever reached him. At last the moment came when the Old Rome was again to assert her coequality with her younger sister, and to affirm that she had never forfeited her right to nominate one at least of the masters of the world. Rome once more chose her own Cæsar, but that Cæsar was not of Roman or Italian blood; the golden crown at last rested on the open brow of the lordly German, and the pontiff and people of Rome proclaimed the imperial style of "Charles Augustus, crowned by God, the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans." Not that that Augustus gained thereby an inch or particle of territory or power which had not already belonged to the simple Frankish king. But in the eyes of a large portion of his subjects his rule was thereby at once changed from a dominion of force into a dominion of law; the elected and consecrated Emperor became, in the eyes of all southern Europe, a different being from the mere barbaric conqueror; we might almost say that the world recognised the Teuton as its chosen and natural ruler, when for the first time a man of Teutonic blood was raised to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness. It shows the true greatness of Charles's mind that his head was not in the least turned by a splendour which might have dazzled the imagination of any mortal. We, who see the imperial title employed at random to decorate alike every decaying tyranny and every successful usurpation, can hardly realise the magic which then, and for

centuries after, attached to the names of Cæsar and Augustus. We are familiar with the sham Cæsars of Vienna and St. Petersburg, with the mushroom potentates of France, Brazil, and Hayti, and we do not scruple to extend the imperial name to the barbaric princes of China and Morocco. But to the imagination of the early middle ages, the imperial name was something almost sacred and incommunicable; the Roman Emperor shone side by side with the Roman Pontiff as the sun and moon of the Christian firmament; he was the embodiment of permanent and written law, and of the whole civilisation of that elder world before whose relics the conquering Teuton still bent in homage. But Charles, though crowned in the Eternal City by the common father of Christendom, still remained, Imperator and Augustus as he was, the same simple hearty German as of old. Even Alexander, on the throne of the Great King, could not wholly endure the trial; he partly exchanged the spirit of the chosen king of Macedon and chief of Greece for the arbitrary rule of a Persian despot. But Charles was in no way spoiled or changed by the almost superhuman glory from which he seems himself to have shrunk. He still retained his German dress, his German speech, his German habits; nor did he ever transfer the pomp, the slavery, the almost idolatrous incense of the court of his Byzantine colleague into the free Teutonic air of Aachen and of Ingelheim.

Those were indeed days of glory for the ancient Frank; but it is a glory in which the modern Frenchman can claim no share. Celtic Parisian France had as yet no being. Its language was as yet the unformed patois of a conquered province. Paris was a provincial town which the lord of Rome and Aachen once visited in the course of a long progress amongst a string of its lowly fellows. Gaul, at least its Celtic portions, was but seldom honoured by the presence of its German master, and contributed but little to the strength of his German armies. The native speech of Charles was the old Teutonic; Latin, the literary tongue of the whole West, and still the native speech of many provinces, he spoke fluently as an acquired language; Greek, the other universal and imperial tongue, he understood when spoken, but could not speak it himself with ease. French he could neither speak nor understand; for, alas, as yet no French language could be said to exist; the King of the Franks was about as likely to express himself in the dialect of a Neustrian Celt as the Emperor of the French is now to indite his pamphlets in Basque, Walloon, or Bas-Breton. The valley of the Loire, the chosen home of the Valois, the valley of the Seine, the chosen home of the Bourbon, had little charms for the Austrasian Frank, whose heart, amid Roman pomps and Aquitanian

and Hunnish victories, seems ever to have yearned for the banks of his own Teutonic Rhine. Under Charles, that elder France which was the native land of the Frank was at the summit of its greatness; but there probably was no period, before or after, at which that younger France of which Paris is the centre occupied a position so utterly insignificant in the eyes of men.

Another of the many mistakes with which this period of history is overshadowed, is the common belief that the long reign of Charles, his wars, his treaties, his legislation, left hardly any permanent fruit behind them. We are too apt to suppose that his great works were almost immediately undone, amidst the dissensions of his grandsons. This, again, arises from looking at him and his empire from a French instead of a German point of view. Looked at from Aquitaine or Neustria, the work of Charles the Great was altogether ephemeral; but it bears quite another character if we once step on the other side the Rhine. Charles found a large part of Germany a mere wilderness of heathendom; the Christian Frank found the bitterest and most stubborn enemy of his creed and empire in the kindred Saxon. Charles converted Saxony by the sword; but, however the work was done, it was done effectually. He welded Saxony and Teutonic France together into that great German kingdom which so long held the first rank in Europe, and which, strange as it seems to us, was really, when we compare it with Gaul, Italy, or Spain, the most united of Western realms. He opened a path in which a long line of illustrious German kings and emperors, from Arnulf to Frederick II., worked with no small success after him. That he bequeathed to them a claim to his imperial style, and a vague pretension to his imperial power, was an inheritance of but doubtful advantage. The Kingdom of Germany was in truth crushed and broken to pieces beneath the weight of the Holy Roman Empire; but of the united and glorious Germany of Henry the Fowler and Otto the Great, of Henry the Frank and of Frederick the Swabian, Charles the Great was the father and the founder. If Gaul and Italy fell away, the *Regnum Teutonicum* survived for four hundred years, and still survives in the hearts of a people longing to be one as they were beneath his sceptre. Only remember what the "Francia" and the "Franci" of Charles really were, and the dismemberment of the Carolingian empire really amounts to little more than the lopping off of some outlying foreign provinces from the body of the great Teutonic realm.

We have now reached the ninth century. Charles was crowned at Rome in the last year of the eighth century, and fourteen years later he descended to his imperial tomb at Aachen. He had founded the German kingdom, and won the Roman

diadem for its kings. But before the century had passed, another nation, another language, was beginning to appear. During the century which followed the death of Charles, we get our first glimpses of the existence of modern, Celtic, Parisian France. Before the close of the second century from his coronation, modern, Celtic, Parisian France, the kingdom of the Neustrian Capets, is fully established, high in rank, but still small in power, among the recognised divisions of Western Christendom.

The Western or Frankish empire, as it stood under Charles the Great, was undoubtedly far too vast, and included nations far too incongruous, to remain permanently united under a single head. Charles himself, it is evident, perceived this. The division of a kingdom among the sons of a deceased king was, indeed, nothing new; it was a device which had been constantly resorted to in Merovingian Gaul. But one cannot believe that Charles would have given such a plan the sanction of his master-genius, had it not been one really adapted to the circumstances of the time. His schemes were very elaborate. The mode of succession chalked out by him included a mixture of popular election and hereditary right, and all the minor kings were to be united in a sort of federal bond by the recognition of a common superior in the emperor. Whether such a system could have worked may be doubted. It had worked under himself; he had made his sons kings in Italy and Aquitaine with no prejudice to his own rights as supreme emperor. But submission to a father, and that father Charles the Great, was quite another thing from submission to a brother, an uncle, or, as it might soon be, a distant cousin. Charles's own scheme of division came to nothing, because of the death of two of his three sons. Lewis the Pious succeeded him in the possession of the whole empire, with only a single subordinate king in the person of the unfortunate Bernard of Italy. But it is well worth while to mark the geographical limits of the several kingdoms as traced out by the hand of Charles himself. Probably he had no intention of forming national kingdoms at all.* It was still to be the one kingdom of the Franks, though divided among several kings; just as in the early days of the division of the Roman empire, the empire was still held to be one, though its administration was portioned out between two or more imperial colleagues. Certainly the three kingdoms traced out for Charles, Pippin, and Lewis coincide with no national divisions either of earlier or later times. Roughly speaking, his notion seems to have been to keep the old Frankish kingdom to his eldest son

* This seems to be shown by the titles which Eginhard gives to the subordinate kings. Lewis, for instance, is not "Rex Aquitaniæ," or "Rex Aquitanorum," but merely "Rex super Aquitaniam."

Charles, and to divide his conquests between Pippin and Lewis. But, besides that the frontier is not very accurately followed, one most important exception is to be made. The wholly new acquisitions of Italy and the Spanish march, together with Aquitaine and Bavaria, which had been reduced from nominal vassalage to real obedience, formed the kingdoms of the two younger sons. Charles took the old "Francia," but he also, by the necessity of the case, took the great conquest of Saxony. Of the three, Aquitaine, the kingdom of Lewis, came nearest to a national kingdom. Southern Gaul and the Spanish march answer pretty nearly to what were afterwards the countries of the *Lingua d'Oc*. But the Italian kingdom, cut short at one end by the Byzantine province, was lengthened at the other by the addition of all Germany south of the Danube. Did the theory of "natural boundaries" flash across the mind of the great Charles when he made that great river a political limit? Certainly no such idea presented itself to him with regard to the Rhine. Certain it is that not the slightest regard was paid either to the past boundaries of Roman Gaul or to the future boundaries of imperial France. Aquitaine was to have something like a national sovereign; but no such boon was conferred on Neustria. The German king was to reign, as of old, on both sides of the German river. The kingdom of the younger Charles, in short, was to consist of what is now northern France and northern Germany; while what is now southern France formed the great bulk of the kingdom of Lewis. Most certainly, then, modern Parisian France was so far from answering to the France of Charles the Great, that it did not even occur to him as a convenient division while portioning out the vast monarchy of which it formed a part.

The division made by Charles took, as we said, no permanent effect. It is only valuable as showing what were the ideas of a convenient partition entertained in the year 806 by the greatest of living men. Charles was succeeded by Lewis. His reign was a mere series of ever-fluctuating partitions of the empire between his sons. Sir Francis Palgrave* has taken the trouble to enumerate no less than ten successive schemes of division. In the last of these we begin to discern, for the first time, something like the modern kingdom of France. Then, in 839, northern and southern Gaul, Neustria and Aquitaine, were for the first time united as the kingdom of Charles the

* In the first volume of his *History of England and Normandy*. The two published volumes of this work contain nothing about England, and not more about Normandy than about other parts of Gaul; but they contain the most minute and, to those who can tolerate Sir Francis' great and increasing oddities of manner, the most valuable history of Carolingian Gaul in the English language.

Bald. The kingdom thus formed was far smaller than modern France, but it was almost wholly included within it. It took in, indeed, Flanders on the one hand, and the Spanish March on the other; but both of these remained French, in a vague sense, far down into the middle ages. The suzerainty over the county of Barcelona was only surrendered by St. Lewis, and that over the county of Flanders survived to be one of the principal subjects of dispute between Francis I. and Charles V. The kingdom of Charles the Bald was undoubtedly the first germ of modern France. It was, if we except a few Flemings, a few Bretons, and a few Basques, at its several corners, a kingdom wholly of the Roman speech. This fact comes prominently forth in the famous oath of Strassburg, preserved by Nithard.* This precious document has been commented upon over and over again as a matter of philology; it is no less valuable as a matter of history. It shows that, in 841, the distinctions of race and language were beginning to make themselves felt. The Austrasian soldiers of King Lewis swear in the Old-German tongue, of which the oath is one of the earliest monuments; but of the language in which the oath is taken by the Neustrian soldiers of King Charles, the oath itself is, as far as our knowledge goes, absolutely the oldest monument. In the "lingua Romana," as Nithard calls it, we see for the first time a tongue essentially of Roman original, and yet which has departed too far from the Roman model to be any longer called Latin. It has ceased to be Latin, but we cannot yet call it French, even Old-French. How far it is the mother of French, and how far rather of Provençal, we must leave to those to decide whose special business is with the history of language. For our purpose, it is enough that it reveals to us the existence of a Gaul speaking neither Celtic, nor Teutonic, nor Latin, but Romance; that is, it shows that one most important step had been taken towards the creation of modern France. As yet it was known only as "lingua Romana;" in the course of the next century it had become nationalised as "lingua Gallica."† One would be curious to know how far men had begun to recognise that a new language had been formed; whether it was in any case the tongue of men of rank, or of men who could read and write; whether there were any to whom the "lingua Romana" was already their mother-tongue, but who still committed their thoughts to writing in the more classical "lingua Latina." Of all this we can tell nothing, except what we may infer from the fact that Count Nithard, a man of high rank and high ability, and, by an illegitimate female descent,

* Nithard, iii. 6, ap. Pertz, ii. 666.

† See Richer, i. 20, iii. 85, iv. 100, ap. Pertz, vol. v.

the actual grandson of the great Charles, was struck by the phenomenon of the diversity of speech, and thought the formula worth preserving in the very words of the vulgar tongue. This is in itself sufficiently remarkable, and at all events proves the observant and inquiring spirit of Nithard himself. We wish he had had more followers. There is nothing we more commonly lack in the Latin chroniclers of the middle age than notices of the language of the people, and even of that of the actors in the story.

The wars between the sons of the Emperor Lewis, and the final settlement at Verdun in 843, did but confirm the existence of the new kingdom. The connection between the two parts of ancient Francia was now severed for ever; Neustria and Austrasia were never, except during the ephemeral empire of Charles the Fat, to be again united under a single ruler. On the other hand, a connection was formed between Neustria and Aquitaine, of but little moment for the present, but which was destined to bear ample fruit in future ages. By the treaty of Verdun the empire was divided into three parts. Charles took, as we have seen, the purely Romance lands of Neustria and Aquitaine; Lewis took the purely German lands far to the east. Lothar, their elder brother, the Roman Cæsar, took of course Frankish Italy; but he took also that long strip of debatable land from the Mediterranean to the ocean, which received his name, and part of which still retains it. Lotharingia, Lothringen, Lorraine, lay between the Germanic realm of Lewis and the Romance realm of Charles, including doubtless then, as now, peoples both of Romance and Germanic speech. But it was a kingdom which had no principle of unity of any kind; no sort of tie of language, of history, or of "natural boundaries," united Provence and Holland and the intermediate countries. It therefore failed to retain any permanent existence. Sometimes we find it cut up into several separate kingdoms, sometimes, as in our own times, divided between the two more compact realms on each side of it. Those two realms remained, grew, and flourished, while Lotharingia fell to pieces. They need names from the beginning, and it is almost impossible to avoid giving them, though by a little anticipation, the familiar names of Germany and France.

Thus we get our first glimpse of France in the modern sense, a creation of the ninth century, not of the fifth. As Sir Francis Palgrave says,* "this division created territorial France. With the exceptions of Provence and some few portions of Lotharingia, there is not any where the value of fifty miles difference in frontier between the kingdom of France in

* History of England and Normandy, i. 345.

the reign of Louis Quatorze, and the kingdom given to Charles-le-Chauve by the treaty of Verdun." Modern France was thus created, but it was created purely by accident. Charles was king over Neustria; and the Emperor Lewis, wishing to increase the appanage of his favourite son, added the kingdom of Aquitaine, which fell vacant by the death of his brother Pippin. Neustria and Aquitaine together made France, such a France as lasted till the fourteenth century; a France without Alpine slopes or frontiers of the Rhine; a France which, instead of the Rhine, barely reached the Rhone, and which still had to "reunite," not only Savoy and Nizza, but Provence, Dauphiny, the county of Burgundy, Alsace, and Lorraine. And even, within its own limits, the position of Aquitaine shows how utterly accidental and artificial was the creation. Aquitaine, the kingdom of Pippin, had no love for the sway of Charles of Neustria; it was constantly revolting on behalf of Pippin's heirs, who were, of course, the mere representatives of its national independence. Aquitaine was joined to Neustria by the command of Lewis the Pious, but no effectual union took place for ages; all that the command of the pious emperor effected was, to invest the Neustrian king with vague and nearly nominal rights, which did not fully become realities for six hundred years. Aquitaine was to the kings of France pretty much what Romagna was to the popes; Constantine, or Pippin, or Charles, or Matilda, or Rodolf, gave Romagna to the Holy See; but the sovereignty of the Holy See was of the most unpractical kind till its rights were at last enforced by the sword of Cæsar Borgia. So with Aquitaine; nominally part of the kingdom of Charles the Bald, it soon resolved itself into two great principalities, differing in nothing but name from sovereign kingdoms. The Duke of Aquitaine and the Count of Toulouse came to rank among the princes of Europe. They might be vassals of the King of France, but their vassalage went no farther than placing the royal name in the dates of their charters. During the busy French and Norman history of the tenth century, the French chroniclers tell us much about Germany and something about England, but about southern Gaul we only hear just enough to assure us that it had not vanished from the face of creation. The Loire seems in those days to have been most truly a natural boundary; between northern and southern Gaul we find no relations either of peace or war, but something very like utter mutual oblivion. As time rolled on, the Aquitanian duchy was, in the twelfth century, united to the crown of England; while the western portion of old Aquitaine, Languedoc, or the county of Toulouse, became, in the next age, one of the first and greatest acquisitions of the kings of Paris. Few portions of history are less

understood than that of the noble duchy which so long formed one of the fairest possessions of our ancient kings. Few Englishmen understand the difference between the English tenure of Bourdeaux and the English tenure of Calais. When the Black Prince kept his court at Bourdeaux as Prince of Aquitaine, most readers look upon him as an English conqueror, just like Henry V. at Paris. Bourdeaux is marked in the modern map as part of France; consequently people do not realise that, till its loss in the fifteenth century, the kings of France had never possessed it at all, except during the momentary and fraudulent occupation of Aquitaine by Philip the Fair. When Talbot fell before Chastillon, he fell in the cause, not of the bondage, but of the independence of the Pyrenean duchy, in the same cause which Hunholt and Lupus supported against Charles the Great, and Pippin and Sancho against Charles the Bald. In short, Lewis the Pious might grant Aquitaine in the ninth century to Charles the Bald, but it was only Charles VII. in the fifteenth, who first really obtained possession of the gift.

The Frankish empire, as we have seen, was by the treaty of Verdun divided into three kingdoms: the eastern and western, which grew into modern Germany and France; and the central realm of Italy and Lotharingia, which soon fell asunder. The next forty years form little but a history of unions and partitions. Each father tried to divide his dominions among his sons; each brother or uncle did his best to seize to himself the inheritance of his brothers and nephews. Of all the Carolingian princes, the Emperor Lewis II., reigning in Italy as a real Roman Cæsar, and fighting in the cause of Christendom against the Saracen, is the only one who can claim any portion of our esteem. Even he was not altogether free from the general vice; but he has at least merits to set against it which we do not find in the case of his fellows. The whole period is one of utter confusion and division. At last, in 885, the whole, or nearly the whole, of the Carolingian empire was reunited in the person of Charles the Fat. He had gradually gathered on his brow the imperial crown of Rome and the royal crowns of Germany, Italy, and France. Still to this reunion one important exception must be made. One state, part of the Lotharingia of forty years earlier, had set the example of entire revolt from the very blood of the great Charles. In 879 Count Boso was elected and crowned king over a kingdom which, as Sir Francis Palgrave says, has almost vanished from history, but whose memory it is just now highly desirable to recall. Boso founded the short-lived kingdom of Burgundy or Arles, a kingdom lying between France and Italy, and which may be roughly described as the country between the Rhone and the Alps. In modern geogra-

phical language, it includes Provence, Orange, the Venaissin, Dauphiny, Lyons, Bresse, Bugey, the county of Burgundy (or Franche Comté), with Savoy, Nizza, and a large part of Switzerland. On the theory of natural boundaries, the kingdom of Boso seems quite as well marked out as the kingdom of Charles the Bald. The Rhone and the Saone to the west, the Alps to the east, the Mediterranean to the south, make as good lines of demarcation as one commonly meets with in the political map. Nearly all its inhabitants were of the Romance speech—all except a small German territory in what long afterwards became Switzerland. As far as we can understand, Burgundy might much more justly ask to extend itself to the ocean by swallowing up the kindred province of Aquitaine, than Parisian France ask to extend itself to the Alps by swallowing up the far more foreign kingdom of Burgundy.

In 888 Charles the Fat was deposed by common consent of his various realms, which were from henceforth separated with a far more complete and permanent separation than before. The Carolingian empire vanishes, even the rank of Emperor sinks into a kind of abeyance. Emperors, indeed, were crowned during the first half of the ninth century; but there was no dynasty which permanently united imperial power to imperial pretensions till, in 963, Otto the Great finally annexed the Roman empire and the Italian kingdom to his own Teutonic crown. The division of 888 was really the beginning of the modern state and the modern divisions of Europe. The Carolingian empire was broken up into four separate kingdoms: France, Germany, Italy, and Burgundy. Of these, the three first remain as the greatest nations of the Continent. Burgundy,* by that name, has vanished; but its place as a European power is occupied, far more worthily than by any king or Cæsar, by the noble federation of Switzerland.

Of the four kingdoms thus formed, three at once cast away their allegiance to the Carolingian blood. Germany elected Arnulf, a bastard of the imperial house; but after the death of his son Lewis, the Teutonic sceptre passed altogether away from the race of Pippin and Charles. Boso of Burgundy was connected with that race only by marriage. Italy chose shifting kings and emperors of her own. France chose the patriarch of that long line which was, with two periods of intermission, to

* The name of Burgundy is used in history in so many different senses, that it may be as well to say that this early kingdom of Burgundy has nothing to do with the Burgundian power so famous in the later middle age. Franche-Comté, or the county of Burgundy, is the only province which the two held in common. The nucleus of the Burgundy of Philip the Good and Charles the Bold was the duchy of Burgundy, that of which Dijon is the capital. This was not part of the kingdom of Arles or Burgundy, but was always a fief of France.

rule her down to our own day, which still reigns over Castile and Aragon, and which, while we write, we have seen happily expelled from the minor thrones of Parma and of both the Sicilies.

The division of 843 first introduced us to a Romance—that is, really a Celtic—France, as distinguished from the elder Teutonic France of the old Frankish kings. The division of 888 first introduces us to a Capetian and a Parisian France. Since the death of the great Charles, the city on the Seine, the old home of Julian, had been gradually rising in consequence. It plays an important part during the reign of his son Lewis the Pious. Characteristically enough, Paris first appears in our history as the scene of a conspiracy against her Teutonic master. There it was that, in 830, the rebels gathered who seized and imprisoned, and at last deposed, the pious emperor. In the words of Sir F. Palgrave,* "the City of Revolutions begins her real history by the first French Revolution." Later in the ninth century Paris acquires a more honourable renown; she became the bulwark of Gaul against the inroads of the Northmen. The pirates soon found out the importance of the position of the city in any attack or defence of Gaul from her northern side. Till the Danish invasions of that century began, the northern coast had been altogether secure. The West-Saxon and South-Saxon kings never dreamed of adventures beyond the sea, and Charles the Great was ever on friendly terms with his English neighbours. But now the Seine, and Paris upon the Seine, became the great object of Scandinavian attack. Thrice in the reign of Charles the Bald did the invaders enter the city. At last, in 861, a new power was formed, chiefly with the object of defending Gaul from their attack. Paris with a large district was granted in fief by Charles the Bald to Robert the Strong, as a Mark or marquisate, a border territory, to be defended against the invading Northman and the revolted Breton. This "Mark" was fated to a destiny which seems not unusual for such frontier districts. In Germany, the "Mark of Brandenburg," her outlying defence against the Slave, and the "Eastern Mark," her outlying defence against the Magyar, have, under the names of Prussia and Austria, eclipsed the older names of Saxony, Swabia, Franconia, and Bavaria, and now rank as the great powers of Germany, and among the great powers of Europe. So it was with this outlying Mark granted to Count Robert by Charles the Bald. Paris now became a centre, a capital; if not a royal, at least a ducal city. The fief of Robert grew into the Duchy of France, and that into the Kingdom of France. Robert himself became the forefather of the Valois and the Bourbons. The great siege of Paris in 885 and 886, and its gallant defence by

* i. 282.

Count Eudes or Odo, the son of Robert, greatly raised the position alike of the city and of its lord. On the deposition of Charles the Fat, Count Odo was, after ineffectual attempts on behalf of other candidates, elected and consecrated to what we can no longer conveniently call any thing but the kingdom of France.

This name of "France," specially to denote the western kingdom, is forced upon us from the time of the division of 843, if we would avoid circumlocutions of the most awkward kind; but we must remember that it is not strictly accurate. The notion of a great Frankish realm, held in a sort of co-parcenary, long survived the day when the descendants of Charles ceased to be its masters. Germany, the old Frankish land, long stuck to the Frankish name. One of her greatest imperial dynasties was of Frankish blood. Nor did their Saxon predecessors and their Swabian successors reject the title. As late as the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, the name of Frank was still used, and used too with an air of triumph, as equivalent to that of German.* The kings and kingdoms of this age had, indeed, no fixed titles, because all were still regarded as mere portions of the great Frankish realm. "Rex," with no further addition, is as common a style as any; so is "Rex Francorum," sometimes qualified as "Francorum orientalium." Germany has no definite name; for a long time it is "Francia Orientalis," "Francia Teutonica;" then it becomes "Regnum Teutonicum," "Regnum Teutonicorum."† These expressions surely mean "the Teutonic portion of the Frankish realm," as distinguished from that "Francia" which, with German writers, always required the addition of "Latina" or "Occidentalis."‡ But it is equally clear that, within the limits of that western or Latin France, "Francia" and "Francus" were rapidly getting their modern meanings of "France" and "Frenchman," as distinguished from Frank or German; they were, in fact, names of honour to which each of the several nations clave as specially its own. Even so early as the reign of Lewis the Pious, one writer distinguished "Franci" and "Germani,"§ meaning by the former the people of the western kingdom. Gradually the name became, in the usage of Gaul and of Europe, thoroughly fixed in this sense. The Merwings, the Karlings, the Capets, all alike called themselves

* Otto of Frisengen, passim. See especially the speech of Ferdinand, ii. 22 (Muratori, vi. 722).

† In the bull of deposition of Henry IV. Hildebrand uses the curious form "totius regni Theutonicorum et Italiæ gubernacula contradico" (Bruno de Bell. Sax. cap. 70, ap. Pertz, vii. 354). Italy had a local name, Germany had none. So Henry just before talks of "regnum Italiæ," but we do not remember "regnum Germaniæ or Alamaniæ" in that age.

‡ Bruno, in 1074, can find no better name for Philip of France than "Latinæ Franciæ rectorem" (De Bell. Sax. cap. 36, ap. Pertz, vii. 342).

§ Vita Hludowici Imp. cap. 45, ap. Pertz, ii. 633.

"Reges Francorum;" "Francus" having of course totally changed its meaning in the mean while. In the eastern kingdom, on the other hand, the German sovereign, when he had grown into a Roman Emperor, gradually dropped his style as Frankish King. It is this continuity of name and title which gives to modern, "Western," "Latin," France a false appearance of being a continuation or representative of the old Frankish kingdom. But no one who really understands the history of the time can doubt for a moment that, among the four kingdoms which arose out of the ruins of the Carolingian empire, it was "Eastern France," the "Teutonic kingdom," which might most truly claim, in extent of territory, in retention of language, in possession of the old seats of royalty, to be by far the truest representative of the "Francia" of Charles the Great.

Odo of Paris then, in 888, became "Rex Francorum" in a sense which, modern as the words sound, cannot be so well translated as by the familiar title of "King of the French." We have at last France before us, with Paris for her capital, and one whom we may by anticipation call the "Capetian" lord of Paris for her king. But this state of things was not as yet fully established. Neither the Carolingian race nor the Carolingian interest was as yet extinct in western France. The next century is, in short, a history of a continued struggle in various forms between the German and what we may now call the French blood, between the Carolingian and the Capetian house, between the lord of Paris and the lord of Laon.* Odo was elected as the hero of the siege of Paris, the true champion of Gaul and of Christendom. But he soon found a rival in the incapable Charles the Simple, whose only claim was the doubtful belief that the blood of his great namesake flowed in his veins. Charles was again overthrown by Duke Robert, the brother of King Odo, who himself reigned as the second of the Parisian kings. Charles in his turn overthrew Robert, who died in battle at Soissons in 923. The heir of the Capetian house was Hugh, surnamed the Great. His career was a strange one: he refused the offered crown, and preferred the character of a king-maker to that of a king. One can hardly help thinking that he had some superstitious dread of a title which had brought little but sorrow to his father and uncle; for he certainly carried himself as a king in every thing but name. He bore what to us sounds the strange title of "Duke of the French" (*Dux Francorum*); and as Duke of the French he was a far more powerful potentate than the King of the French, who was his

* On this period of transition see Sir F. Palgrave's second volume, and the review of it in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1859. We have drawn some hints from both the book and the article.

nominal sovereign. On the death of Robert, he declined the royal dignity for himself, and passed it on to his brother-in-law, Rodolph, or Raoul, Duke of French Burgundy. He next, like our own king-maker of a later day, passed it on to Lewis the son of Charles. The Carolingian king once more reigned on the rock of Laon, but he found any thing but a tranquil subject in the mighty Duke of Paris. The Duke of the French allowed himself full power of revolt, of disobeying, attacking, expelling, imprisoning the King of the French,—any thing, in short, but avowedly reigning in his stead. King Charles was succeeded by his son King Lothar, and Duke Hugh the Great by his son Hugh Capet. The reign of Lothar was somewhat less disturbed than the reign of Lewis; but on the whole Lothar and Hugh Capet stand in nearly the same relation as Lewis and Hugh the Great. The younger Hugh, however, though in no imprudent hurry to obtain a crown, had not his father's rooted objection to receive one. He remained Duke of the French during the long reign of Lothar and the short reign of his son Lewis; at last, in 987, on the death of Louis, Hugh procured his own election. The struggle continued for a while in the person of Charles of Lorraine, the Carolingian pretender; but Hugh retained his crown and transmitted it to his descendants. He founded, in short, the most permanent of all dynasties. No other royal patriarch has been succeeded by more than eight centuries of direct male descendants, by three centuries and a half of unbroken succession from father to son. Since 987 no king of France of any other line has felt the touch of the consecrating oil of Rheims. Hugh's own city has, indeed, beheld the coronation of one English king and of one Corsican emperor. Both yielded alike to the claims of the returning Capetian. Who can tell whether a race endowed with such an unparalleled gift of permanency may not again return to the city which their forefathers first raised to greatness?

The immediate results of Hugh's elevation were not very marked. The duke of the French became the king of the French, and the same prince reigned at Paris and at Laon. King Hugh was undoubtedly considerably more powerful than King Lewis or King Lothar; but in the greater part of Gaul the change from the Carolingian to the Capetian line was hardly felt. To Hugh's own subjects it made little practical difference whether their prince were called duke or king. Beyond the Loire, men were utterly heedless who might reign either at Paris or at Laon. But slight as may have been the immediate change, the event of 987 was a real revolution: it was the completion of a change which had been preparing for a century and a half, and it was the true beginning of a new period. The

modern kingdom of France dates its definite existence from the election of Hugh; the partitions of 843 and 888 showed in what way the stream of events was running, but the change of 987 was the full establishment of the thing itself. France at last had, what till quite lately she has had ever since, a French king reigning at Paris. When we remember all that Paris has been since, how completely it has become, not merely the centre of France, but France itself, it is clear that the mere change of the royal city was alone an event of the highest importance. It is hardly possible that the rock of Laon could ever have won the same position as the island-city of the Seine. It might have remained a royal fortress; it could hardly have become a national capital. And again, one cannot doubt that the change was essentially a national one; Gallo-Roman France now finally shook off the last relics of that Teutonic domination under which she had been more or less completely held since the days of Clovis. The Karlings remained German to the last; the kings of Laon were Franks in the old sense, the kings of Paris were Frenchmen in the new. The native tongue of King Lewis was Teutonic; that of King Hugh was Romance—we may now perhaps begin to say Old-French. France now breaks off all traces of her old connection with Germany. Hitherto the "king beyond the Rhine" has been, in friendship or in enmity, an important personage in the polities of Latin France; even in the middle of the tenth century we find Otto of Saxony and Lewis of Laon still acting as a kind of colleagues in the administration of one Frankish realm. We find nothing of this sort after the final establishment of the Capets; the German Cæsar is as foreign to Capetian France as his brother at Byzantium. Lorraine, the border-land of France and Germany, was the seat of loyalty to the Carolingian house. As long as kings of that house still reigned in western France, the position of Lorraine was ambiguous between the two kingdoms. Charles the Simple was willingly received there as king: the descendant of Charles the Great was doubtless preferred to the descendant of the conquered Saxon. But after the Capetian revolution Lorraine definitively becomes a fief of the Teutonic kingdom. Its Carolingian loyalty remained untouched; it still might boast of having a descendant of Charles and Pippin for its ruler; but that ruler was no longer a king of western France or a pretender to its crown, but a duke holding his states in fee of the Saxon emperor.

Thus the change of dynasty in 987 marks the final establishment of the kingdom of France in the modern sense. The Carolingian period is one which is for the most part so utterly misunderstood, that we have thought it necessary to dwell upon

it at some length; the latter portion of our subject we may go through more hurriedly. The boundaries of the French kingdom, as they stood under the early Parisian kings, differed hardly at all from its boundaries as settled in 843. But we should bear carefully in mind how utterly nominal was the royal authority over the greater part of the territory comprised within those limits. It should be thoroughly understood, first, that the France of this period was very much smaller than modern France; secondly, that, even within what was then acknowledged to be France, the king was merely the head of a body of sovereign princes, some of whom were at least as powerful as himself. The subsequent history of France is the history of two processes: first, the conversion of a nominal feudal superiority into a direct sovereignty over the whole kingdom; secondly, the annexation of divers states which formed no part of the kingdom at all. The two are not accurately distinguished in popular imagination, and of course the Parisian phrase of "réunion" greatly tends to confound them. To talk of the "réunion" of Normandy or French Burgundy is not absolute nonsense, because Normandy and French Burgundy were, at all events by a fiction of feudal law, grants proceeding from the crown of France, which were afterwards reincorporated with the royal domain from which they had been severed. But a "réunion" of Provence, Lorraine, or Savoy, is absolute nonsense, because those provinces never formed any part of the Capetian monarchy. These two processes, of internal consolidation and of external aggression, have now been going on side by side for six hundred years. It will best suit our purpose to give a brief sketch of the results of each separately.

The kingdom of France, as it stood in 987, contained six great principalities besides the royal domain, namely, those afterwards called the six Lay Peerages—Flanders, Normandy, Aquitaine, Toulouse, Burgundy, and Champagne. The titles of Toulouse and Champagne may be a little later, but the states themselves already existed. Besides these, there were a crowd of smaller potentates, holding either of the crown or of these great vassals. With the exception of part of Flanders and of the Spanish March, all these states have long been fully incorporated with the French monarchy. But we must remember that, under the earlier French kings, the connection of most of these provinces with their nominal suzerain was even looser than the connection of the German princes since the peace of Westphalia with the Viennese emperors. A great French duke was as independent within his own dominions as an elector of Saxony or Bavaria, and there were no common institutions, no diet or assembly of any kind, which brought him into contact

either with his liege lord or with his fellow vassals. Aquitaine and Toulouse, as we have already said, seem absolutely to have forgotten that there was any King of the French at all, or at all events that they had any thing to do with him. They did not even pay him the compliment of waging war upon him, a mode of recognition of his existence which was constantly indulged in by their brethren of Normandy and Flanders. Normandy was the possession of Scandinavian invaders, whom a residence in Gaul was fast transforming into Frenchmen of a grander type. Charles the Simple granted the province to Hrolf Ganger, the Rou or Rollo of French and Latin writers, and along with it he granted a feudal superiority over the turbulent Celts of Britanny. The Norman dukes speedily changed into French princes, and played a most important part in French history. At last one of their number won the crown of England, and nearly a century later a Count of Anjou inherited England and Normandy from his mother, and obtained Aquitaine and Poitou as the dowry of his wife. Thus was formed a perfectly novel power in France. We must not transfer to the twelfth century the ideas of two or three centuries later, and look upon Henry II. as an English king reigning in France. Henry was, as we observed in a former article,* a Frenchman; a French feudatory, who had contrived to unite in his own hands an accumulation of French fiefs, which rendered him, even on French ground, far stronger than his nominal suzerain. The possession of England gave him a higher title than that of Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine; its valiant inhabitants of both races added to his military strength; but England was not his home; it was not the Englishman who reigned over Anjou, but the Angevin who reigned over England. Henry and Richard held greater territories in France than those of the king and the other feudatories put together. They held the mouths of all the great rivers, and possessed the great cities of Rouen, Tours, Poitiers, and Bourdeaux. The king meanwhile, the lord of Paris and Orleans, was cooped up in the centre of his nominal dominions. Thus stood matters at the beginning of the thirteenth century; but they were not a little altered before its close. When Philip Augustus came to the throne, the King of the French did not own a single seaport; but Philip the Fair could boast of a seaboard on the English Channel, the ocean, and the Mediterranean. The crimes of John lost him all the northern part of his French possessions. Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine were incorporated with the royal domain. Britanny, the arrière-fief of Normandy, became an immediate fief of the crown till the time of its union with France by the marriage

* April 1860, p. 337.

of Lewis XII. and Anne of Britanny. This had the twofold effect of making the king of the French and the king of the English alike what their titles imported. When the crown of France had entered by forfeiture on Normandy, Anjou, and Touraine, it had become far stronger than any single feudatory. Again, the Plantagenet kings, cut off from their old home, began to be really English rulers. Hitherto England had been a dependency of Normandy or Anjou; now Aquitaine became a dependency of England. The wars of Henry II. and Richard I. were French wars, the struggles of a French feudatory striving to get the better of his suzerain. The wars of Edward III., and still more those of Henry V., were English wars. They began, indeed, in French dynastic claims, but it soon appeared that their real object was the subjection of France to England. As such, they do not immediately concern our subject. The aspect in which they do bear upon it is this. By the peace of Bretigny Edward III. resigned his claims on the crown of France; but he was recognised in return as independent Prince of Aquitaine, without any homage or superiority being reserved to the French monarch. When Aquitaine, then, was conquered by France, partly in the fourteenth, fully in the fifteenth century, it was not the "réunion" of a forfeited fief, but the absorption of a distinct and sovereign state. The sentiments of Aquitaine itself seem to have been divided. The nobles to a great extent, though far from universally, preferred the French connection. It may very well have fallen in better with their notions of chivalry, feudal dependency, and the like; the privileges, too, which French law conferred on noble birth would make their real interests lie that way. But the great cities, and, we have reason to believe, the mass of the people also, clave faithfully to their ancient dukes; and they had good reason to do so. The English kings, both by habit and by interest, naturally protected the municipal liberties of Bourdeaux and Bayonne, and exposed no part of their subjects to the horrors of French taxation and general oppression. When, in 1451, the first conquest was achieved, and the Bourdelese for the first time felt what the hand of a French master really was, they speedily revolted in favour of the more distant and more indulgent lord. The French conquest of Aquitaine was very much like what a French conquest of the Channel Islands would be now. The theory of natural boundaries claims them equally, and the theory of identity of language claims them with better right. But in the teeth of all theories, the people of Bourdeaux knew then, and the people of Jersey know now, that practical liberty and good government does not lie on the side of the power to which abstract theories would assign them.

We have anticipated somewhat in order to complete the history of the English dominion in France. We now return to the thirteenth century. Besides Normandy and Anjou, the forfeited goods of the felon John, the crown of France, during that century, obtained the county of Champagne by marriage, and that of Toulouse as the ultimate result of the Albigensian wars. Of the six lay peerages, Flanders and Burgundy alone remain. French Burgundy was granted out by Hugh Capet to a younger branch of his own family, and, when that race of dukes became extinct, the same policy was carried on by Charles V. in 1363, when he invested his son Philip with the duchy. Philip obtained by marriage the remaining peerage, the county of Flanders. We need not go at length through the career of the Burgundian dukes, told with such eloquence by M. de Barante. Under Charles the Bold there seemed every prospect of Burgundy, in its later sense, becoming a greater kingdom than ever Burgundy had been in the old. The fiefs of the empire and of the crown of France held by the Valois dukes of Burgundy raised them to a place among the most important powers of Europe. At last the might and the hopes of Charles were shivered beneath the halbert of the free Switzer. Ducal Burgundy itself fell into the grasp of Lewis XI., and a fifth great fief was "reunited" to the Parisian crown. But Flanders remained, together with those imperial fiefs which nature seems to have connected with it, to become not the least valuable possession of the universal monarchy of Charles V. For Flanders and for Artois Charles V. was the nominal liegeman of his rival Francis. The treaty of Madrid abolished this antiquated claim of suzerainty; and in vain did the Parliament of Paris, some years later, strive to secure the right, and to carry out against Charles the same process which, three hundred years sooner, had been so successfully carried out against John Lackland. The Count of Flanders and Artois was summoned to the court of his liege lord, and, not appearing, was deprived of his lands for contumacy. But the sentence was more easily pronounced than executed against a Count of Flanders and Artois, who was also Emperor of the Romans and King of Spain and the Indies. Flanders and Artois remained to the house of Austria till the wars of Lewis XIV. incorporated all Artois and part of Flanders with the French monarchy. The rest of Flanders was reserved, by a happier lot, to form part of the free monarchy of Belgium.*

Thus, at various periods spread over more than four hundred years, were all the great feudal states of France gradually incorporated with the crown. On the other hand, the nominal

* The extreme northern part of the old county belongs to the kingdom of the Netherlands, but much the greater part is Belgian.

boundaries of Capetian France have receded in three places. The feudal superiority of the French crown extended over three districts which now form part of other states. As we have implied in our last paragraph, King Leopold owes no homage to the Parisian despot for the county of Flanders; nor is any paid by her Catholic Majesty for the county of Barcelona, the royal rights over which, even more nominal than elsewhere, were, as we have already mentioned, finally surrendered by St. Lewis. Our own sovereign also retains, with the most perfect good will of the inhabitants, those insular portions of the duchy of Normandy against which Philip's sentence of forfeiture was pronounced in vain. With these three exceptions, the France of 1860 includes the whole of the France of 987; it also includes a great deal besides.

We have thus traced the steps by which the kings of Paris gradually gathered under their immediate dominion the whole, or nearly so, of those states which were at least nominally dependent upon them. We have now to follow the course of annexation in those countries which had never, even nominally, formed part of the Capetian monarchy. In so doing we mean to pass lightly over mere temporary conquests, and to confine ourselves to those annexations which have really become part and parcel of the French monarchy. Thus the Valois Kings were always conquering and always losing Naples and Milan, as well as Piedmont and Savoy; but Piedmont, Naples, and Milan have never permanently become parts of France. Thus again, under Napoleon I., the French empire threatened to become the empire of all Europe; but this extended dominion has happily not descended to Napoleon III. But we suspect that people in general are not aware how much territory, originally French in no sense, has been gradually and permanently swallowed up by the Parisian monarchy since the reign of Philip the Fair.

France, as it stood under the early Capets, was bounded to the south by the various kingdoms of Spain, to the east by the states holding of the Holy Roman Empire. With Spain France has had comparatively little to do. The existence of a real "natural boundary" may have had something to do with this; but the line of the Pyrenees has not always been held perfectly sacred on either side. More than one of the French kings ruled also as kings of Navarre by a personal hereditary right. The Bourbon dynasty permanently bore the title; but their Navarre consisted only of that small portion of the kingdom which lies north of the Pyrenees. At the eastern end of the mountain range the frontier was long unsettled, and Roussillon did not finally become French till the peace of 1659. In the space between Navarre and Roussillon, the sovereigns

France, in the character, however, not of kings but of Counts of Foix, have appeared in the more honourable aspect of Protectors of the Republic of Andorra. But the relations of France towards Spain are of far less importance than her relations towards the Empire. We left the German kingdom at the moment of its definitive separation from that of Western France in 888. In the next century Otto the Great permanently united to it the crown of Italy, or the Lombard kingdom, and also the imperial crown of Rome. In the next century the kingdom of Burgundy was acquired by virtue of the bequest of its last separate sovereign. Thus were the kingdoms of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy united under a single ruler. The King of the Eastern Franks both inherited the imperial style of Charles the Great and possessed three out of the four divisions of his empire. He held alike the Teutonic and the Italian capital of the great Emperor. Western France might look like a single province torn away from the main body of the Frankish realm. During the three first centuries of the Capetian dynasty, France was weak and Germany strong. The great Saxon, Frankish, and Swabian emperors possessed a far more practical authority over the whole of their vast dominions than the king of Paris enjoyed over his nominal realm of Latin France. But while the Capets were gradually consolidating their power over France, the Emperors began to lose theirs over Germany and Italy. After Frederick II. and the great interregnum, the empire gradually became a mere name, especially in its Burgundian provinces. Frederick Barbarossa was crowned at Arles as King of Burgundy; but a century afterwards the allegiance of Provence to King Rodolf of Hapsburg was very precarious indeed. As France grew stronger and more united, she found her whole eastern frontier, from Hainault to Provence, formed by a succession of petty states, duchies, counties, bishoprics, and free cities, disunited among themselves, and owning a very nominal subjection to their imperial suzerain. The King of the French was to most of them at once a nearer and a more powerful neighbour than the Emperor of the Romans: he was a more dangerous foe and a more desirable friend. Many provinces had a greater resemblance in language and manners to France than to Germany. To the nobles, and even to the princes themselves, the splendours of the French court offered a constant attraction. To take a familiar instance, the great house of Guise, in the sixteenth century, deserted their position as princes of the sovereign blood of Lorraine to assume that of French nobles and French party-leaders. The whole of these small states lay admirably open alike to French intrigue and to French violence; by one means or the other nearly all have been acquired. The

five centuries and a half since Philip the Fair are one long record of French aggrandisement at the expense of the territories of the Empire.

Of the three kingdoms attached to the Empire, Italy has been constantly overrun by French armies, and portions, like Milan, Piedmont, and Genoa, have been held by France, by conquest or by some pretended hereditary right, for considerable periods. But no portion of the Italian mainland has been permanently retained by France. But in the last century, by one of the most disreputable of juggles, France obtained the Italian island of Corsica without a shadow of right, and has been repaid by obtaining from thence the line of its own tyrants.

The kingdom of Germany has suffered considerable dismemberments. In the sixteenth century the three Lotharingian bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun were seized upon; but it was only late in the last century that the duchy in which those bishoprics were *enclaves* was finally incorporated with France. Lewis XIV. literally stole Strassburg and all Elsass; a province still essentially German, though the fact is disguised, as in so many other cases, by giving a French spelling to its name. The same monarch, at the time when he recovered a portion of the old French fief of Flanders, seized also a portion of the imperial fief of Hennegau,—*Gallicè* Hainault.

But it has been against the old kingdom of Burgundy that the aggressions of the Parisian monarchy have been most constant and most successful. For that very reason they are much less familiarly known: more people know that Lorraine has not always been French than that the same is true of Provence. It is therefore specially desirable to trace them in order. We have seen that the old frontier, the "natural boundary," of France to the east was the Rhone, the line above Lyons being continued along the Saone. From the Rhone to the Alps was the kingdom of Boso, afterwards, as we have seen, united to the imperial crown. At the expense of that kingdom France has, in the space of five centuries, gained twelve departments, besides as many more as she may think good to make out of her last stealings of Savoy and Nizza. The Burgundian kingdom, more remote from the imperial power than either Germany or Italy, fell away earlier and more completely than either, and split up into a host of small principalities and commonwealths. All of these, except those which still retain their independence as portions of the Swiss League, have been gradually swallowed up by the vultures of Paris. The Rhone frontier was first permanently violated by Philip the Fair in 1310. In the free imperial city of Lyons, as in so many others, violent disputes raged between the citizens and the prince-archbishops. Philip seized the fa

opportunity treacherously to occupy the city, and to reduce prince and people alike to bondage. Later in the century, the Dauphiny, or county of Vienne, was bequeathed by its last prince to the eldest son for the time being of the king of France, to be held as a separate sovereignty with the title of Dauphin. This of course soon sunk into actual annexation. Lewis XI., in the next century, seized upon the county of Provence by a pretended hereditary right. The way to this acquisition was doubtless considerably smoothed by the fact that the sovereign counts had for some generations been princes of the blood-royal of France. Bresse and Bugey, part of the dominions of Savoy, were acquired by Henry IV. in exchange for the French claims on the marquisate of Saluzzo. The little state of Orange was obtained in 1732 by exchange with Prussia. The county of Burgundy was first acquired in the fourteenth century, like Navarre, by a hereditary claim; but, like Navarre, or like Hanover in the case of our own kings, it was separated again before it had been really incorporated with the French monarchy. It was not till the days of Lewis XIV. that, after many vicissitudes, the once sovereign county-palatine of Burgundy, and the once free imperial city of Besançon, were finally engulfed in the Charybdis of French domination. At the breaking out of the French Revolution all that had escaped of the Burgundian kingdom was the duchy of Savoy, the western cantons of Switzerland, the bishopric of Basel, the republic of Geneva, and the papal possessions of Avignon and Venaissin, long surrounded by earlier annexations. All these were swallowed up by the revolutionary torrent; but all save the Papal territory recovered their independence by the settlement of 1814-15. The last act as yet of the drama, one surpassed in perfidious baseness by none which have gone before it, has been just performed beneath our own eyes.

It is, we think, not only curious as a piece of past history, but really important as a matter of present politics, to trace the gradual stages of French aggression in this quarter. A steady course of aggrandisement has been carried out for five hundred years, and the policy of the Capet has been continued by the Buonaparte. The first step was taken by Philip the Fair, the father of the old royal tyranny; the last step as yet has fallen to the lot of the kindred genius of Louis Napoléon;—we say the last step as yet, because it is impossible to believe that a voluntary check will be put on a settled scheme which is now all but accomplished. There is no difference in principle between the absorption of Savoy and Nizza and the absorption of Vaud and Neufchâtel. Whatever arguments justify the one would with an equally "irresistible logic" justify the other. We are told that Nizza and Savoy are provinces "essentially French;" they

can be so only in a sense in which Geneva and Lausanne, we might add Brussels and St. Helier's, are essentially French also. Those obligations of treaties which guarantee the independence and neutrality of Switzerland are not more sacred than those which guarantee that neutrality of northern Savoy, without which the independence of Switzerland is a name. That this scheme of aggrandisement, that all schemes of aggrandisement, are solemnly denied, proves about as much as was proved some months ago by the no less solemn denial of all designs upon Savoy. We have long learned how to trust the man whose lips uttered the words "Je le jure," and who kept the oath by a December massacre.

In short, among a crowd of ancient and independent states which have been gradually swallowed up, one alone remains. Switzerland, the very home and cradle of freedom, is the last remnant of the many centres of political life which once existed between the Rhone and the Alps. Marseilles, Lyons, Besançon, were once as free as Bern and Geneva. The imperial Rabshakeh may stand before the still unattacked citadel of freedom, and point to the lands which he has destroyed utterly, and ask in his pride if the remnant which is left shall venture to hope for deliverance. French cannon bristling on the shores of the Lake of Geneva can be pointed in one direction only,—that direction which French aggression has been constantly taking since the banner of the *fleur-de-lys* first showed itself east of the Rhone. It remains for Europe to determine whether it will sit by and see the perpetration of a wrong before which the annexations of Provence and Lorraine, and of Savoy itself, would sink into insignificance.

We have thus traced out the long history of Parisian aggression; but, in common justice, we must make one remark on the other side. We said at the outset that, except for the monstrous deceptions by which it is always defended, the aggressions of France are in no way more guilty than the aggressions of other powers; in one important respect France has much less to answer for than other conquering states. To be conquered by France has been at all times a less immediate evil than to be conquered by Spain, Austria, or Turkey. A province conquered by France has always been really incorporated with France: no French conquests have ever been kept in the condition of subject dependencies; their inhabitants have at once been admitted to the rights and the wrongs, the good and the evil fortune of Frenchmen, and have had every career offered by the French monarchy at once opened to them. No French acquisition has ever been kept in the state in whic
the Netherlands, in which Austria has kept Hung

bardy, in which the whole Ottoman empire is kept to this day. Savoy will lose much by its transfer from the rule of constitutional Sardinia to that of despotic France, but there is no fear of its being reduced to the condition of Venetia. The geographical position of all the French conquests, except Corsica, has of course tended to this complete incorporation, as well as that inherent spirit of French centralisation which tends to obliterate all local distinctions. One must allow that, if conquests are to be made, this is a generous and liberal as well as a prudent way of conquering. But it has its bad side also. The inhabitants of a French conquest become Frenchmen, and swell the ranks of the aggressors. The subtle process of denationalisation cuts off that hope of undoing the evil work which always exists when a country is kept down under an avowed foreign tyranny. One cannot doubt that, when a portion of the Spanish Netherlands was seized by Lewis XIV., the inhabitants found an immediate gain in becoming an integral part of France, instead of a distant dependency of Spain. But the immediate gain has been an ultimate loss; had those provinces then remained to the house of Austria, they would now swell the strength of independent Belgium. So Elsass has not suffered at the hands of France as Hungary has suffered at the hands of Austria; but the hope of seeing an independent Hungary is a hope far less wild than that of seeing Elsass once more a member of a German confederation or empire. The very best side of French aggression makes us feel the more sadly that there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

We have thus done our best to show that Parisian France in no way represents ancient Gaul or Carolingian Francia. France and the French are a modern power and a modern nation, of which we see the first glimmerings in the ninth century, and which attain something like a definite and lasting position in the tenth. France is essentially an artificial, advancing state, just like Sardinia and Prussia in more recent times. When mayors and bishops hail Louis Napoléon as the "successor of Pepin and Charlemagne," they are asserting a palpable untruth. Modern Europe contains no real successor of either; but least of all is the successor of the elected King of Aachen, the crowned Cæsar of Rome, to be looked for in the upstart usurper of Paris. The work of Charles was to make Italy and Gaul alike subject to a German monarch. No work could less call forth our sympathies at the present moment; but no work could be more alien to the process of extending the frontiers of the Celt of Paris over Italian, Burgundian, and Teutonic lands. Italy, in the eighth century and in the tenth, invoked a German king as her deliverer from her intestine troubles. No such

remedy now is needed. She can now work her deliverance for herself, and she no more heeds the hypocritical friendship of the Gaul than the open enmity of the Austrian. Before our eyes is growing up an Italian kingdom truer and freer than that of Charles and Otto, than that of Berenger and Hugh of Provence; and, with a slight change of name and style, we may apply to its first and chosen sovereign the words of the papal benediction to Charles himself. Not altogether for his own sake, not forgetting the tortuous and faithless policy which bartered away the old cradle of his house, still, as to the representative of Italian unity, we may say with heart and voice, "Victori Emmanueli, a Deo coronato magno et pacifico Italorum Regi, Romanorum Imperatori futuro, vita et victoria!"

ART. II.—THE ENGLISH TRANSLATORS OF HOMER.

The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English metre. By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberly, 1856.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into blank verse. By Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A., translator of Dante, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Books I.-VI. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

WE have been told, on no less authority than that of Lemuel Gulliver, that, when the Laputan necromancer gratified him by summoning from the shades Homer, at the head of all his commentators, "it was soon discovered that he was a perfect stranger to all that numerous company, and had never seen or heard of them before;" and it was whispered, "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented their authors' meaning to posterity."*

Had the great satirist been gifted with prophetic vision to reach to our own time, he might have seen much to make him modify this judgment, much on the other hand to steep his pen in yet deeper gall. Buttmann, Passow, and Nitsch need not perhaps have shrunk from looking their author in the face, as did Eustathius and Didymus; but the whole lower world would be scarce wide enough to find a lurking-place for those German critics who denied his individuality altogether, and deemed him the mere name for an imaginary compiler of a patchwork poem.

What would Swift have said of the translators, especially

* Voyage to Laputa, ch. viii.

those of his own language? Little enough, we fear, and that little the reverse of complimentary; yet there existed then English versions which even now hold their own, and may probably never be wholly superseded; though no translator, either then or since, seems to have forced upon his successors the belief that it was either a hopeless or a needless task to attempt to tread again over the same well-worn ground. Even Chapman had his predecessor; but he improved him off the face of the earth: his own archaic quaintness and Elizabethan conceits shocked the ears of the age of Dryden and Pope; their conceits, in turn, so far more false and frigid, their *purpureus pannus* of laboured antithetical rhetoric, offended the simpler taste of Cowper; and Cowper in our own day has found his rivals, urged by the consciousness of a sounder scholarship or a more vigorous spirit, to strive to reproduce in stronger or more faithful colours the picture which seemed, despite all its merits, to be so feeble a copy of its great original. How far the last competitors in this field of fame have succeeded, it will be the object of the present article to show; but it may be well to preface the inquiry by a short historical sketch of the labours of past generations.

It would seem, as we have already said, that the honour of having been the first introducer of Homer to the English reader is not claimed by Chapman, as a translation of ten books of the Iliad from the French of M. Salel, by A. H. (Arthur Hall, Esq.), of Grantham, appeared in 1581. The author compliments the distinguished translators of the day,—Golding, Phaier, and others,—and states that he began the work about 1563, under the advice of Roger Ascham. We have never seen the book, which is exceedingly rare; and we are indebted for these facts to the introduction to the last new edition of Chapman, whence we also learn that Chapman himself published parts of the Iliad in 1598, and the complete version probably in 1611; the first twelve books of the Odyssey in 1614, and the whole Iliad and Odyssey collected into one volume in 1616. His work, once also rare, is now again within reach of all, having been twice lately republished,—the Iliad by Dr. Taylor, in 1843, and the whole by Mr. Hooper in 1858. We intend to bring before our readers several specimens, which will give the reader a far better idea of his merits than any cut-and-dried criticism that we could offer. Indeed, it would be hard to improve on the well-known judgment of Charles Lamb: "He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he had not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of

these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old Law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Samson against the uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions. But passion (the all in all of poetry) is every where present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd."*

Soon after the Restoration appeared the version of John Ogilby, adorned with elaborate engravings to hide the poverty of its diction. It is said to have taken the fancy of the young Pope, and first inspired him with a relish for poetry, and perhaps for the poetry of Homer in particular. Pope's taste was, however, too correct to allow him to regard such a scribbler with other feelings than those of contempt; yet if Ogilby were ambitious of posthumous fame, he might well have thanked his stars that he had fallen under Pope's eye of scorn, and thus escaped the still harder fate which Johnson had unjustly feared for Boswell, "that he had lost his only chance of immortality by not being alive when the *Dunciad* was written."

Impartial time has consigned to the same oblivion the work of a far greater man; for probably the majority of our readers are unaware that the whole Iliad and Odyssey have been translated by Thomas Hobbes. We may feel an interest in it as the perhaps unrivalled labour of fourscore years and seven; but it was not for the philosopher of Malmesbury to feel the touching beauty of those exquisite pictures of early Greek life, conceived in a spirit so opposite to the freezing selfishness of his narrow creed. We shall not easily recognise the lament of sad Andromache thus travestied:

"My dear, you'll by your courage be undone,
And this your son a wretched orphan be;
The Greeks at once on you alone shall fall;
And then a woful widow shall be I;
And have no comfort in the world at all,
But live in misery and wish to die.
Father and mother have they left me none—
* * * * *
Now, Hector, you my father are and brother;
Husband and mother, in thee I confide;
For pitie's sake, then, on this turret stay,
Lest fatherless your son, I widow be."

* Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, i. p. 91.

And we have only to carry our search further to find all around us fresh grounds to support an indictment for murder. Yet it is but fair to quote the close of his preface, which startles us by speaking of this great labour as if it had been merely designed as a lure to call off the falcons from a more important quarry: "But howsoever I defend Homer, I aim not thereby at any reflection upon the following translation. Why, then, did I write it? Because I had nothing else to do. Why publish it? Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom."

Next among our translators stands the great name of John Dryden, from whose pen we have the first Iliad and the parting of Hector and Andromache, published about 1698. Pope has accorded to it the praise of a generous rival: "Had he translated the whole, I should no more have thought of attempting Homer after him than Virgil; his version of whom, notwithstanding some human errors, is the most noble and spirited I know in any language." Posterity will hardly, perhaps, deplore that the unfinished work of Dryden left room for Pope. Both versions, indeed, are of the same character, both equally wide of the simple grandeur of the original; but of the two, Dryden is decidedly, on the whole, inferior. It would seem, indeed, that Pope did not always thus distrust his power to rival Dryden as a translator, inasmuch as he had at one time intended to print together, for comparison, four translations of the first Iliad—his own, and those of Dryden, Maynwaring, and Tickell. This last appeared in 1715, at the same time with the earlier part of Pope's version, and was pronounced by Addison to have more of Homer in it than Pope's had,—as, indeed, it easily might. However this may be, its appearance caused some alienation of friendship; for though Addison had been one of those who had encouraged Pope to the task, Pope believed,—and, we fear, not without reason,—that he traced under the name of Tickell the hand of Addison.

Pope's Iliad was completed by 1720, and was followed in 1725 by the Odyssey, in which he was assisted by Fenton and Broome. In an age when musical flow of rhythm was more valued than true poetic fire and rugged energy, we need not wonder that Chapman and all his successors were dethroned, and that Pope reigned supreme in the world of letters. Few perhaps were sufficiently competent Grecians to care to compare him closely with the original; indeed, the only really great scholar then living was Bentley, whose opinion is well known: "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but do not call it Homer."

Pope reigned without a rival for more than sixty years, till

Cowper appeared in the field to contest his claim. Far as Cowper has excelled Pope in fidelity, in real correctness of taste and appreciation of the Homeric simplicity, the brilliancy of the elder poet has still held its own in popular estimation against the ponderous and often disjointed rhythm of his really far greater successor. Cowper has shown the strength and weakness of the Miltonic blank verse, as Pope had shown those of the decasyllable couplet; and we believe a preference has grown up for a freer metre, such as Chapman's (in the Iliad), which Charles Lamb pronounced "capable of all sweetness and grandeur. Cowper's ponderous blank verse detains you every step with some heavy Miltonism; Chapman gallops off with you at his own free pace."* We have the same freedom of metre in Dr. Maginn's very spirited ballads from the Odyssey, and a still greater freedom has been claimed by Mr. F. W. Newman; while the other metres have yet found their advocates, the decasyllable couplet having been chosen by Mr. Sotheby (1831), and the Miltonic blank verse by Mr. Wright, who closes our list.

This catalogue, though it may be far from exhaustive, contains the names of no less than fifteen authors, most of them otherwise known to fame, and some among the greatest names in the history of our literature, who have endeavoured to supply the English reader with a metrical version of all or part of the Homeric poems. It may seem strange that so many should have attempted the same task, and stranger still that, after all their labours, a satisfactory translation should still be thought an impossibility. At any rate, this lengthened review of the labours of the past will not have been thrown away on our readers, if it has suggested the propriety of criticising a new translation, not by an arbitrary standard of ideal perfection, but by comparison with its actual competitors. Yet we feel that one only of the two whom we have chosen as our special subject can be thus relatively estimated. Mr. Newman is a revolutionist in the principles on which his translation is constructed, and has scarcely any thing in common with any predecessor except Chapman, and differs too much even from him to be fairly commensurable; while to place him side by side with Pope, Cowper, or Sotheby, would be to subject him to a comparison which must necessarily do him an injustice. With their elegant flowing lines neither his verse nor his diction has any pretensions to compare; but he has departed from their standard deliberately, feeling that it is not by following in their footsteps that he can hope to avoid their failures. We propose, therefore, after a short statement of the principles on which he has proceeded, to select

* Letters, by Talfourd, i. p. 236.

a few passages which our readers may place side by side with the Greek alone, and determine whether the object at which he aims is of sufficient importance, and has been sufficiently realised, to be worthy of the sacrifices which have been made to reach it.

The preface explains the grounds for the adoption of that peculiar metre which forms one of his distinguishing characteristics. Firstly, he was led (by reasons with which we cordially agree) to prefer a ballad metre of some kind to that of either Pope or Cowper.

"The style of Homer is garrulous, abounding with formulas, redundant in particles and affirmatory interjections, as also in grammatical connectives of time, place, and argument. In all these respects it is similar to the old English ballad, and in sharp contrast to the polished style of Pope, Sotheby, and Cowper. Indeed, the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with three beats in each, and is undoubtedly founded on 'ditty' or sing-song, like our own ballad. On the contrary, the verse with five accents, which Pope, Cowper, Sotheby use, is adapted only to the terse, polished, oratorical, or philosophical poetry of a later age. In such a metre (and peculiarly without rhyme) a high subject is necessary, and an artificial, if not an ornamental, style; even with tender sentiments, simplicity in it is not easily borne, unless there is something elevated or rare in the thoughts, while to be homely and prosaic, even for a few lines, is offensive. Shakespeare knew this so well, that he chooses rather to break into plain prose than put common thought into five-foot metre. Indeed, with this metre the instinct of every translator at once sacrifices as inadmissible all the repetitions of epithets, half lines, and whole lines, which so characterise the Greek epic. So glaring a proof of the incongruity of their form might have suggested that the mischief must go far deeper, and that they sacrifice inner qualities of the original life as well as external badges."

Secondly, a ballad metre might be composed of systems of either four or three beats, or a combination of both; or, to illustrate by an example familiar to most readers, it might resemble either the long, short, or common measure of our ordinary hymn-books: and of these three alternatives, after repeated trials, the last was chosen. Thirdly, the exigencies of rhyme, as had been shown even in the case of Chapman, positively forbid faithfulness, enforcing often the adoption of inappropriate words, and making it necessary to spin out or unduly condense the ideas to bring the lines into couplets. Rhyme, then, must at all hazards be abandoned, and thus the metre assumed a completely new character, and failed to satisfy the ear, till the expedient of adding an unaccented syllable to the second line in each couplet was devised, and thus at last a result produced which Mr. Newman considered satisfactory, and which coincides

exactly with the modern Greek epic. In the choice of words and expressions he has studied to attain "a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity, while remaining easily intelligible;" to prefer Saxon to Latinised words; to be quaint without being grotesque. Generally he dissents strongly from the dogma that the reader, if possible, should be lulled into the illusion that he is reading, not a translation, but an original poem. Mr. Newman's aim is the opposite to this,—to give his work as much as possible the character of a translation, as little as possible the character of an original poem; "to retain every peculiarity of the original, so far as he is able, with the greater care the more foreign it may happen to be, whether it be matter of taste, intellect, or morals."

Let us now instance in some selected passages the result of all these principles. As our space compels us to select but few, they shall be such as in their original are among the best known and most celebrated in the whole compass of the Iliad, requesting the reader to compare the translations closely with the Greek version, which we will not insult him by supposing that he does not possess.

"Thus saying, gallant Hector stretch'd his arms toward his infant.
But back into the bosom of the nurse with dapper girdle
The child recoil'd with wailing, scar'd by his dear father's aspect,
In terror dazzled to behold the brass and crest of horsehair,
Which from the helmet's topmost ridge terrific oer him nodded.
Then did his tender father laugh, and laughed his queenly mother,
And gallant Hector instantly beneath his chin the helmet
Unfasten'd; so upon the ground he laid it all resplendent.
Then pois'd his little son aloft, and dandled him, and kiss'd him,
And rais'd a prayer to Jupiter and other gods immortal:
'O Jupiter, and other gods, grant ye that this my infant
Soon may become his father's like, among the Troians signal,
Mighty to reign in Ilium, and terrible in prowess.
And when from battle he returns, may some one say hereafter,—
'Far greater than his sire is he;' and may he with him carry
The gory trophies of a foe, his mother's heart to gladden.'
Thus saying, in the mother's arms he plac'd the tender infant;
And she her own dear child receiv'd within her fragrant bosom,
Laughing amid her tears; the which her husband saw, and pitied;
And soothing her with hand and voice, he spake, her name pronouncing.
(vi. 466.)

Hither he hied him, pitying the Argives, by the Trojans
Sore wasted, and with Jupiter was mightily indignant:
Then from the mountain's craggy highth incontinent descended,
With foot outstriding rapidly. The forest and long ridges
Shiver'd beneath the immortal tread of Neptune onward hasting.
Three steps he made; and with the fourth he reach'd his goal at Ægæ;
Ægæ within whose lake profound are builded to his honour
Golden abodes illustrious, that sparkle undecaying.
Hither arriv'd, beneath the yoke he shot his heavenly coursers,
Brazen of foot and swift to fly, with golden manes lon-

He on his own immortal skin
The golden lash's canny weight
And oer the billows 'gan him drive,
The ocean monsters well beknew
The sea with gladness op'd its lap,
Skimm'd oer it; nor was underneath,
So him the lightly-bounding steeds

with gold was clad; and grasping
on his bwn seat he mounted;
From all their caverns rising
their lord, and frisk'd around him.
as those immortal coursers
the brazen axle wetted.
bare to the Achaian galleys. (xiii. 15.)

On it he plac'd a cornfield deep,
Reaping, and wielded each in hand
The bundles,—some behind the row
Others, the binders of the sheaves,
Three were the binders of the sheaves,
Children the bundles gathering,
With heart of effort, dealt supply;
The king in silence near the row
Heralds, apart, beneath an oak
And oer a mighty bull, new-slain,
White flour in plenty oer it shed,

where hireling workmen labour'd
a newly-sharpen'd sickle.
to earth did fall successive;
were knotting into trusses.
right urgent; but behind them
and in their arms enclasping,
but, resting on his sceptre,
stood forth, in soul delighted.
a banquet were preparing,
were busied, and women
as dinner for the hirelings.

On it an orchard next he plac'd,
Laden with luscious crop of grapes;
Across the vineyard every row
On either side, a dark blue ditch;
Of tin; a single narrow path
By which the pickers came and went
And tender maids, and striplings slim,
Did in well-woven baskets bear
And in the midst of them a boy
Delightsome, and with tiny voice
The others to the tune beat time,

all beautiful and golden,
dark were the clusters on it,
was prop't on poles of silver.
around, a fence he carried
led thro' the field to reach it,
when they would crop the vineyard.
with gentle heart of childhood,
the fruit as honey pleasant,
on shrilly lute was harping
replied in dainty ditty.
and hummed and skipp'd and bounded. (xviii. 550.)

Achilles, image of the gods!
Who, on the deadly steps of Eld
And haply him the dwellers-round
Nor standeth any by his side
Yet doth he verily, I wis,
Joy in his soul, and every day
His loved offspring to behold,
Mine is a direr fate; for I
Of all in wide-spread Troy; of whom
Fifty I had, when first arriv'd
Of these a score complete, save one,
My proper queen; the rest were born
Beneath fierce Ares most of them
But him who was my only guard
Him, fighting for his native land
Hector. And therefore now I seek
From thee his body to redeem,
But, Achileus! revere the gods,
Thy proper sire remembering:
Who have endur'd, what none beside
Unto my lips to raise the hand

thy proper sire remember,
far on, like me, is carried
with many an outrage harry,
to ward annoy and ruin.
while thee alive he learneth
the hope within him cherish,
return'd from land of Troas.
the noblest sons had gotten
not one, I say, remaineth.
the children of Achaia,
came from a single mother;
of women in my chambers,
with knees unstrung are fallen;
to kin and folk and city,
thyself hadst lately vanquish'd,—
the galleys of Achaia,
and brilliant ransom bear thee.
and for my years have pity,
but sadder far my portion,
of men on earth would venture,
which hath my children slaughter'd."
(xxiv. 486.)

The reader who has not the book itself, but only these passages, to judge from, will undoubtedly have to draw his conclu-

sions from very scanty data. We would gladly have quoted many more passages had our space permitted it; still, few though they be, we believe that they are fairly chosen, and give as good an idea of the work as extracts ever can give, and that their number might be doubled or trebled without adding much to the reader's materials for judgment; and as the book itself may be procured at a very moderate price, those who wish to see more of it than we have laid before them hold the remedy in their own hands. In either case, whether the object of study be the book itself or our extracts, it will doubtless be read with that respectful attention which Mr. Newman's name and literary labours must command; we fear too, in either case, that the reader who passes from the promise held out in the preface to the actual performance, will feel some such a disappointment as the student of Haydon's writings ever feels when brought for the first time face to face with one of Haydon's pictures, and convinced painfully that he whose conceptions had seemed so true and just has fallen far short of his own ideal. It would be unjust and ungenerous to deny that Mr. Newman's translation has many and peculiar merits. For instance, it is by far the most literal that has ever been written in English; all the constant epithets, almost all the particles, find their place, and the Greek is rendered line for line, and almost word for word. Still we seem to feel that, notwithstanding all this literal exactness, we have but the bare skeleton of the Greek without its poetry; and we much fear that an English reader, ignorant of the original, would scarcely gather from such a version that Homer was a poet of exquisite tenderness and feeling. Among the causes of our discontent, first and foremost must rank the metre, which we fear has only too well shown that capacity for degenerating into doggrel which Mr. Newman seems to rank among its characteristic excellencies. It is no doubt well adapted for introducing connecting words and particles, or for translating the Greek line by line, for it seems as if it would be fit for introducing any thing or translating any thing; as if it was a metre that nothing could elevate, or degrade, or improve, or spoil, and in which all subjects would sound alike; a theorem of Euclid, a leading article from the *Times*, or a dialogue from the last new novel, could all be reduced to it with the slightest possible verbal alteration. To such a mill all would be grist that came near it, and in no grain that had once passed through it would human ingenuity ever detect again a characteristic quality. Seriously speaking, even after reading thousands of lines, we cannot find that our ears are the least attuned to it, or that we can feel any more harmony or taste in it than we did at first. We believe that Mr. Newman has himself pointed out the best metre for translating Hom-

and it is to be regretted that he shrank in diffidence from an attempt in that direction.* With the example of Dr. Magian before us, we cannot but think that, in the wide variety of our ballad measures, Mr. Newman might have found something at once free and melodious without having recourse to invention. New metres must doubtless be from time to time introduced into a language, but it seems that only in poetry of a very high order may such attempt be safely made. In a translation it is almost sure to fail, for translations even at best must seem stiff and ponderous, without the additional defect of an unfamiliar metre.

Again, though a style in some sort archaic is no doubt desirable, and even necessary, to represent such a poet as Homer, we cannot but consider that Mr. Newman's diction is needlessly antiquated and uncouth; and that, though he has not admitted any expressions which are unintelligible from their antiquity, he has omitted to observe the further caution, that archaism should not appear plainly to be constrained or assumed, lest a laboured and highly-artificial style of English should suggest the idea of a laboured, artificial style of Greek, than which nothing can be more opposite to Homer. The archaism of Chapman, quaint as it is, is natural, not assumed; and it would be wiser not to imitate it now, but to aim at giving a character to the style by the use of such old words as are still familiar to us, rather than by rehabilitating those which have long since become obsolete, or perhaps never yet south of the Tweed found a home to rest in. But surely even Chapman's hair would have stood on end at some of Mr. Newman's expressions. He hopes that he is quaint without being grotesque, yet feels that he "must retain many words which one or other will avow that he hates; and against hate it is useless to argue." But we must appeal from Mr. Newman the translator to Mr. Newman the critic, and ask, Is it intelligible, or is it not, to speak of a "horse-twisted helmet" (xiii. 614), "bluff overthrow" (*αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος*), "curling-eyed Achæans"? do such expressions convey any meaning whatever, except so far as they suggest their Greek originals? Is it quaint, or is it grotesque, to call the Achæans "dapper-greaved," and their wives "dainty-nhooked" and "dapper-girdled"?—to translate *φρένας ἐξέλετο*, "the wit of Glaucus crippled," or *ἀποπτύσει δ' ἁλὸς ἀχνην*, "sputtering the briny spray"?† or to speak of Pallas descending "plumping amid them,"‡ like the crinolined hoyden of

* "I am not so rash as to say, that if freedom be given to rhyme, as in Walter Scott's poetry,—where the echo comes back sometimes in one, sometimes in two, or even three, four lines,—a genius may not arise who will translate Homer into the melodies of *Marmion*, and produce a faithful and far more delightful poem than can ever come forth out of the principles on which I proceed." (*Preface*, p. viii.)

† iv. 426. ‡ iv. 79.

a boarding-school? Doubtless Homer meant to convey by Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἠυδόκη a simple and respectful title; but who can say the same of "glorious imp of Jove,"* or "maiden imp,"† or of "heavenly imps," as a title for the Oread nymphs who spread their shade over the grave of Eëtion?‡ Again, is it at all likely that "elf-possessed" expresses the idea represented to a Greek writer of that age by the word δαιμόνιος, epithet of people though it be, and not of things?

We do not mean to say that such phrases are fair or average specimens of Mr. Newman's diction. On the contrary, many of his expressions are not only unexceptionable, but even remarkable for their force and propriety. Still we cannot too strongly regret that such blots should occur at all; and that a want of poetic taste and feeling, a strained archaic quaintness, and an unhappy metre, should so mar the effect of a diction often forcible and vigorous, and a conscientious faithfulness of rendering perhaps unrivalled in our translations from the classics.

Mr. Wright has little or none of the individuality so conspicuous in Mr. Newman, but follows with less boldness, and less risk of failure, in the beaten track; and endeavours rather to show what may be done on the principles already practised than to make an attempt in a new direction. He thus challenges close comparison with his predecessors, especially Cowper, and may best be estimated, as we propose to estimate him, by a comparative standard. Indeed, in so doing we should only be meting to him the same justice which has been already measured to others; the comparative merits of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper having been thus tested at length in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. iii. 1834), and the comparison of various other versions with that of Sotheby having been the subject of some highly-interesting essays by Professor Wilson, reprinted in vol. viii. of his collected writings. Both works abound with excellent criticisms, and we may generally refer to them for many remarks and quotations which we have not here space to introduce; entering somewhat of protest as we pass, that the former writer seems to underrate Cowper, the latter to overrate Sotheby.

In our selection of passages, we naturally turn first to the fierce debate of the first Iliad as a test of the powers of a translator. The whole is far too long to quote entire, but we may perhaps select as a specimen the second reply of Agamemnon (vv. 173-187), especially the three wonderful lines with which it opens, those lines which have ever seemed the ideal expression of that hatred which veils itself under the guise of scorn. We have not space for many versions, and therefore must omit Chapman, though very good and spirited.

* iv. 515. † v. 783. ‡ vi. 420.

" To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right,
Of all the kings, the gods' distinguished care,
To power superior none such hatred bear.
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength bestowed,
For know, vain man, thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thine own realms with arbitrary sway;
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince, prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair;
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy loved Briseis with the radiant eyes;
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known
That kings are subject to the gods alone." *Pope.*

" Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardour of desire to go,—begone!
I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For in dissension ever, and in blood
Is thy delight; yet valour is no ground
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heav'n.
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!
There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chryseis, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew;
So sure the fair Briseis shall be mine.
I will demand her even at thy tent.
So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power
I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me." *Cowper.*

" Fly, if thy mind so prompt thee; fly at once,
Stay not for me, I ask thee not to stay.
Others will honour me, and more than all,
Great Jove the counsellor. Of heaven-born kings
Thee I detest the most. Battle and blood
Are ever thy delight. If thou be strong,
Some god that strength bestowed. Fly with thy ships,
And lord it o'er thy Myrmidons at home;

I heed thee not, and disregard thy wrath.
Yet hear this threat—Since Phœbus claims from me
Chryses' fair daughter, ships and friends of mine
Shall lead the damsel back. But to thy tent
Hence will I speed myself, and tear away
Thy prize, Briseis of the beauteous cheeks.
So shalt thou learn by proof how far my power
Surpasseth thine; and all shall be deterred
From boasting an equality with me." *Wright.*

To compare these: Pope may seem great till we compare him with the original, and see him wandering far from its simple dignity. Sixteen lines have been spun out into twenty-six, yet leave point after point untouched and unrendered. The second line is turgid and not Homeric, and we search in vain for the scornful εἴ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται; while the third and fourth, even combined, fail to convey the subtle εἰρωνεία of Homer's third. He misses entirely the intense personal feeling of the ἔχθιστος δέ μοί ἐσσι; and though his ninth line is good, he seems to have been forced by the exigencies of rhyme to spoil it by saying the same thing over again in the tenth. The elaborate antithesis between short-lived friendship and groundless hate is neither Homer nor Homeric; and the "But here 'tis mine to threaten" we believe to be founded upon a mistranslation of ὧδε.* The nineteenth and twentieth lines are pure insertion; and a closer analysis might detect many other defects of detail too numerous to mention, besides and beyond the cardinal defect of all, the spirit of grandiloquent bombast in which the whole is conceived. Cowper's is, on the whole, an excellent translation; the three opening Greek lines are rendered faithfully and spiritedly, though without the terseness or strength of the original, and we scarcely miss any point of detail, except some of the constant epithets. Mr. Wright is even still more closely literal, as any reader will see who takes the trouble to compare him with the Greek; but for taste and power his translation will not equal Cowper's. It is faithful in word and phrase, faithful too in preserving the abrupt, spasmodic, disjointed structure of the sentences in which the rage too fierce for fluency finds its utterance. Yet we feel somehow that the life and fire of the original have evaporated in the translation. How or where they have evaporated, or what alterations might restore them, is perhaps as hard to show as it is to point out to a copyist the microscopic touches and strokes which have baffled his skill, as he strives to reproduce the magic creations of Raffaelle or Titian. He may copy minutely and scrupulously, till his work seems in

* It is at least open to question whether ὧδε is ever used of place in Homer: cf. Nitzsch on Od. i. 182, and L. and S. s.v. At any rate, we do not believe that it can be so used in this passage.

detail indistinguishable from the original, yet some almost invisible line has been missed which gave that original all its character. Such is ever the fate of him who attempts to translate one of the world's great poets.

Let us next examine the versions of the oath of Achilles (vv. 234-44); and as we would not willingly overtax the reader's patience, we will not quote Pope, simply expressing our opinion (in which we believe that all who take the trouble to consult the passage will agree with us) that he is sonorous and rhetorical, but pompous and bombastic to the last degree, and therefore eminently the reverse of Homeric. In support of this, we need but quote a single specimen, the turgid rendering of the simple lines:

εὖτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
θνήσκοντες πίπτωσι·

"When, flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead."

In place of Pope, let us hear Sotheby, with Mr. Wright and Cowper, as before:

"By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
Its parent on the mountain-top, what time
The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,
And stripped its bark, shall never grow again;
Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
Who under Jove stand guardians of the laws;
By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath),
Time shall be, when Achilles shall be miss'd;
When all shall want him, and thyself the power
To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
When Hector at your heels shall mow you down,
The hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,
Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,
That thou hast scorned, as he were nothing worth,
A chief, the soul and bulwark of thy cause." *Cowper.*

"Yet by this sceptre, which untimely reft
From its bare trunk upon the mountains left,
Barked by the steel, and of his foliage shorn,
Nor bark nor foliage shall again adorn;
But borne by powerful chiefs of high command,
Guardians of law, and judges of the land:
Be witness thou, with this tremendous test
I ratify my word and steel my breast;
The day shall come, when Greece in dire alarm
Shall lean for succour on Pelides' arm;
Then when beneath fierce Hector's murdering blade
Thy warriors bleed, and claim in vain thy aid;
Rage shall consume thy heart, that maddening pride
Dishonouring me, thy bravest chief defied." *Sotheby.*

"By this my sceptre, which hath never borne
Or leaf or branch, since in the mountains first
It left its trunk; and ne'er will bud again,—
Stript by the unsparing axe of leaves and bark;—
And such is held an emblem in the hands
Of judges who uphold the laws of Jove:—
Yea, by this sceptre,—oath inviolate,—
A day is coming, when the Greeks shall all
Long for Achilles, and thine arm prove weak
To save thy people, falling fast beneath
The slaughtering Hector. Then shall keen remorse
Dart through thine inmost soul a bitter pang,
For honouring not the bravest of the Greeks." *Wright.*

As before, Mr. Wright is the most literal; as before, he is the least poetical. It is only by close comparison with the Greek that his exactness will be fully evident, so that he must be content to forego the admiration of the general reader, to whom his fidelity will be less palpable than his poverty. Sotheby's seventh and eighth lines are a great blot upon a version otherwise good; for it is absurd to call the sceptre a "tremendous test," and the expression "steel my breast" is a feeble insertion out of harmony with the rest of the passage. The πρὸς Διός also is much too significant to be altogether omitted, as it is. Cowper is on the whole good, and Homeric in spirit if not in letter, but is wanting in energy.

We will take one more passage, and only one, from the first book; the three far-famed lines (528-530) which are said to have given Phidias his glorious conception of Olympian Zeus. We cannot give the reader less than six versions:

"He said, and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head
Th' ambrosian curls flow'd; great heaven shook." *Chapman.*

"The stamp of heaven and seal of fate—he said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill;
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil." *Dryden.*

"He spoke, and awful bend his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god;
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to its centre shook." *Pope.*

"He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
The sovereign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled." *Cowper.*

"He spake, and fully to confirm his vow,
The sanction gave, and bowed his awful brow,
From his immortal head profusely flowed
Th' ambrosial locks that waved around the god,
While all Olympus trembled at his nod." *Sot*

"He spoke; and bending low his sable brows,
Jove bowed assent. Around the immortal head
Of heaven's high king flowed down the ambrosial locks,
And vast Olympus trembled." *Wright.*

We have not space to examine closely all these translations of the untranslatable; those who wish to be saved the trouble of examining them for themselves must be referred to Professor Wilson's critique, already mentioned, which contains an elaborate examination of all these, except Mr. Wright, with others which we have not quoted. It is enough for us to point out briefly Mr. Wright's place among them. It will be seen at a glance that he has taken the safer course in confining himself rigidly to the Greek, without expansion or addition. This scrupulous fidelity has not, indeed, placed him on a level with the daring of Chapman, whose version strikes us as by far the finest of all; but he has at least avoided the feeble diffuseness of Sotheby, and the glaring false imagery of Dryden; and though Pope's version be finer in some respects, it is marred by the third line, which was certainly not worth stealing from Dryden, though it must be granted that Pope mended it in the stealing. We believe, then, that Mr. Wright may be bracketed with Cowper for the second place.

From the second Iliad let us select the description, so stirring with life and motion, of the gathering of the Argive host in assembly (84-100). That we may not be always quoting from the same sources, we will confine ourselves to Chapman and Mr. Wright.

"The earth was overlaid
With flockers to them that came forth, as when of frequent bees
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees
Of their egression endlessly, with ever-rising new
From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring,
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers; so from the ships and tents the army's store
Trooped to these princes, and the court along th' unmeasured shore.
Amongst whom, Jove's ambassadress, Fame, in her virtue shined,
Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble, thus inclin'd,
Hurried together; uproar seized the high court; earth did groan
Beneath the settling multitude; tumult was there alone.
Thrice three vociferous heralds rose to check the rout, and get
Ear to their Jove-kept governors, and instantly was set
The huge confusion; every man set fast, the clamour ceased."
Chapman.

"From every quarter flocked the people round;
And as the bees, in closely-thronging swarms
Ever fresh-issuing from some hollow rock,
Fly forth in spring-time, clustering on the flowers,
Some here, some there; so to the assembly swarmed
From tent and ship along the wide-spread shore

The banded tribes of that unnumbered host;
While Rumour, busy messenger of Jove,
Among them blazed, exciting all with speed
To flock to the assembly. When they met
Great was the din; and, as the people sat,
Earth groaned beneath. The tumult to assuage,
And win a hearing for the heaven-born kings,
Nine heralds strove. At last the clamour ceased,
And all were seated."

Wright.

We hope to carry the reader along with us in saying, that for strength and spirit and general effect, Chapman, notwithstanding all his quaintness, must again bear away the victory. If we examine line by line in detail, Mr. Wright will be found to have acquitted himself excellently; but his people and his bees do not move in such living masses as those of Homer and Chapman. We cannot find room for Cowper, who, indeed, is scarcely as good as usual, and, amongst other defects, should not have translated ἠϊόνος βαθείης "the green level."

Mr. Wright is on the whole inclined to err on the side of terseness; but we have before us an example of the opposite error. Homer allots to Nireus but five lines;* three, each beginning with his name, tell his force, his parentage, his beauty; the fourth adds, that even in his one point Achilles surpassed him; the fifth disposes of him for ever in one curt strong line, which seems to wither the whole passage into sarcasm, and to point scorn at that beauty too delicate to be joined with manliness. Mr. Wright has translated the first four very faithfully, but has expanded this line into two, and in the expansion has evaporated all its strength:

"Nireus from Syma led three well-poised ships,
Nireus, the son of Charops and Aglaia,
Nireus, most beautiful of all the Greeks
Who came to Troy, save Peleus' blameless son.
But he was weak and delicate of frame;
Nor many were the followers that he brought."

There are passages in which a single line makes all the difference, and this is one of them.

All will recollect the beautiful passage in the third book, where Helen names to Priam and his senators, as they sat on the tower, the leading Achæan chiefs drawn up in the plain below them. We may select from this episode the description given by Antenor of the eloquence of Odysseus and Menelaus,† as one of the severest tests possible of a translator's power. The passage would require to be closely followed, not diluted into paraphrase; and we may therefore confine our attention to

* Book ii. 671-675. † Book iii. 204-224.

Cowper and Mr. Wright, the two who have most closely followed the original, and therefore most deserved success.

"Princess! thou hast described him; hither once
The noble Ithacan on thy behalf,
Ambassador with Menelaus, came,
And at my board I entertained them both.
The person and the intellect of each
I noted; and remark'd that when they stood
Surrounded by the senators of Troy,
Atrides by the shoulders overtopped
The prince of Ithaca, but when they sat,
Ulysses had the more majestic air.
In his address to our assembled chiefs,
Sweet to the ear, but brief was the harangue
Of Menelaus, neither loosely vague
Nor wordy, though he were the younger man.
But when Ulysses rose, his downcast eye
He riveted so fast, his sceptre held
So still, as if a stranger to its use,
That, hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chaf'd and angry idiot, passion-fixed.
Yet when again the clear and mellow bass
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feathered snow,
None then might match Ulysses, leisure then
Found none to wonder at his noble form." *Cowper.*

"Then spoke the sage Antenor: 'I avouch
Thy words, O lady; for on thy behalf
Divine Ulysses came erewhile to Troy
With warlike Menelaus. In my halls
I entertained them both as guests, and learnt
The bias and the genius of their minds.
When, mingled with the senators of Troy,
They stood erect, then Menelaus, broad
Of shoulder, towered the loftiest; when they sat
Ulysses greater majesty displayed.
When in debate their counsels they declared,
Rapid and brief was Menelaus' speech,
Concisely uttered in a clear sweet tone;
For he was not a man of many words,
Nor wandered from the point, though young in years.
But when Ulysses, deep of counsel, rose—
With downcast eyes he stood—his sceptre still
And motionless,—as though unused to speak;
And one who closely his deportment marked,
Had deemed him sullen, or bereft of sense.
Yet from his breast, when flowed that mighty voice,
And words came forth like flakes of wintry snow,
No mortal with Ulysses might compare:
No more in wonder on his form we gazed." *Wright.*

Cowper's is certainly a good translation, probably as good as we are likely to get till our ideal translator shall arise. He omits the constant epithets *ἀρηίφιλος* and *πολύμητις*, which

gives him an unfair advantage over Mr. Wright, who has faced them boldly, notwithstanding their chilling effect in an English version; still we believe that he has brought out the main features of the portrait that Homer intended to draw, and has at the same time not neglected careful finish of detail. In Mr. Wright, we have first to object to "bias and genius of their minds." The line, as it reads, is very obscure, not to say unintelligible, and sets us racking our brains, as Homer never meant them to be racked, to distinguish clearly between the bias of a mind and its genius. We do not know whether it be 'bias' or 'genius' that is intended to translate *φυή*, and we do not much care; for that word in Homer never means either one or other of them, nor any mental or internal quality whatever, but is always used to describe the form or personal appearance.* Cowper's "person and intellect" are far nearer the mark, though far short of perfection. *Ἐπιτροχάδην* might express either fluency or brevity (we should prefer the former interpretation); but it is perhaps cutting the Gordian knot to make it mean "rapid and brief." Nor do we quite see what "concisely uttered" has to express, as *ἐπιτροχάδην* is thus doubly provided for, and *λιγέως* has yet to come; nor does the phrase seem either Homeric or poetical. The nineteenth line is mainly an insertion, both feeble in style and false in fact; for surely those who looked *closely* would be not more but less likely to mistake his deportment. The passage seems altogether below Cowper in poetry and taste, and not sufficiently accurate to atone for its baldness. Both he and Cowper are content to translate *ἀναΐξειεν* "he rose," and thus miss the point of that expressive word, no doubt intended to be as characteristic of Odysseus as *ἀναΐξας* and *ποιπνύοντα* in the first book are characteristic of Hephæstus. So does Chapman miss it, but he did not aim at verbal exactness; so does Pope, but we were prepared to find him miss it; while from Cowper and Mr. Wright we had expected better things. We need not quote Chapman's version; it is marred by his misconception of the character of Menelaus, whom he describes in a note as "simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small and shrill voice, not sweet or eloquent (as some against the hair would have him), short-spoken after his country the Laconical manner, yet speaking thick and fast,—his utterance noiseful, small, or squeaking, an excellent pipe for a fool." We leave the appreciation of this criticism to the reader's taste.

The two exquisite lines (b. iii. vv. 243, 244) that tell why

* Cf. i. 115, ii. 58, and several other passages quoted by L. and S. s. v. Thus Homer goes on in the next three lines to describe the *φυή*, and afterwards the *μήδεα* from v. 212.

Helen in vain strained her gaze to see her twin brothers in the Argive war-host, must almost necessarily evaporate in the hand of a translator from their perfect simplicity. Mr. Wright and Cowper have both kept close to the Greek, though they might have kept closer.

> "She said, but they already slept inhumed
> In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil." *Cowper.*

> "Vain thought! to earth consigned, the heroes slept
> In Lacedæmon, their dear native land." *Wright.*

Why should both have omitted the beautiful epithet φυσίζοος? Even were it only a constant epithet, it should have been rendered; but we believe it to have a beautiful and significant force in close antithesis to κάτεχεν, "earth the life-giving held entombed in death." Such meaning, if it be intended, has escaped all the translators, but has not escaped the keen eye of Mr. Ruskin, who quotes the passage as "an instance to show the peculiar dignity possessed by all passages which thus limit their expression to the pure fact, and leave the hearer to gather what he can from it. Note here the high poetical truth carried to the extreme. The poet has to speak of the earth in sadness; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving."*

For spirited description, few, if any, passages in the Iliad can compare with the noble lines in b. v., vv. 734-751, describing Athene arming herself to battle in the panoply of heaven,—lines long since noted with an asterisk by the ancient critics for their surpassing beauty. Let us see how the translators have dealt with them.

> "Minerva wrapt her in the robe that curiously she wove,
> With glorious colours, as she sat on th' azure floor of Jove,
> And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearful field.
> About her broad spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,
> Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes, through it was drawn to life
> The miseries and deaths of fight, in it frowned bloody strife,
> In it shined sacred Fortitude, in it fell Púrsuit flew,
> In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view
> Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big head she plac'd
> His four-plum'd glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast,
> It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend;
> Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;
> And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid lance,
> With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,

* Cf. Professor Conington's note on a somewhat parallel, though more undoubted, antithesis in Æsch. Choeph. 66:

δι' αἵματ' ἐκποθέντ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς τροφοῦ

And overturns whole fields of men, to show she was the seed
Of him that thunders. Then heaven's Queen, to urge her horses' speed,
Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly. The ample gates of heaven
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given
With all Olympus and the sky, to the distinguished Hours,
That clear or hide it all in clouds, or pour it down in showers."
Chapman.

"Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,
With flowers adorned, with art diversified;
The laboured veil her heavenly fingers wove
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Decked in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! round the margin rolled
A fringe of serpents, hissing, guards the gold.
Here all the terrors of grim war appear;
Here rages Force, there trembles Flight and Fear,
Here stormed Contention, and here Fury frowned,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crowned.
The massive golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes.
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends,
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Swift at the scourge th' imperial coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates, spontaneous, open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours,
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals, and the skies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away."
Pope.

"Meantime Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. Then put she on
The corslet of the Thunderer her sire,
And armed her for the field of woe complete.
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield—
The shaggy ægis, bordered thick around
With Terror: there was Discord, Prowess there,
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
Of Gorgon, dire deformity, a sign
Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.
Her golden helm, whose concave had suffic'd
The legions of a hundred cities, rough
With warlike ornament superb, she fixed
On her immortal head. Thus armed she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Huge, pond'rous, irresistible, received,

With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urg'd quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roared the wide
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless æther, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense." *Cowper.*

"Minerva, child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Showered down on her celestial father's floor
The variegated robe her hands had wrought,
And buckling on the corslet of her sire,
Made preparation for the mournful war.
She decked her shoulders with the dreaded ægis
With fringes girt, and garlanded with Fear:
In it were pictured Discord, Force, and Rout;
In it the Gorgon monster's dreadful head,
Portent of ægis-bearing Jove. Her brow
She crowned with golden helm, mounted with studs,
And fourfold crest,—in which might be contained
The marshalled armies of an hundred towns.
Her flaming car she mounted, seized her spear,
Huge, ponderous, strong, with which she overthrows
The ranks of heroes, doomed to feel her wrath—
Child of a mighty father. With the lash
Juno the coursers urged. At her approach
Spontaneous opened wide the gates of heaven,
Kept by the Hours, to whom is given in charge
The vast Olympus, or to block the approach
With heavy cloud, or roll it darkling back." *Wright.*

All the translators seem to be at their best in attempting this noble passage. Chapman is very Homeric and even unusually close and faithful, though by some strange obliquity he has taken *κατέχευεν* to mean the very opposite to that which it does mean. Pope too is very vigorous; but he has expanded nineteen lines of Greek into thirty lines of English, and the expansion has not proved a gain. In the seventh line, though the "mournful field" is in Homer, the "sad triumph" is not; nor is it in any way a Homeric idea. The ninth and tenth are almost pure insertion, so is the "Fury frowned;" while in all this expansion room cannot be found for the

δεινή τε, σμερδνή τε, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο,

except so far as it is expressed by speaking of a "dire orb" and a "portentous Gorgon." The "hundred plains" is an unnecessary exaggeration of an idea already in all conscience hyperbolical enough; it is hard to put up with "imperial" in place of *φλόγεα*; in all the diffuseness of the following lines the expressive epithet *ὀβριμοπάτρη* is unprovided for, and the line

"While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky"

is, again, pure insertion, and a very feeble insertion too. Yet, for all this, the passage is quite in Pope's best manner. Cowper also is very good, though his opening lines hang heavily. We should demur to the expression "dire deformity;" and we doubt whether *Διὸς τέρας* even joined with *αἰγιόχοιο* has the definiteness of meaning which he gives to it. Mr. Wright's version is more spirited than usual, and very carefully finished in detail. He is the only one who has correctly apprehended the nature of the ægis, and not made it a shield.* Also he has seen, as no one else has seen, the difficulty in the juxtaposition of *ἀμφίφαλος* and *τετραφάληρος*, and is probably right in making the latter, not a mere lengthened form of *τετράφαλος*, but a word from a different root, appearing also in *φαληριόων*, and either the name for the plume or an epithet of it.† His translation of *ἀμφίφαλος* is perhaps open to question, but he has a right to hold his own opinion upon the subject. We may remark that he has lost the force of *μύκον* in translating it simply "opened."

We have already trespassed far too much on the reader's attention with our quotations, but we could not expect to be pardoned if after all we did not give a passage from the episode of Hector and Andromache. Let us take the reply of Hector (b. vi. vv. 440-465), and first give attention to Chapman:

"Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.
But what a shame, and fear, it is to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-trained gowns adorn,)
That I shall cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breath
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
Here must his country, father, friends, be, in him, made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know)
When sacred Troy shall shed her tow'rs for tears of overthrow,
When Priam, all his birth and pow'r shall in those tears be drown'd.
But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,
Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brother's woes
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes)
As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,
These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,
But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be
To Argos, from Messeides or clear Hyperia's spring;
Which, howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing
She will be mistress; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies),
Thus they will nourish thy extremes; 'This dame was Hector's wife,
A man that at the wars of Troy did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,
To miss the man that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.

* Cf. Smith, Dict. of Antiqq., s. v.
† Cf. Buttm. Lexil. s. v. *φάλος*, sect. 9.

But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints and plight."

This exhibits well old Chapman's strength and weakness. On the one hand, it is full of truth and force and life, deeply tinged with the Homeric spirit, and fairly faithful to the Homeric letter. Yet we have, as of old, to balance against these his unconquerable quaintness and Elizabethan conceits. How much of Chapman, how little of Homer, is there in the "shed her towers for tears of overthrow" and "in those tears be drowned;" and again, in the "night of captive violence," and the whole following line. "Nourish thy extremes," "to thy bands give narrow bounds," "solid heap of night," are all far too quaint even for ears tuned to Chapman's diction.

Dryden here reappears as a translator, but with scanty success, as will be seen:

"That and the rest are in my daily care.
But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with the sweeping trains;
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear,
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight.
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forbodes, with sure presage,
That Troy should perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town—
Not these, nor all the fates which I foresee
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fated hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord.
A spectacle in Argos at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room.
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bear it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name,
And from thy glory propagate thy shame.
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase,
With anxious thoughts of former happiness,
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.

But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more."

We have not time, nor space, nor patience to criticise all this in detail. It is of course vigorous sounding English, for Dryden could write none other if he tried; but we believe that scarcely a line from beginning to end is Homeric, scarcely an idea undistorted, and the whole touching unconscious simplicity of the passage is turned into theatrical declamation. We have not space to quote Pope; but the reader will find that in his version, though the gross errors of Dryden's taste are avoided, in many undesirable points they have been followed, and that Pope has errors of his own as well. A detailed examination of both has been given by Professor Wilson. We may add, that both Dryden and Pope make Andromache embroider on her loom for her Argive task-mistress the sad tale of fallen Troy. The idea may be poetical, but it is not in Homer; Homer, we think, would rather have made such a work a labour of joy than of sorrow; and has more appropriately given it to her who alone owned in her heart a divided allegiance in Troy's death-struggle, the half-contrite, half-complacent Traviata, whose character seems even yet to be an unfathomed mystery.* Pope has also such expressions as "weight of waters," "load of monumental clay," and others very contrary to the Homeric spirit. Still, his version will not be read without pleasure, and he has far excelled his great master Dryden.

Cowper has again reached, if not surpassed, his usual excellence, and has several very beautiful touches:

"Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread
The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,
Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
No! my Andromache, my fearless heart
Me rather urges into foremost fight,
Studious of Priam's glory and my own.
For my prophetic soul foresees a day
When Ilium, Ilium's people, and, himself,
Her warlike king, shall perish. But no grief
For Ilium; for her people; for the king
My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;
Nor for the numerous and the valiant band
My brothers, destined all to bite the ground,
So moves me, as my grief for thee alone,
Doomed then to follow some imperious Greek,
A weeping captive, to the distant shores
Of Argos; there to labour at the loom
For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
But heaved in vain, to bear the ponderous urn
From Hyperia's or Messei's fount.
Fast flow thy tears the while, and as he eyes

* Cf. b. iii. 125.

That silent shower, some passing Greek shall say,
'This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged.'
While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,
The guardian of thy freedom while he lived
For ever lost; but be my bones inhumed,
A senseless store, or ere thy parting cries
Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragged away."

We might object to an expression here and there, such as "senseless store," but the version must leave Pope and Dryden far behind, and as a whole it is more uniformly good than Chapman. It is true to Homer, and true to good taste and feeling, and will be the more valued as the reader dwells more and more on it.

We wish to bring forward one specimen more of Sotheby, though we fear the present will hardly raise him in the opinion of scholars:

"Hector replied, these all, O wife beloved,
All that moves thee, my heart have deeply moved.
Yet more I dread each son of Trojan birth,
More Ilion's dames whose raiment sweeps the earth,
If like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs engage,
The warrior Hector fears the war to wage.
Not thus my heart inclines. Far rather, far,
First of Troy's sons I led the van of war.
Firm fixed, not Priam's dignity alone
And glory to uphold, but guard my own.
I know the day draws near when Troy shall fall,
And Priam and his nation perish all.
Yet, less, forebodings of the fate of Troy,
Her king, and Hecuba, my peace destroy,
Less—that my brethren, all the heroic band
Must with their blood imbrue their native land,
Than thoughts of thee in tears, to Greece a prey,
Dragged by the grasp of war in chains away.
Of thee in tears, beneath an Argive roof,
Labouring reluctant the allotted woof.
Or doomed to draw from Hypereia's cave
Or from Messei's fount, the measured wave.
A voice will then be heard that thou must hear,
'Seest thou yon captive pouring tear on tear?
Lo! Hector's wife, the hero bravest far,
When Troy and Greece round Ilion clashed in war.'
Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore
Him whose cold arm can save his wife no more;
But first, may earth o'er me her mound uprear,
Ere I behold thee slaved, or see thy tear!"

This version must be pronounced, we fear, the most complete failure of all those which we have been comparing. The first three lines are feebly spun out into six. The line

"When Priam and his nation perish all"

is very bad indeed. Such expressions as "my peace destroy,"

"thee to Greece a prey," "grasp of war," and many others, seem very contrary to the spirit of Homer. Still worse is "measured wave," as a weak conceit for water; and the last line, as Professor Wilson has already observed, is "a poor impostor detected in the vain attempt to pass itself off for

πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἑλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι."

Last, not least, let us hear Mr. Wright:

"All these thy anxious cares are also mine,
Partner beloved; but how could I endure
The scorn of Trojans and their long-robed wives,
Should they behold their Hector shrink from war,
And act the coward's part? Nor doth my soul
Prompt the base thought. Ever have I been trained
To fight amid the foremost, and to guard
My father's deathless glory, and my own.
For well doth my presaging mind foresee
A coming day, when sacred Troy shall fall,
Priam, and battle-loving Priam's race.
Yet all these threatened evils—all that Troy
Shall suffer, and e'en Hecuba herself,
And Priam, and my kinsmen many and brave,
Destined to fall beneath their foeman's steel,
Rack not my heart so deeply as the thought
Of thee a captive,—thee amid thy tears
Carried to Argos by some mail-clad Greek,
And there in labour of the loom employed,
Or bearing water at a stranger's beck
From Hypereia, or Messei's fount,—
Yielding reluctant to imperious fate.
And some one who beholds thy tears shall say,
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of all the Trojans, tamers of the steed,
What time the battle raged round Ilium's walls.'
Thus some one will exclaim; and fresh will flow
Thy grief for such a husband, whose strong arm
Has shielded thee from slavery's evil day.
But o'er my mouldering corse may earth be piled,
Ere thy lament and captive cry I hear."

Here again, as before, our translator has taken the only safe course, and followed the Greek almost word for word. We cannot too much praise the scrupulous fidelity with which the passage has been rendered. Even the constant epithets *ἑλκεσιπέπλους*, *ἐϋμμελίω*, *χαλκοχιτώνων*, *ἱπποδάμων*, all find their place, though of the other translators all have omitted some of them, and some perhaps all. No version can be completely faithful which omits a feature so characteristic of the author's manner. Let our readers but do Mr. Wright justice by comparing him closely with the Greek; they will find him more literal even than Cowper, and nearly, though not perhaps quite, equal to him in taste and feeling.

We have to apologise to our readers for the long array of quotations which we have brought before them, and which, we fear, must have sorely taxed their patience, and made them think that we are no more sitting in judgment on Mr. Wright than on Chapman, Pope, or Cowper, whose merits have been long since well weighed, and who have scarce a right to be again and again reconsidered. We can only meet the objection by repeating our former statement, that Mr. Wright had a fair claim to be judged, not by an ideal standard of what we might have supposed possible in a translation, but by comparison with those who have actually preceded him in the same path. Tried by this test, he will be seen to be worthy to win a good place among that imposing list of great names. In one point, namely in faithfulness to his author's text, he excels all except Mr. Newman, and this in itself is no mean praise. We are well aware, indeed, that such faithfulness is apt to be lightly esteemed. We may be told that a literal translation can never be a perfect translation; that, by the very care taken to reproduce the letter of his author, the servile copyist runs the greater risk of failing to reproduce the spirit; that we may turn Homer, passage by passage, line by line, word by word, into neat scholarlike English, every epithet and every particle may find its place,—yet we may have for our result a mere picture without life or movement, too clearly showing that it is not for the learning of the library or cloister to grasp the spirit of the "poet of the broad highway and market-place;" that the higher and bolder attempt takes the original as a basis on which to rear a poem that shall affect our countrymen as the original may be conceived to have affected its natural hearers; in a word, it is by imitation, not by translation, that we may best represent to an English mind an ancient poet.* It must be owned that the supporters of this theory are not without facts to back them. Dryden's magnificent imitation of Horace† may well make translators shrink from competition. The satiric vein of Horace is better appreciated from the imitations of Pope than the translations of Francis; even Gifford's excellent translation of Juvenal may fail to bring his author as vividly before us as the *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes* of Johnson.

But we have no belief in the possibility of such a representation of Homer, and it is perhaps well that none have provoked failure by trying to realise it. He who translates faithfully runs the lesser risk, and (to quote a well-known image applied by Lord Macaulay in a similar case) if he aims at a modest mark, he at least hits the white, and is so far better than he who

* Cf. Retrospective Review, iii. 169.
† Od. iii. 29 (latter part).

shoots at the stars. Better is it to have laboured as Cowper has laboured, than to aim at conveying by a free translation the author's true sense and spirit, yet to succeed only in palming off on us the frigid conceits of the translator's own imagination, sure sooner or later to be detected as impostures, and rob their author even of such praise as he had justly won. Mr. Wright will scarcely succeed, where Cowper has failed, in dislodging Pope's version from its hold on the general reader, who looks less to fidelity than brilliancy; but he will be appreciated by the scholar accustomed to test a translation rigidly by comparison with the original, to look perhaps with excessive care to finish in detail rather than boldness and general effect, and find pardon even for a version that seems bare and bald so it be scholarlike and faithful. In exactness Mr. Wright, as we have seen, even exceeds Cowper, though he does not equal him in poetic taste. Sotheby bears much the same relation to Pope, though Cowper, far better than Pope, holds his own against his younger rival.

We may perhaps wish that in his choice of a metre Mr. Wright had not followed Cowper's example. We fully admit that "to invade the peculiar province of Pope would be the height of temerity,"* and we as fully accept the opinion quoted from Longfellow, that "the hexameter is inexorable, and the motions of the English muse in that measure are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains." Yet though the couplet and the hexameter be abandoned, the Miltonic verse is not our only refuge; for we have yet the metres in which are embodied the most really and truly Homeric of all the creations of the English muse, the ballad-poetry of ancient times;† and the association between metre and subject is one that it would be true wisdom to preserve. Cowper has complained in his preface of the difficulty of preserving dignity in a literal version: "It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a wagon, particularising every article of their furniture, rings, staples, straps, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together." The difficulty is indeed great; but we believe it to be less evident in the comparative freedom of the ballad than in the somewhat stilted gravity

* Preface, p. viii.

† Mr. Newman (Preface, p. x.) considers that "our real old ballad-writers are too poor and mean to represent Homer, and are too remote in diction from our times to be popularly intelligible." No doubt a translation would have to be based upon our ballad-poetry rather than a reproduction of it. Indeed, the English ballad-poetry was itself modified from time to time as its diction became obsolete. The difference between the more ancient and the more modern version of "Chevy Chase" is considerably greater than that between the latter and the language of our own times.

of blank verse, a metre which may be Homeric in Milton, but scarce seems to obey a weaker hand.

As regards the *vexata questio* of Greek or Latin names for the deities, Mr. Wright is probably correct in saying that it is almost hopeless to escape incurring the charge of pedantry on the one hand, or barbarism on the other. We confess, however, to being sorry that he preferred the latter charge to the former, as we believe that the retention of Greek names is fast ceasing to appear pedantic, and that any work which could look forward to living into the next generation could look forward to a time when a scholar's teeth would be set on edge at hearing of Jupiter and Juno in a translation from Greek. Long before that time many a schoolmaster will have enforced on the youthful mind, by arguments more convincing than ever issued from the lips of the eloquent, such a lesson as Sir E. B. Lytton has put into the mouth of the German pedagogue of Pisistratus Caxton:

"'Vat do you mean by dranslating Zeus, Jupiter? Is dat amatory, irascible, cloud-compelling god of Olympus, vid his eagle and his ægis, in de slightest degree resembling de grave, formal, moral Jupiter Optimus Maximus of de Roman Capitol? a god, Master Simpkins, who would have been shocked at the idea of running after innocent Fraülein dressed up as a swan or a bull. I put dat question to you vonce for all, Master Simpkins.' Master Simpkins took care to agree with the doctor. 'And how could you,' resumed Dr. Herman majestically, turning to another criminal alumnus,—'how could you presume to dranslate de Ares of Homer, sir, by de audacious vulgarism Mars? Ares, Master Jones, who roared as loud as ten thousand men when he was hurt, or as you vill roar, if I catch you calling him Mars again! Ares, who covered seven plethra of ground; Ares the manslayer,—with the Mars or Mavors whom de Romans stole from de Sabines! Mars, de solemn and calm protector of Rome! Master Jones, Master Jones, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Und du! and dou, Aphroditè, dou whose bert de seasons velcomed! dou, who didst put Atonis into a coffer, and den tid durn him into an anemone; dou to be called Venus by dat snivel-nosed little Master Budderfield! Venus, who presided over Baumgartens and funerals, and nasty tinking sewers! Venus Cloacina,—O mein Gott! come here, Master Budderfield; I must a flog you for dat; I must indeed, liddle boy!'"*

Those who have believed a perfect translation of Homer to be an impossibility will hardly, we fear, the less believe it upon examination of such specimens as we have submitted to their judgment; they will be conscious that all, in spite of their many merits, are more or less wanting; yet that the cause of failure lies, not in the incapacity or carelessness of the translators, but mainly in the unconscious strength and majestic simplicity of the

* The Caxtons, b. i. c. 7.

author who thus seems to defy translation. They will see too that all the progress of modern scholarship, great as it has been, greater still though it may be destined to become, gives but slender hope of the attainment of their wishes. We have indeed opened up a flood of questions, most interesting and instructive, respecting the origin and structure of the Homeric poems. Their historical value as a picture of early Greek life, their philological value as a storehouse of early Greek language, have been again and again discussed; here and there a Buttmann or Passow may have altered the interpretation of a word. Still we admit that even Chapman had sufficient knowledge of the language to be in the main a correct interpreter; that none but a very literal modern version would show a material difference from him in point of accuracy; that even the most correct would not differ nearly as much from him as we might at first sight be inclined to imagine. On the other hand, the years that have given us scholarship have robbed us of far too much of that spirit which alone could make Homer a living book to us. An age when chivalry and warlike enterprise had not yet given way to commerce and industry, with all their changes of sentiment; an age which had not long since had Sidney for its Achilles and Drake for its Odysseus,—might well excel us in this vigorous freshness; a spirit which was yet more hearty in an age to which Chapman was modern, when minstrels tuned their harp in knightly halls to the deeds of the Bruce, the Percy, or the Douglas;—the age that lived and breathed in the spirit of Homer, though it knew him not. All this we have lost and much more, and the great poets of modern times have been less and less inclined to peril their poetic fame by attempting a translation of the untranslatable. Few have drunk more deeply of the spirit of ancient legendary lore than the Laureate, yet he is scarcely likely to follow in the steps of Chapman or Cowper; and his best friends, perhaps, would least wish to see him do so. To a perfect translation, it seems, we must ever remain strangers, till some rare combination of circumstances has united in the same person the full learning and scholarship of the nineteenth century with that magic gift for describing stirring scenes, and living in the history of the past,—that command of all the language of fiery valour and knightly duty,—which has been granted to none of all the writers of later days save Sir Walter Scott.

For the present, our translators are but mortal men, and must be satisfied with such scanty measure of success as they can win. It would seem as if all the students of Homer,—editors, commentators, translators, yes, and infallible critics and reviewers too,—all were but as the suitors who strove in vain to bend the mighty bow of Odysseus. There it lies before us to

string, if string it we can; and at first sight it may seem as if a child could achieve the task; and it is only when we address ourselves to it that we mark its unyielding stubbornness. One may scarce move it an inch, another may almost seem to draw it to the nock; yet the strained muscle betrays their weakness, the wondrous bow still mocks their puny strivings. The suitors discerned not the hero in his disguise, nor can we point out the genius, though he may be even now amongst us, calm in the consciousness of his strength, who shall without strain or effort string the bow which none but he can wield, and from that string, in his hands alone alike tuneful and warlike, awake the long-forgotten echoes of its magic music.

— μεγα τόξον ἐβάστασε, καὶ ἴδε πάντη,
Ὡς ἄρ' ἀνὴρ φόρμιγγος ἐπιστάμενος καὶ ἀοιδῆς
Ῥηϊδίως ἐτάνυσσε νέῳ περὶ κόλλοπι χορδήν·
Ὡς ἄρ' ἄτερ σπουδῆς τάνυσεν μέγα τόξον Ὀδυσσεύς.
Δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρα χειρὶ λαβὼν πειρήσατο νευρῆς,
Ἣ δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄεισε, χελιδόνι εἰκέλη αὐδήν.

Art. III.—BUILDERS' COMBINATIONS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

Report on the Builders' Strike. By T. R. Bennett and G. S. Lefevre, Esqrs. Printed for the Trade Societies' Committee of the Association for the promotion of Social Science. 1860.

Die gewerblichen und wirthschaftlichen Genossenschaften der arbeitenden Classen in England, Frankreich und Deutschland. Von V. A. Huber, Professor in Wernigerode. Tubingen, 1860.

Association d' Ouvriers pour l' Entreprise en général du Bâtiment, rue St. Victor, 155 (*Maison Bouyer et Cie.*). Documents divers.

Few events in that sphere of social action which may be said immediately to outlie the political one,—that of the relations between class and class,—have fixed attention more of late years than the strike and lock-out of the London building trades in the latter part of 1859 and the early part of 1860. From the closing of their shops on August 6, 1859, by 225 of the largest firms of this city (employing, it is said, 24,000 out of the 40,000 artisans engaged in the building trades, and comprising every builder employing more than fifty men, and some of the smaller firms), to the 27th Feb. 1860, when the last dividend was paid [illegible] "lock-outs," nearly seven months passed over this huge [illegible] of a social war,—for it can be called by no other name, directly the comforts, the fortunes, and, within cer-

tain limits, the lives of probably full 125,000 of its inhabitants, indirectly those of many thousands more; and the result of the struggle was seemingly *nil*. What the men demanded they could not get; what the masters exacted of their men in turn they were forced to give up. The men could not obtain a reduction of the hours of labour to nine; the masters could not tie the men down to a declaration meant to break up their trade societies.

We wish to consider the history of this remarkable interruption in the peaceable working of our commercial machinery simply as an exhibition of the power of the English working classes, viewed in one particular trade or group of trades. We will then contrast this history with that of a movement of an entirely different character, amongst working men belonging to corresponding trades in Paris; considered equally in the light of a development of power in the class from which it springs.

From a valuable Report on the London Builders' Strike, drawn up for the Trade Societies' Committee of the Social Science Association by Messrs. T. R. Bennett and G. S. Lefevre, we learn that "under the term 'building trades' are generally included the four principal trades, viz. bricklayers, masons, plasterers, carpenters and joiners; and the five subordinate trades, smiths, slaters, painters, plumbers, and glaziers," which, however, are "only considered as part of the building trades" when "carried on in connection with one of the former." The 38,000 or 40,000 men employed in these trades are divided into skilled and unskilled, or labourers; the last numbering about 12,000, and earning from 18*s.* to 21*s.* per week, generally members of registered friendly societies, but not combined in distinct trade societies. Of the skilled workmen, on the other hand, more than half appear to belong to trade societies; thus

Of 800 to 1000 masons, about 500 are in society.
Of about 5000 bricklayers, about 3000 are in society.
Of about 13,000 carpenters and joiners, about 7000 are in society.
Of about 4000 plasterers, about 2000 are in society.

In all these trades the skilled workman's day is ten hours, except on Saturday, when the hours are shorter. The question of the reduction of time has been in agitation since the spring of 1853, when it was first demanded by the masons, to whom the carpenters and joiners united themselves. On this occasion the agitation was bought off for an extra 6*d.* per day, making 5*s.* 6*d.* instead of 5*s.*, the previous rate. In 1858 the carpenters and joiners again brought forward the question, held an aggregate meeting in Exeter Hall on June 3, 1858, and memorialised the Master Builders' Society, whom they

met on deputation on the 26th August. Their memorial was courteously rejected; so had been a request from the masons (1st June) for the Saturday half-holiday. The masons now joined the carpenters and joiners in the nine-hours movement. The bricklayers were invited to join, and did so. A Conference of seven members from each of the three trades now met (September), and, thus united, presented a second memorial to the master builders (18th November); re-soliciting, this time in somewhat firmer terms, the one hour per day, "and the present rate of wages to continue." The master builders, in reply, simply referred the memorialists to their former resolutions of the 26th August.

A month more passes by, and the painters and plasterers join the Conference; each still with seven delegates, forming now what are termed the five united building trades. The masters are applied to to receive another deputation. They reply by letter that they adhere to their former resolutions, that no new facts have been brought forward, and decline to receive the deputation.

Another meeting of the building trades is held in Exeter Hall (26th January 1859); a resolution passed to ask a definite reply from the masters; a letter forwarded (19th March) requesting an answer, "whether you will consider the nine hours as a day's work, yes or no." A meeting of the metropolitan builders, members or not of the masters' association, is convened (20th April). It resolves, that it is "not expedient to accede to the request of the workmen;" that "the request for nine hours to be paid for as ten hours ought not to be acceded to."

The labourers of the various building trades join the Conference, which now numbers forty-two members. The men meet again in Exeter Hall (11th May); and, in consequence of the resolutions passed, an "ultimatum," sharp in tone as in name, is sent forth (26th May), still requesting a decisive answer, "whether you will concede the nine hours as a day's work." The Master Builders' Society replies that the request has been already "very distinctly" answered (June 10).

On the eve of engaging in open warfare, the leaders of the agitation seem to have hesitated, so far at least as to require a fuller assurance of support from their constituents. The Conference delegates put the question to their respective trades, whether the nine-hours question should be postponed or mooted that autumn. The reply of the trades—their *plebiscitum* as it might be called—was in favour of immediate action.

The plan followed in such cases now seldom varies. The workmen endeavour to take the masters in detail; the masters [illegible] by a collective lock-out. It was determined that

five firms, afterwards reduced to four, whose names were selected by chance out of a hat, and of which three only were members of the masters' association, should be memorialised for the reduction. The memorial, which requested a reply by the 23d of July, was presented to the four firms separately by four of the working men. To Messrs. Trollope, one of the four, it was presented by a mason in their employ named Joseph Pacey, on the 16th July. On the 20th Joseph Pacey was discharged,—his employers say, for neglect of work. But it is absurd to suppose that the men could take the act otherwise than as the flinging in their faces of the glove of war.

Anyhow the spark fired the train, and prematurely for the men. The masons in Messrs. Trollope's employ struck work on the 21st. The Conference on the 22d approved the act, and determined upon calling out all the men in the shop. By the 23d, when Messrs. Trollope were to give their reply, it was no longer needed. Nothing, of course, could suit the employers better. Pacey's dismissal may not have been intentional; but if it had been, it could not have worked better to put the men outwardly in the wrong.

The strike, then, now began. The Conference called upon the building operatives in general to support it. The metropolitan builders met, 200 in number nearly, at the Freemasons' Tavern (27th July), and resolved to close their establishments on the 6th August, appointing a committee at the same time to consider the best means of opening the doors to non-society men. At an adjourned meeting on the 1st August, the committee reported in favour of the formation of a "Central Association of Master Builders," with subscriptions, contributions for extraordinary expenditure, an executive committee, and all the usual appliances of an ordinary trades union, but formed upon the basis of excluding from employment all members of trades unions among working men, and requiring from all operatives, before taking them into employ, their "distinct agreement and formal assent to the conditions embraced in the following terms of engagement, which shall be read over to every such workman, and a copy whereof shall be handed to him before entering upon his work:

'I declare that I am not now, nor will I during the continuance of my engagement with you become, a member of or support any society which directly or indirectly interferes with the arrangements of this or any other establishment, or the hours or terms of labour; and that I recognise the rights of employers and employed individually to make any trade engagements on which they may choose to agree.'"

The form of a notification to be addressed to the working men,

stating that the works would be opened on Messrs. Trollope's resuming work, to all such as should agree to the declaration, was further contained in the report. A "cheque or file engagement-book, with duplicate successive numbers," was to be kept; every workman was to be "distinctly required to pledge his word to the observance" of the conditions in the declaration; "and on his name being entered on the file of the engagement-book, and the duplicate agreement detached and handed to him, he may resume his employment." Lastly, the formation of a "new, sound, and legitimate benefit society" for the men was recommended.

A vast deal of controversy has been wasted on the point, whether this declaration was to be signed or not. The terms "distinct agreement and formal assent" seem to have been skilfully contrived so as to leave it an open question, to be solved by each employer according to his own views, whether signature was or was not to be required. The words "on his name being entered on the file" might easily be interpreted to imply "by himself." But the controversy is a contemptible one on both sides, and only serves to gauge the depths of debasement in trade morality amongst us. What honest man who really gives his "distinct agreement and formal assent" to an engagement can be bound the more by a few strokes of a pen? What court of justice would refuse to give effect to an unwritten engagement entered into with such formalities as the report prescribes? The making parade of not requiring a signature looks, we must say, far too like an attempt to delude the workman into a belief that he would not be bound when he actually was!

On the 6th of August, then, the lock-out took place, all efforts to mediate by a reference to arbitration having failed, through the masters' refusal to withdraw the declaration. More than 20,000 men were thrown out of employ, exclusively of those on strike at Messrs. Trollope's. Of these, somewhat under 10,000 were thrown on the support of the Conference, the remainder leaving for the country, or finding work at the smaller builders'; the numbers of those supported by the Conference gradually diminishing, moreover, to between 5000 and 6000. The sums paid to them were never more than 4*s.* 6*d.*, and averaged only 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, but were increased in most cases to from 5*s.* to 8*s.* by the separate societies to which the men belonged. An "anti-strike committee" formed amongst the men, though subscribed to by the public and enrolling about 500 men willing to go to work under the declaration, but only as a shop-rule without signature, tried for a while to live, and died.

Meanwhile, however, Messrs. Trollope had been gradually [illegible] workmen under the declaration. On the 6th Sep- announced to the Masters' Association that they

had 210 men at work (about 100 short of their complement at the time of the strike). The masters now re-opened their shops, always under the declaration.

This attempt proved at first an almost complete failure. At the admirable establishment of Messrs. Cubitt only 200 men went in, for 900 that had been locked out, not one skilled mason among the number. At Messrs. Piper's, out of 1100, only 25 sawyers and joiners went in. At another establishment, out of 1200, not more than half-a-dozen. "Most of the great works in the metropolis remained suspended." Scarcely as many men took work under the declaration as had enrolled themselves with the anti-strike committee. Only those employers who chose to re-open without exacting the declaration reengaged their men without difficulty.

Gradually, "by scouring the country in search of men," the workshops began to fill. Efforts to mediate from without still continued. The masons went so far as to offer a resumption of works if the declaration were withdrawn. The offer was rejected, and the lock-out, which till now had not been recognised as a "legal strike" within the terms of the rules of the mason's society, now became such, entitling the lock-out masons to 10*s.* a-week out of society funds.

On the 14th November, the Conference resolved to "withdraw the strike" at Messrs. Trollope's, so as to make the struggle rest entirely on resistance to the declaration. It was evidently a drawn battle. Very opportunely an ex-chancellor came to the rescue. In the beginning of December, Lord St. Leonards suggested that the document should be withdrawn, and that in lieu of it there should be hung up in every shop a statement of the law between masters and men, in terms set forth by him. On the 6th February 1860, the masters agreed to adopt the suggestion. The lock-out ceased. The last dividend of the Conference was paid on the 27th February. The nine-hours movement was postponed. We are now seeing an attempt to revive it.

On the whole, then, it would appear that, in the London building trades, masters and men are very fairly matched; that neither can quite coerce the other. Let us now consider a few figures belonging to the contest.

One of the appendices to Messrs. Bennett and Lefevre's report gives the "number of mechanics and labourers relieved by the Conference during the strike and lock-out, and the amounts paid away." The number of men relieved diminishes, with slight fluctuations, from 9812 in the week ending the 22d August 1859, to 1572 in that ending the 27th February 1860; the total amount paid, from 1402*l.* 12*s.* in the week ending 19th September 1859, to 207*l.* 4*s.* in that ending 2d January

1860; the dividend per head, from 6*s.* in the last week of the lock-out to 1*s.* 1*d.* in the first: the absence of correlation between these different figures flowing obviously from the different elements involved, and the separate fluctuations in each, — number of recipients of relief, state of the funds, character of the recipients. One constantly-recurring cause of weakness in all strikes, mainly of skilled artisans, is indicated in the last column of the table. During the seven first weeks of the lock-out "the mechanics and labourers were paid equal dividends." Then for seven weeks more we find the labourers paid a shilling a head less than the mechanics. Then comes the note, "labourers suspended," which governs the remainder of the column, the cause of such suspension having been, if we recollect aright, a fracas at the Paviours' Arms, in which Mr. Potter was threatened with personal violence by some labourers. The average of the whole gives nearly 4185 as the number of men relieved, and somewhat over 707*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* as the average relief per week; the total amount spent in relief during the 27 weeks having been no less than 19,103*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* In addition to these sums, we are told the bricklayers' society distributed among their members 3110*l.*; the carpenters and joiners, 5000*l.*; and the plasterers, 2370*l.* These figures, which are evidently not complete, swell the relief expenditure already to 29,583*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*

The balance-sheet, which forms Appendix B to the Report, seems slightly in disagreement with the former table, giving 20,357*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* as the total figure of relief from the Conference. It is interesting as decomposing this sum by trades; and from it we may observe how the labourers, though only paid during a portion of the time, yet received a larger sum (6525*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*) than any "trade" properly so called, and, with the exception of the carpenters and joiners, who received 4451*l.* 2*s.*, than any two together who received most. This is, indeed, perhaps the greatest of all difficulties for the skilled artisan in these contests with the employer. The labourers cannot be safely neglected, or they become the natural allies of the employer; yet, if admitted to relief, in their present unorganised condition at all events, they are a ruinous burden.

The total figure of the payments is 22,747*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*, giving over 2000*l.*, or roughly 10*l.* per cent, for working expenses. To meet this are 23,065*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* of receipts, of which 8190*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* are from the country, and 14,874*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* from London. Among the leading contributors we meet with the following trade societies: United Flint-glass makers, Coachmakers of the [illegible]ingdom, Amalgamated Engineers, Bricklayers, Boiler- [illegible]d Iron-ship builders, Bookbinders, Carpenters, Com- [illegible]abinet-makers, Cigar-makers, Coachmakers, Coopers,

Farriers, Hatters, Iron-founders of the United Kingdom, General Union of Masons, Plasterers, Pianoforte-makers, Shipwrights of the Port of London, Tinplate-workers. The Amalgamated Engineers alone contribute 3100*l.*, or nearly one-seventh of the whole expenditure, and four other societies more than 600*l.* each. The contributions of such societies as the Bookbinders, Compositors, Cigar-makers, Farriers, Hatters, show clearly that the movement was thought to be one of common importance by trades quite unconnected with those actually involved in it.

We cannot be blind to the significance of these facts. An organisation, sprung altogether from among the working classes, which can raise and spend 20,000*l.* in 27 weeks, is not to be put down by newspaper or review articles. The question of an hour's work a day, for which 4000 to 5000 men, on an average, chose to accept its relief during those 27 weeks, cannot be one to be decided off-hand by an "able editor" in his arm-chair. We may look to the outward result and the money spent, and see nothing but a waste of time and capital; but the men, who, having spent the money hitherto thus apparently for nothing, think their object so little a bubble that they are recommencing to agitate for it, hardly seem to share that view. Or we may even, from our serene heights, look down upon these struggles of master builders and their workmen as upon the contests of an inferior race, with which we have no concern but as lookers-on. Shipwrights and farriers, hatters and pianoforte-makers, seem to be of a different mind; *they* look upon the contest as being their own.

And now let us turn our eyes toward a very different sphere of action.

Time was when with us even "all contracts, covenants, and agreements whatsoever . . . made or entered into by any journeyman manufacturers . . . . for obtaining an advance of wages, . . . or for lessening or altering their or any of their usual hours or time of working, or for decreasing the quantity of work," were held illegal, and punishable with three months' imprisonment, or two with hard labour; when such contracts, &c. between masters or other persons "for reducing the wages of workmen, or for adding to or altering the usual hours or time of working, or for increasing the quantity of work," were also held illegal, and punishable with 20*l.* penalty (39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 106). That state of things with us has passed away for now thirty-five years, since the repeal of the Combination Laws Act (6 Geo. IV. c. 129). But the old spirit of European jurisprudence as respects trade combinations, it is well known, subsists in France. Art. 413 of the "Code Pénal" opens a series of enactments which, to an English eye, look very much like an unlocked cabinet of fossils. Any combina-

tion amongst employers tending "unjustly and abusively to compel a reduction of wages, followed by an attempt or beginning of execution," is to be punished with from six days to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of from 200 to 3000 francs (8*l.* to 120*l.*). Any combination amongst workmen to "cause a simultaneous stoppage of work, to forbid work in a shop, to prevent men from going or remaining there before or after certain hours, and generally to suspend, prevent, or heighten the price of work," if there be an attempt or beginning of execution, is to be punished with imprisonment for one month at least, and three months at most; or in the case of ringleaders or agitators (*moteurs*), of from two to five years. The same penalties are to reach workmen who pronounce fines, prohibitions, interdictions, or proscriptions of any kind against employers and contractors, or against one another. Ringleaders or agitators may in any case, after the expiration of their sentence, be placed under police *surveillance* for from two to five years.

The monstrous unfairness of these provisions will strike at once every reader. The employers' combination, to be punishable, must be for the purpose of "unjustly and abusively" lowering wages; the workmen's combination to raise wages is punishable anyhow. The master can get off with a beggarly 8*l.* fine and six days' imprisonment; the workman's minimum of imprisonment is the master's maximum—one month. Fines imposed by workmen upon each other are penal; fines imposed by employers on their workmen are not even mentioned. The workman, if he sends a "black sheep" to Coventry, does so at his peril; the master may circulate a "black list" (such as that which, under the hands of Messrs. Medwin and Kissell, honorary secretaries to the Master Boot and Shoemakers' Society, dated June 7, 1860, is now running the round of London shoe-shops) and be perfectly scatheless. Add to this that, under Art. 1781 of the "Code Civil," the master is to be believed on affirmation only for the amount of wages, the payment of wages for the past year, and payments of account for the present one—in other words, that he is privileged to lie against his men without fear of the penalties against perjury,—and some idea will be obtained of the weight of those chains in which the French workman labours, and the galling of which not unnaturally produces February revolutions and such other convulsive attempts at relief.

The building trades of Paris (*ouvriers du bâtiment*) form a more restricted category than in England. They only comprise primarily the *maçons*, corresponding to our plasterers, and the *couvreurs*, who answer to our bricklayers. About the year

1839 these earned only, the former class from 3f. 50c. to 3f. 75c. (say 2*s.* 10*d.* to 3*s.*), the latter from 3f. to 3f. 25c. (say 2*s.* 5*d.* to 2*s.* 7½*d.*) a day. Trade was brisk; they sought a rise. Of course it could only be realised by combination; but combination was illegal; they were prosecuted, and every prosecution almost ended in an adverse sentence. At last, in 1840, the agitation took the form of insurrection; 30,000 masons on strike assembled in the plain of Bondy, and had to be dispersed by gendarmes and dragoons; whilst six or eight of the agitators (not all masons) were prosecuted and condemned. Still the mere fact of the demonstration was a lesson both to the masters and to the government. Wages rose; some 25c., or 2½*d.*, a day for the *limousins*; more by far for the masons, of whom more than half began to earn, in 1842-3, 4f. 25c. (say 3*s.* 5*d.*), the best 4f. 50c. (say 3*s.* 7½*d.*). The government, on its side, established for the trade, towards 1842, a council of *prud'hommes* (arbitration court); but took care to exclude from it all workmen except those paying the license-duty (*patente*), *i.e.* who worked at home and might employ others; so that in all matters of dispute almost which came before it the workmen had the worst.

Meanwhile a new influence was springing up. Till now the Parisian builders were no readers. In 1841 *colporteurs* began to enter their workshops, selling cheap histories of the first Napoleon, and other semi-political works; whilst the socialist movement, hitherto confined rather to the lettered or leisurely classes, was also, in the hands of Cabet, Buchez, Leroux, beginning to reach the working classes. Cabet in particular, by the uprightness of his character and his benevolence, as well as by the simplicity of his communist theories, came to exercise great influence over them. Slowly and almost secretly the idea of association made way, till the revolution of 1848 took place. The workmen deemed their time was come.

Ten working masons came together and formed an association. They had no capital; one only any credit. From September or October 1848, when the association was begun, little was done for a twelvemonth. A demand had, indeed, been made for a share of the 3,000,000f. (120,000*l.*) granted for the support of the associations by the Provisional Government, and 100,000f. (4000*l.*) had been voted to them, but only on condition of a change of manager. This was refused by the men, although the manager in question (then and now the pride of his fellow-workmen) threw up his office; they preferred to struggle on as best they might. The members of the association continued to work for masters, taking simply such jobs as fell in their way. For a long time they were not able to afford the expense of a

place of meeting or business. A hatters' association gave them some work to do; a benevolent medical man lent them money in 1850; a writer in the *Siècle* the same year gave them a house to build; a young architect, now one of the most successful of his class in Paris, took them under his patronage. Still there were many ups and downs. Now one finds them with 300 members, now with 60; in 1852 the association is reconstituted with 101 working members, and some non-workers; it is again reconstituted in 1857.

At the present day, under the name of "Bouyer et Cie," the masons' association (which comprises, besides the two trades before referred to, stone-cutters and sawyers) ranks among the greatest Parisian building firms. Too strong to be broken up, too careful to meddle with politics, they have reckoned amongst their customers a Fould, brother of the minister, an actual minister (M. Rouher), M. Emile de Girardin, and other well-known personages. For the last two and a half years or more they have regularly earned 5f. (4*s.*) a day (the highest wages paid), and have divided about 1300f. (52*l.*) each of profit among themselves, whilst those among them who are capitalists receive 13 per cent for their money. The day's work is ten hours, as elsewhere; but whilst the masters are endeavouring, and often successfully, to suppress one of the two meal-times in winter, and to reduce winter wages beyond the customary diminution of 50c. (5*d.*), the association continues to allow for two meals, and to reduce 50c. alone.

The men, we are told by an eye-witness, respect and are civil to each other. They are merry over their work, and yet stimulate each other; a foreman dare not slink away to the *cabaret;* it is his men who would find fault with him for doing so. Now and then there are dinners, which bring the families together. Most of the associates place their children in the association. Every boy is a candidate for three months; then, if elected, receives the highest boy's wages paid by masters, with a proportionate share of profit. The men are known for faithfulness to their engagements: they have an advantage over masters by the facilities which they have for throwing a number of men into a job. Disobedience to the foreman is reported to a council; a third report entails expulsion.

This condition has of course not been reached, as we intimated before, without many a struggle. There were hard times in 1855-6, when a number of houses had been built at Neuilly for a person who could not pay for them for two or three years. The monthly pay (such is the bad habit of the French building trade) was only from 30f. to 35f. each (1*l.* 4*s.* to 1*l.* 8*s.*). Many who had families were obliged to leave; but the money came

in at last, and now nothing is wanting, it is said, but education. To the obtainment of this there are great legal difficulties; for education in France is not free, but trammelled by formalities and examinations for the most part quite out of the reach of the working man. It is practically in the hands of the "Frères;" and between "Frères" and working men there is no love lost.

We have before us the two latest deeds of settlement, as we should call them (1852 and 1857), of this association, which has been several times dissolved and reconstituted in form, though always retaining the same place of business, the same firm, and in great measure the same rules. It is legally a society on the *commandite* principle, in which the managers, varying in number from two to three, are responsible without limit for liabilities, and all the other members only to the extent of their subscriptions. The shares of members are now fixed at 2000f. (80*l.*) each at least, 10,000f. (400*l.*) at most (unless by special permission), which are paid up by non-working members in monthly instalments, by working members through a deduction of 10*l.* per cent on wages and salaries, and in both cases by a total retention of profits till the whole subscription is paid up. Every working associate owes to the association "his labour, his industry, and his abilities;" he must absolutely disclaim entering upon, or taking an interest in, any similar labours to those of the association, without special authority. The managers have the complete financial and commercial control over the business, and are paid by salary, besides living at the place of business. In case of withdrawal, they may not under 50,000f. (2000*l.*) penalty undertake, or become interested in, any building operations for so long as the association chooses; the association, however, paying them an indemnity of 5f. (4*s.*) a day whilst the prohibition lasts.

Behind the management is the Council of Surveillance, elected in general meeting for nine months, and in which all the members of the association were formerly called successively to take part, though now retiring members are made reëligible. It overlooks the operations of the managers; audits the accounts; proposes dividends, the admission or exclusion of members, the revocation of the managers &c.; supplies temporarily their place in case of death or withdrawal; fixes indemnities for illness and accident. The general meetings alone pronounce definitively on the admission or exclusion of members, and have power to alter the rules. Accounts are balanced yearly; 60*l.* per cent of the net profits go to labour, in proportion to the number of days' work done for the association; the remaining 40*l.* per cent to capital. No associate is received except by a majority of two-thirds of those present at a general meeting, and after at

least three months' probation. The association has two years to pay off the shares of associates dying, leaving, or expelled; but there can be no transfer or assignment of rights by an associate without the sanction of a general meeting by a majority of two-thirds; and creditors or representatives of individual associates are excluded in the strictest manner from interfering in any way with the property of the association.

The deed of settlement is followed by the conditions of admission and by the by-laws (*reglements d'administration*). The work-rules are wisely strict. The fifth by-law, as to the benefit fund (*assistance sociale*), which is composed of one per cent on wages for both associates and candidates, the amount of fines for disobedience of rules, balances of profit after payment of dividends, *gratuities received from landlords, architects, and tradesmen*, and voluntary gifts, indicates four purposes to which the fund is to be devoted: 1. Relief of associates when wounded or ill. 2. Relief of non-associates wounded when working on the premises of the association. 3. Contributions for external purposes of benevolence. 4. Burial expenses for associates and candidates. 5. Fees to a medical man to ascertain the facts of disease and cure. The payment to the sick is fixed at 2*f.* a day, and can only be varied by a general meeting. One of the associates is specially charged with the duty of looking after the benefit fund.

There remains now to show by figures what this association has done. From Prof. Huber's pamphlet, quoted at the head of this Article, we extract the following summary of its progress in business: 1851-2, 45,830*f.*, dividend only 1000*f.*; 1852-3, business, 297,208*f.*; 1853-4, 344,210*f.*; 1854-5, 614,694*f.*; 1855-6, 998,240*f.*; 1856-7, 1,330,000*f.*; 1857-8, 1,231,461*f.* We have before us the report of the board of management to the general meeting of the 27th Jan. 1859 (that for 1860 has not reached us). It contains a comparative table between the workings of 1857 and 1858, the detail of which, p. 93 (though not by any means the form), puts a railway balance-sheet to shame. From this it will be seen that the business of the association reached in 1858 the sum of 51,000*l.* (1,275,997*f.* 40*c.*), being nearly 2000*l.* more than in 1857. The gross profits of the year were more than 10,700*l.* (268,972*f.* 22*c.*); the net, nearly 9600*l.* (239,360*f.* 30*c.*); the sum actually divided, 4000*l.* The net profit was thus nearly nineteen per cent on the business,—a not excessive but perfectly safe ratio. The number of associates was 92, three less than the previous year; the number of demands for admission 17, instead of 31; the subscribed capital on which the 51,000*l.* of business was transacted, 57,500*f.*, or about 2,300*l.* (against 77,000*f.* the previous year), *i.e.* not much more than half the

amount actually divided in the year, and less than a quarter of the year's net profits.

The result seems prodigious; and yet listen to how it is viewed by the managers:

"You see, no doubt, like ourselves, that this table is far from answering to our hopes of a year ago. . . . .

As to business, it is pretty well what we might have hoped for. We have let go nothing in our connection, nor even of what has been offered to us, except what prudence commanded; indeed, the bad debts of the last year were a law to us on this head.

As to results, if wisdom did not make it a duty to us to retain a strong reserve in respect of claims which may have to be litigated, they would be even too satisfactory in reference to the modest hopes which we had entertained on this score.

As to credit, the foremen of yards know it as well as we do, by the offers which are daily made to them; sometimes they go so far as to become obtrusive.

Our relations and our protections extend daily, and amongst a very good connection; we have gained also in reputation, as your council was able to judge by the letters which have been communicated to it.

Reputation, you know, depends upon good work. If good work costs more pains to do, it costs no more to supply; quick execution has also much to say to it, as well as the right interpretation of architects' orders. All this depends on your intelligence and your good-will. We do not doubt that you will persevere, and that all your efforts will tend to perfect yourselves; for with such a reputation well deserved, one has the pick of orders, and one obtains the price of well-executed work. . . . . .

But the progress of association is far from being satisfactory. . . . . This decrease [in numbers]! more withdrawals! fewer associates! fewer demands of admission! scarcely any admissions! more than one-third less subscribed to capital!—notwithstanding the efforts of some of us, this grieves us most sincerely.

We seriously call your attention to this point. If this is all which the principle can do, notwithstanding the advantages of plenty of work, success in our undertakings, the encouragements of our good repute, we very humbly declare that we have been mistaken.

And yet we dare not, we cannot believe it, since with seventeen men alone, and debts to boot, without reputation and scarcely any credit, and small experience of business, we did in four years that which now exists. . . . .

We declare with all the might of our souls that the pleasure of dividing a hundred thousand francs is far from compensating for us the pain of such a diminution.

If we do not doubt the goodness of the principle, we fear that indolence and selfishness may replace self-devotion in some, and carry discouragement to others.

Let us take care, let us examine, and carefully pursue improvement. Let us show ourselves the men whom we ought to be, that is to say,

more but on the common interest than on our private one.

We hope, gentlemen, that if you do not follow our advice, you will examine it with attention, if ten years of our administration inspire you with sufficient confidence.

(Signed) BOUYER and CORADON.

O renowned financiers, skilful in the art of grasping figures, O prosperous and much-testimonialised railway directors, who know so well how to make things pleasant to the shareholders, what a foreign language must be to you that of these Parisian builders, who in their often ungrammatical and ill-spelt French actually declare that to divide 4000*l.* amongst ninety-two men does not make up to them for the pain of not dividing it among ninety-five! And these not enthusiasts of yesterday, but men who for *ten* years have had in hand the management of a business! Surely there rings out from the report of the Paris builders a tone which has not been heard before in such things—a tone of workmen masters of their labour and no longer slaves to it; and masters of it, not because they have so much capital, materials, credit, but because they have learned to place themselves, their labour, and their resources at the service of a principle.

To look back from these ninety-two Paris builders, doing their 50,000*l.* a year business and making their nearly 10,000*l.* a year profits, to our six-months building strike, spending 20,000*l.* to keep men out of work, seems in one point of view a grievous fall. Yet let us not be unjust to the idea of the trade society. That idea will never be looked upon with much favour by the bulk of the community. Inasmuch as the trade society is based on the class-interest of the worker, and seeks continually to obtain for him more pay and less work; inasmuch as every gain to the producer is *primâ facie* a loss to the consumer, and we are all consumers; inasmuch as the equivalent of every sixpence extra wages, every quarter-hour less work, is sure to be taken, whenever the wages-payer can do so, out of the pockets of his customers,—it is perfectly natural that the consuming public should be ready to frown down such an organisation; and it is all the more necessary, to judge it fairly, that we should look upon it from the worker's point of view. And, seen in this light, we may perceive reasons why even the idea of cooperation in production, in itself so favourable to the working man, should meet with a less willing and general assent amongst his class than the trade society. The cooperative association benefits immediately only the few; the trade society seeks to benefit the many. We deal with a few picked men among the associated builders of Paris; we deal with the bulk of a whole class among the society men of the London building

trades. So far there is no doubt a democratic breadth about the trade society which no cooperative aristocracy (using that word in its best sense), even the most devoted, can attain to. The question of an hour's labour is one of immense value to the thousands; the cooperative association can only approach it within the limited sphere of its own operations, checked even there by competition; whilst, however generous may be its provisions for relief amongst its own associates or those employed by it, it never can reach the scale on which most of our trade societies dispense their benefit funds in cases of accident, distress, death, old age, relief to men on tramp or casually thrown out of work, among the thousands of their members, nor yet those opportunities which they afford for the distribution of labour throughout the country. It is this daily working of the trade society, together with the field which it affords for mutual communication, self-government, and a really political education, which has rooted it hitherto in the hearts and habits of our working men;—not those strikes, which are in fact only an interruption to its daily working, and which are not unfrequently in great measure occasioned by law-made impediments to the profitable investment of its funds.

But having said thus much from the working man's point of view, something must also be said from the point of view of third parties. The repeal of the combination laws has been, in fact, but a licensing of private war in the sphere of trade. With our English taste for a good "mill," when masters and men fall out in a given trade, and one or the other stops work, Government and public have hitherto mainly confined themselves to making a ring round the combatants and seeing fair play whilst the match is fought out. But the more frequent these contests become, the more we are reminded that *nostra res agitur*. The combatants are not prize-fighters pummelling each other for a hat or a purse full of gold, but hundreds of capitalists and thousands of skilled artisans debating the point of an hour's work, more or less, at the price of *our* shelter, *our* comfort, as well as their own. "It is nothing but the haggling of the market on a large scale," say the plutonomists. But when that haggling takes the shape of half-built walls and roofless houses, and a stoppage of works of public utility, what does society profit by it?

To go back to the old system of forbidding combination is impossible. The mere *power* exhibited on either side in this battle of the building trades forbids us to entertain the thought of doing so. To allow these contests to go on is to deliver over the whole trade of the country to anarchy. Is there no other course? Will the debate on trade societies at the Social Science Association's meeting at Glasgow have shadowed any forth to us?

Art. IV. RUSSIAN LITERATURE: MICHAEL LERMONTOFF.

Otcherk Istorii russkoi Poezii. A. Milukoff. (*Outline of the History of Russian Poetry.* By A. Milukoff.) St. Petersburg, 1858.

Michael Lermontoff's Poetischer Nachlass, übersetzt von Dr. Bodenstedt. (*M. Lermontoff's Poetical Remains.* Translated by Dr. Bodenstedt.) Berlin, 1859.

Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie. Par A. Herzen. Deuxième édition. Londres, 1858.

In a previous Number* of this Review we gave our readers some general notice of the development of modern Russian literature, and a more detailed account of the great poet, with whom, in fact, the era of original and really national Russian poetry begins. When we consider how recent this era is, we cannot wonder that we have but few distinguished poets to enumerate, since true poetic genius has, of course, at all times and in all countries, been confined to a chosen few. Even the political influence of the Russian empire in European politics is itself but of recent growth. Fostering its helpless infancy is seen the gigantic figure of one who was at once a tyrannical barbarian and the arbitrary patron of the arts. Peter I., whose imperious will imposed upon Russia the first restraints of civilisation, was the first to direct the national mind towards Europe, and to introduce those European forms and ideas under whose influence a national literature at length developed itself.

So far as we can trace back the history of Russian literature to earlier periods, we find, as yet unmixed, those elements which were afterwards blended in the matured national character. The spirit of the Norse invaders, who about the year 862 conquered and founded constitutions among the scattered branches of the Slavic races, entirely pervades the historical tales referring to the heathen period of Russian history, which were written by the monk Nestor in the eleventh century. He was, however, imbued with the spirit of the Byzantine literature, and thus could not fully appreciate a poetry which sprang up in the heroic age of Scandinavian enterprise. He regarded the events which he recorded partly in the prosaic spirit of a mere chronicler, partly in the hostile spirit of a zealous opponent of heathenism. But notwithstanding his antipathy to his subject, and in spite of the dryness and pedantry of his style, his tales contain passages which undeniably prove the existence of an ancient though rude poetry, beginning to develop itself in Russia under the influ-

* No. XIV. for October 1858; Article V.

ence of the Norsemen, celebrating deeds which extended over a century and a half, and whose theatre stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. We discern here clearly enough traces of the same spirit which pervades the tales and legends of the Icelandic chroniclers. Several of the latter are undoubtedly of common origin with those of Nestor. For example, the "Life and Death of Swatopolk," related by Nestor, forms part, and that the most important, of an Icelandic literary collection of the thirteenth century. But though the common origin is undeniable, the Russian historian, in this instance, much surpasses the Icelandic in his style, his narrative being full of life and poetry. How finely has he painted this Swatopolk, the son of a Greek nun, who, from the day of his unlawful birth, seems doomed to sin and ruin; who climbs to his throne through fratricide, who is punished on the very scene of his crimes by the hand of an avenging brother, and finally expires in the desert! It is difficult to say how far historic truth has been respected in this tale; but as a literary production it is of great dramatic interest.

The stories of Nestor give us a partial glimpse of those times when martial honour and glory were the moving springs of life in the Russian people; when before going to war they would proudly warn their enemies; and when they would doom those who should break their word "to be slaves for life," considering this to be the greatest of all curses.

Indeed, when we observe in the simple tales of the monk what germs of poetry there were in the early history of Russia, it is sad to think of the rich fruit they might have borne had they not been blighted while yet in their first development, and choked by parasitic plants of foreign origin. The Norse chiefs themselves sought and inaugurated an intercourse with the Byzantine empire, and about A.D. 1000 the Christian faith in the doctrines of the Greek Church was adopted by Russia. But this approximation to Byzantium, instead of throwing open to the Russian people the treasures of the Greek classic world, merely led to an acquaintance with Byzantine literature, consisting of dry chronicles, scholastic discussions on dogmatic questions, and empty rhetoric, and inculcating a profound contempt for every thing connected with heathen antiquity, and consequently even the Greek classic poetry.

Then came the invasion of the Mongols, about 1236, and the establishment of Mongol rule, diffusing new and oriental ingredients through the nation. We trace the influence of the new conquerors mainly in the popular poetry we mean in the rich collection of Russian songs and tales. There are perhaps few nations whose primitive poetry presents so true a mirror of

people's life and feelings as that of the Russians. In it we find reflected their whole existence up to the time of Peter the Great, and every boon which nature has bestowed upon them: "the broad fields with the silken grass and the blue flowers;" "the thick woods in which the stormy wind rattles;" "the boundless plains of snow," on which nothing but the "black fir or the silver birch" is to be seen detaching itself from the white ground; again, when the snow is melting, "the song of the lark, the blushing roses of summer, the swift falcon, the dove-coloured pigeon;" and once more, "winter with its dull deathlike silence, broken only by the shriek of the ravens" and "the howling of the snowstorm." In these songs, too, we have plenty of allusions to special Russian scenery;—"the shining Duna," "the limpid Don," "the benefactress Wolga," "the princely Great Novgorod," "the stone-built Moscow." We behold the wandering life of "the Wolga robbers," and the bold enterprises of the Kossacks. We see the customs, the sympathies, and the antipathies of the people, their faith, their hopes and sufferings; and we are made acquainted with the favourite heroes of their history.

But at the same time, as we have already said, we distinctly trace in the popular songs and tales the decline of those beneficial influences which, under the Norsemen, fostered the national development. Not only political activity and independence declined under their successors, but likewise the purity of home-life. Women were entirely subjected to the despotic power of men, and the Terem,* borrowed from the Byzantine Greeks, deprived them of social importance, reducing them to an oriental slavery. The customs of Norse life had accorded to them a far nobler position; and this change was therefore in every way for the worse. Moreover, the estrangement from Europe caused by the Mongol influence, prevented the chivalrous reverence for women,—which at this time pervaded European society,—from penetrating into Russia. The Asiatic notion that women are the ruin of the world was imported by the Mongols, and completed the subjugation of the weaker sex. We no longer find women like those spoken of by Nestor in his tales of the Scandinavian times; but now begin to hear of the beautiful Russian girl who sits lonely in "the silver cage," making "the golden net," leading a monotonous life far from society and civilisation, and expecting with awe the day when, amidst tears and songs, her fair hair will be unbraided, and she will be led, "according to God's will" (that is to say, her father's), to a marriage to which her own sanction was never asked. And often this change is only for the worse; she leaves

* The women's place.

her "silver cage" but for another, sometimes of iron, which does not even afford her the consolation of parental love. Doomed to pass her life with a husband whom for the most part she did not love, the Russian wife was surrounded by none of those influences which beautified the life of European women in the middle ages. Nothing but the Terem awaited her. She was governed by the despotic rule of a husband, whose best tenderness was not unfrequently the scourge. The natural consequence of such a position was the degradation of social life. A mother who was herself a slave could not but transmit to her sons a sense of abasement, the unavoidable result of which is tyranny. Society, robbed of its highest elements, impressed the Russian youth with a sense of emptiness and ennui, which forced him to seek in dissipation the highest excitements of an existence in which he was at the same time both slave and tyrant.

The result of all this is to be found in the popular poetry of the Russians; and hence its tone of deep sadness, of desperate gaiety, of endeavour after complete self-oblivion. In almost every specimen of this literature we see the cloud which hangs over the heart, "like a fog over the blue sea:" the mother is represented in it as weeping like "the stream that flows;" the tears of the sisters fall "like rivulets;" the heart of the young girl fades away "without sun," her joys are carried away "by stormy winds over the clear white field;" the youth who was "born in tears, all his life long shakes his homeless head like the grass-blade on the fields in the wind." If, on the other hand, we find in these songs wild outbursts of merriment, they are but intended to conceal the void beneath. Characteristic and full of poetry are the songs of the Wolga robbers, and those of the Kossacks; the wild love of freedom which led them into peril and crime frequently also giving birth to heroic enterprise, as, for instance, the colonisation of Siberia. These songs breathe contempt of danger and death, immoderate gaiety, unbounded liberty and license,—as is usual with men who have broken with the common ties of society and citizenship, whose companions are the night and the storm, who spend their life either in the forest or on the waters. The tales of this epoch exhibit also the literary shortcomings as well as the emptiness and sadness of the contemporaneous Russian life; the narrative form requiring, like that of the epic poem, a greater social development than Russia had then attained.

Thus gradually had the dawn of genuine poetry among the Russian people faded away, and none of the old seed was now left, when the great reformer came, and called Russia to a new life.

We referred in our former Article to the changes which

worked themselves gradually out in the Russian language and literature from the time of Peter the Great. The language had to emancipate itself from the conventional clerical jargon, and then developing its great beauty and flexibility, to become truly popular. The intercourse with Europe opened a new world of ideas, and at the same time excited the Russian imagination to activity in fresh directions. After a succession of more or less original writers, Alexander Pushkin appeared, and put the finishing stroke to that purification of the language which his predecessors had begun. We have had occasion already to speak of him at some length, and have explained the high rank which he holds in the estimation of his people, and which he must, when thoroughly known, obtain in that of all nations.

Next to him stands another contemporary but younger poet, Michael Lermontoff, a son of one of the first families of the Russian aristocracy. Like most of the Russian nobles, he entered the Guards when yet very young. A poem which he composed on the death of Pushkin was the cause of his exile to the Caucasus, where he became imbued with that deep love for the country which made him, so to speak, the poet of the Caucasus. Though having for an author the rare privilege of holding an independent position with regard to fortune, his life seems nevertheless to have been one long train of sufferings, to which his poems bear ample evidence. Equally ardent and faithful in his friendships as he was vindictive and unrelenting in his hatreds, he had to endure many bitter disappointments. He was often called upon to part from true, and to endure the treachery of false friends. Brought up in a world where he dared not speak out what was in him, he had to undergo the hardest of all human trials, that of being compelled to remain silent in sight of injustice and oppression. With a heart glowing with the love of beauty and liberty, he was doomed to live in a society which, viewed from without, was full of outward show and false splendour, and from within of servitude and corruption. One of his first attempts at expressing the burning indignation with which these things filled him, the ode on Pushkin's death, brought down upon him exile. A life of action thus forbidden him, the only resource left him was his poetic genius; and when his heart was too full, he devoted himself to it, and called forth wild passionate strains, pathetic melodies, mocking satires, or the poetry of love; but always true pictures of emotions experienced and deeply felt, always children of an inward necessity, and in accordance with Goethe's canon, that every true poem is born of a special occasion and impulse (a *Gelegenheits-gedicht*).

Lermontoff was strongly impressed by the genius of Pushkin,

who, as we said, had the start of him in his literary career; but he never became his imitator. Lermontoff never entered, like Pushkin, into compromise with the society in which he was compelled to live: till the day of his death he was in deadly conflict with it. The 14th of December 1825, which brought to a close the milder reign of Alexander, during which more liberal political aspirations had been permitted to grow up, and which inaugurated with a bloody act of vengeance the long and oppressive despotism of Nicholas, was a critical day for modern Russian life, as well as for its literature. Pushkin's literary career was then at its culminating point, while Lermontoff's was only just beginning. Alexander Herzen says:

"Nothing can show more forcibly the change which passed over the public mind in 1825 than a comparison of Pushkin with Lermontoff. Pushkin was frequently discontented, sad, wounded, and indignant, but nevertheless inclined to peace. He longed for it; he did not doubt its possibility. A chord of memory connecting him with the Emperor Alexander's *régime* was still vibrating in his heart. Lermontoff was so much accustomed to despondency and resistance, that he not only never sought to free himself from it, but did not even understand the possibility of making the attempt. Lermontoff never learned to hope; he did not acquiesce, simply because there was nothing which could have compensated him for his acquiescence; nor did he proudly offer, like Pestel and Ryleieff, his head to the executioner, for he was convinced of the uselessness of such a sacrifice; he gave up the struggle, and finally died without any great end before him.

The sound of the pistol which destroyed Pushkin called Lermontoff's soul into life. He wrote a powerful ode, in which he exposed the mean intrigues which led to the fatal duel that caused Pushkin's death, —intrigues that had been fostered by literary ministers and journalist-spies,—exclaiming, 'Vengeance, emperor; vengeance!' This appeal, his only inconsistency, the poet had to expiate in exile in the year 1837. In 1841 the remains of Lermontoff were buried in a tomb at the foot of the Caucasus. 'None of those who heard thee understood what thou saidst before thine end. The deep and bitter sense of thy last words has been lost.'*

Very fortunately, that which Lermontoff wrote during the four last years of his life has not been lost. He belongs entirely to our generation. We, indeed, were too young to be sharers in the events of the 14th of December, but it awakened our political consciousness, and we saw the banishments and the executions which followed. Forced to silence, and to repress our tears, we learned to live inwardly and to brood over our thoughts in secret,—and *what* thoughts! No longer ideas of a civilising liberalism, of progress; but of doubt, negation, and fury. Accustomed to such emotions, Lermontoff could not, like Pushkin, take refuge in lyrics. In all his enjoyments, in all his fancies,

* Verses by Lermontoff on the death of Prince Odoieffski, one of those sentenced on the 14th of December.

he was haunted by the shadow of scepticism. Something serious, even melancholy, was written on his brow, and runs through all his poems. But it was by no means mere abstract thought adorning itself with the flowers of poetry; no, the reflections of Lermontoff *are* his poetry—his strength and his torment. He had deeper sympathies with Byron than Pushkin ever had. It was his misfortune that he possessed too much penetration, and that he had the boldness to say much that was dangerous without disguise. Weak and irritable natures never pardon such sincerity. Lermontoff was spoken of as the spoiled child of an aristocratic house, as one of those idlers who die from satiety and ennui. People did not choose to see how much this man suffered, how he struggled before he ventured to speak out his thoughts. Men in general accept with greater indulgence bitterness and insults than a certain ripeness of mind,—than that isolation which sets itself free alike from the fears and hopes of the people at large, and dares to declare that it has done so. When Lermontoff left St. Petersburg for his second exile in the Caucasus, he was weary and exhausted. He said to his friends that he would seek death, and he kept his word."

The painful conflicts amid which his life was placed, the restraints put upon his genius and his fiery truth-loving mind, probably contributed largely to the irritability and peevishness of his temper; a disposition which entangled him more than once in quarrels, and even in several duels. One of these duels was punished by imprisonment in a fortress, and the last was the cause of his premature death at the age of thirty. To give some conception of his personal appearance, we may quote from Herr Bodenstedt the following account of his meeting with him:

"It was at Moscow, in the winter of 1840-1, shortly before Lermontoff's last journey to the Caucasus, that I dined with Paul von Alsuvieff, a highly intellectual young Russian, at a French restaurant's much visited by the Muscovite boyards. During the dinner some acquaintances joined us; among them a young prince remarkably handsome, but of a somewhat limited understanding, though at the same time possessing so much good-humour that he permitted the others to ridicule him without resenting it. The easy wit, the sparkling intellect, the quick perception of exterior contrasts, in one word, the French *esprit*, is as familiar as the French language to the aristocratic Russians.

We were already drinking champagne, and the lips of my companions were overflowing with jokes, both good and bad, when some of them suddenly exclaimed, 'Ah, Michael Turitch!' to a young officer who entered, greeted Alsuvieff with a slight tap on his shoulder, and the young prince with a 'How do you do, you sly fox?' the rest of the party with a brief 'Good evening.' The new-comer was a man of gentlemanlike easy manners, middle height, and unusually elastic step. He stooped down for a cigar-case which he had dropped in taking out his pocket-handkerchief, and so showed a flexibility of figure which almost gave for the moment the impression that all his bones were broken

though his large chest and shoulders nevertheless showed them to be strong. The fair smoothly-combed hair, slightly curled at each side, left a remarkably high brow quite uncovered. The large thoughtful eye seemed in no way to participate in the satirical expression which played about his finely-cut mouth. He was evidently not in full uniform, a black handkerchief being tied carelessly round his neck, and the coat, from which the epaulettes were taken off, being only buttoned half-way, and leaving the brilliantly white linen visible.

Until his arrival we had been talking French, and Alsuvieff introduced me to him in the same language. After a few hasty words, he sat down to dine with us. In speaking to the waiters he used expressions which, though common in the mouth of most Russians, were disagreeable to me in his mouth—for he was *Michael Lermontoff*. They were expressions which every foreigner soon learns to understand in Russia from hearing them daily and every where, but which no one of education (except a Greek or Turk, who is used to similar ones) would like to translate into his own language.

Lermontoff, after having hurriedly eaten of some of the dishes and swallowed a few glasses of wine, at the same time not concealing his fine and well-kept hands, became very talkative; and what he said must have been exceedingly witty and comic, as he was several times interrupted by great laughter. I unfortunately did not understand it, having as yet too imperfect a knowledge of Russian to be able to follow him; I only observed that his wit was directed against various individuals, but that being several times decidedly rebuked by Alsuvieff, he thought it better to take the young prince exclusively for the butt of his sarcasms. The latter bore these observations for some time with his wonted good-nature; but at last, unable longer to endure it, he answered the hot-headed young man in a dignified way which proved that, in spite of his limited capacities, he was not without right feeling. Lermontoff seemed sincerely grieved to have offended the prince, who had been an old playfellow of his, and did all in his power to appease him, in which, indeed, he soon succeeded.

I had known and loved Lermontoff from the first publication of his poems in 1840, but his manner and appearance on that evening were so little agreeable to me, that I felt no wish to know more of him. The first unpleasant impression, however, was soon to be followed by a better one. The very next evening, when I found him in the drawing-room of Madame von Momonoff, I saw him in his most amiable mood, — and he could be peculiarly amiable. If he gave himself up to another person, he did so with heart and soul, though perhaps this may rarely have occurred. He was bound by a close and steady friendship to the spirited Countess Rastoptshin, who consequently would be best able to give a full account of his character. People who did not know him sufficiently to overlook his weaknesses for the sake of his predominant excellencies mostly avoided him, because he was often carried too far by his satirical disposition; but he could likewise be good and gentle as a child; and, on the whole, a grave and even melancholy disposition was the prevailing one. This deep seriousness also formed the chief

characteristic of his noble features, as well as of all his more important productions, to which the lighter and humorous poems stand in the same relation as did the sarcastic expression on his lips to his large thoughtful eyes.

The Prometheus-like fate of Lermontoff many of his countrymen have shared; but from none of them did grief call forth similar pearls of tears to relieve the heart in life and in death to crown the pale brow with a wreath of fame.

Lermontoff must be placed among those who are *par excellence* called subjective poets, for his works reflect preëminently his own soul, its joys and sorrows, its hope and its despair. His heroes are parts of himself; in fact, his poems are his biography. This is, however, by no means to be understood as an intimation that he was deficient in all those qualities which distinguish the objective poet; on the contrary, several of his poems particularly *The Song of the Czar Ivan Vassilievitch, his young Lifeguardsman, and the bold Merchant Kalashnikoff* furnish ample proofs that he was fully capable of moulding figures quite independent of his own individuality. But he was one of those natures in whom all the chords that link them with their time vibrate so strongly that their creative power can rarely free itself from the influence of personal feelings, judgments and reflections. These natures usually appear during the decay of old forms of society, in times of transition, of general scepticism and of corrupt morals. In them the pure spirit of mankind seems to take refuge, and to make of them its mouthpiece. They criticise and doom the follies and vices of society by the disclosure of their own wounds, errors and struggles on the one side; and on the other, they heal, reconcile, and redeem this corrupt world by the insight they give into that beauty and ideal perfection of human nature of which genius always holds the secret. They generally blend in their epic and the lyric element action and reflection, narrative and satire. Byron and, above all, Lord Byron are representatives of this class of poets, and both of these as well as his countryman Pushkin, exercised a great influence over Lermontoff. From Pushkin he got the secret of Russian verse, with Byron he shared his scorn for society, from Barbier he learned the art of bitter satire and the iron strength of expression. But those influences by no means injured his originality; rather, on the contrary, did they give it more strength and finish.

Striking in him is the realistic element which, as we observed in writing on Pushkin, seems to form a chief feature in the literary character of the nation generally. With their lively impressionable natures, with their great power of observation, and the facility with which they assimilate the impres-

sions of others, the Russians seem qualified to develop preëminently that literary realism which tends to become the basis of all modern art. Lermontoff, wherever he directs his thoughts, stands on the firm ground of reality; and to this we owe the great precision, freshness, and truthfulness of the pictures in his epic poems, as well as the conscientious exactness in the lyric ones, which are always a true mirror of the dispositions of his mind. As he says himself in the introduction to *Ismail Bey*, one of his most beautiful poems,

> And in this heart, erst dead so long,
> Appears again true inspiration,
> To turn the ruin and devastation
> Of grief and passion to a song.

Forced to serve in the army, which for so many years in vain struggled with the wild free-born tribes of the Caucasus, his mind became imbued with the elements of poetry there presenting themselves to his imagination. He sought relief in the solitude of the endless steppes, through which he was fond of galloping; in the grandeur of the mountain scenery, and in the uncivilised but chivalrous freedom of the beautiful race which peoples those countries. It is true, he threw himself heedlessly into the combat against the latter,—not, however, from any feeling of animosity or belief in the justice of the cause with which he was involuntarily identified, but merely because the excitement of battle did him good, because in it he found forgetfulness of his troubles, and because he did not much care for a life which he was unable to use in a nobler way. His predilection for the Circassian races is undeniable, and his most beautiful works prove this; for instance, the epic poem, which, in our opinion, is superior to all his other works, as well in the treatment of the subject itself as in the exquisite beauty of the pictures and the artistic finish of the whole. The poem is entitled *Mtsiri*, which means a novice living in a monastery, his vows yet unpronounced.* The following is the outline of the narrative. A Russian general passes through Tiflis, carrying with him a Circassian boy, still quite a child. Ill and exhausted from the journey, he is left behind with the monks of a convent, who take care of him. The child is shy and wild as a mountain-goat, and at the same time tender as a reed. Proudly and silently does he bear his captivity, not a complaint escapes his lips, while he begins to fade away in mute grief. At last the tender care of a monk saves him; and though yet ever shy and serious, and often looking with sighs towards the east, he accustoms himself by degrees to the sounds of the foreign

* The German translator has changed this title into that of *The Circassian Boy*, which seems quite as well adapted to the subject.

language, is baptised into the Greek Church, and, still a child in heart and conceptions, prepares to take the vows. One stormy autumn night, whilst the monks are prostrated in supplication round the altar, he disappears. Three days long they search for him in vain in the dark woods and on the borders of the mountains. At last they find him almost dying in the steppe and take him home to the convent, where his death rapidly approaches. He answers to no question until an old monk comes to give him the last sacraments of the Church. Then, listening proudly till the monk has done, and collecting his strength for a final effort, he speaks to him in the following strain:

"I thank you for your zeal, pious man; you ask me to confess to you what I know. I believe that it may be a relief to men to unburden their hearts by words; but I, during my life, have done harm to none; it is of small avail to learn what has happened to such a one; and of my *feelings*, how could I tell the story? I have lived but little, and in slavery. Surely two such lives would I have given willingly for one full of liberty and struggles. One single uncontrollable passion has haunted, governed, and tormented me; and consumed by it, my life is coming to an end. It has eaten my heart like a worm; it has led me forth, both when awake and in my dreams, from the dull sufferings in this cell to the noise of battles, to places where the high mountains tower above the clouds, where men live in liberty like the eagles. And to this fire, which has consumed me, I have given yet greater force by nursing my grief and agony. I will confess this before God and men, but not to ask forgiveness from either."

He then tells the story of his hidden feelings: how he saw from afar the snow of the Caucasus shining through the mists, and began to revive in his imagination the dear scenes of earliest childhood,—the *aoul** where his father's hut stood, the assembly of brown-faced warriors when they gathered in the cool of evening before the threshold of the house; his father with his proud glance and richly-ornamented arms; his sisters with their mild eyes and the sweet songs which they sang at his cradle; his own childish plays, and the tales of heroic deeds to which he listened. And then he describes how he left the convent at last during that stormy night; how he loved the storm and wanted to embrace it, and to catch the lightning as it flashed through the dark; and, "Oh," he exclaims, "what could you give me in compensation, here in this cradle of my sufferings, for that short life of communion between the storm and the stormy heart?"

He tells how, when the night vanishes, he finds himself at the edge of an abyss, through which a wild torrent rushes, and

* The name of the Caucasian villages.

how all around him breathes beauty, how he found a rich vegetation yet trembling under the beneficent raindrops, and how the voices of solitude spoke to him more solemnly than the hymns of man; how he remains there lost in contemplation, until thirst forces him to climb from rock to rock down to the refreshing waters; and how he hears a voice singing, which makes his heart thrill with sweet emotion, and he then sees a young Georgian girl advancing with a pitcher on her head. Her beauty and the depth of her dark eyes trouble his senses so much that he recovers only when hearing the sound of the water as it slowly gushes into the vessel; and then he sees her leave the fountain and regain a distant hut, from which the blue smoke curls upwards, and in the door of which she disappears. Then he falls asleep, and again in his dreams sees the young Georgian, and sleeps until the moon is high and the silence of night, broken only by the torrent, has fallen around. He beholds a light dying away in the distant hut, and would fain have gone thither; but he has only one aim, one wish,—to reach his own country; and therefore he wanders away and soon loses himself in the thick wood; the darkness of the virgin forest envelops him. Climbing up a tree, he discovers nothing but wood, endless wood. Shivering and despairing, he throws himself on the ground, and a flood of bitter tears flows from his eyes; for, though with men he has always been too proud to show his sufferings, here he may weep without shame, for the forest is his only witness. And then, all of a sudden, a shadow passes rapidly, from the bushes two lights sparkle, and, bounding forth, the tiger stretches out its mighty limbs close to him, and lifts its wild eyes to the moon. He breaks a thick branch from a tree in preparation for combat, and suddenly feels, in the glow of his heart, that if free and in the land of his fathers, he would not have been the least of its heroes. Then follows a graphic description of the struggle, in which at last the tiger succumbs, but not without leaving deep wounds in the breast of his adversary. At the time he is not mindful of these wounds, and going on, finds himself with the dawn of morning out of the forest; but when he looks around, the country seems well known—he has come back to his prison, and the sound of the convent-bell tells him that in vain he has nourished the dream of liberty and fatherland. Thus the monks find him; and now his last request is to be carried out to the convent-garden, where two white-flowered acacias stand, where the grass grows thick, the air is fresh and balmy, and the sunbeams play cheerfully through the leaves; for there he can see the Caucasus, and he fancies it will send him a last farewell in the evening breeze. He will feel as though a friend stooped down to him to take his

hand and wipe the last drop from his brow, and [illegible] words from home into his ear. And in these thoughts he wishes to lie down and curse none will go to seek.

Such a sketch cannot give even the most imperfect idea of the beauty of this poem, of its touching simplicity and realism as well as the sublimity of many of the pictures. Here more than in any of the other epic works we behold the poet's own individuality revealing at last the secret of his soul's life, which had been ever concealed from the eyes of men. The story of the free-born mountain-boy, who longs to get away from the place of formal barren piety, to throw himself upon the warm breast of Nature, and join the active life of men in liberty, with its struggles and its affections, is obviously the story of genius which, while longing to realise an existence full of truth and ideal beauty, is yet doomed to live in a corrupt and enslaved society, and at last, with broken wings, is destined to feel that the struggle of a single individual against the great social necessity is vain. But when this last hour of consciousness has come, Lermontoff seems to say that his spirit, likewise will curse none and go to rest reconciled; for he has at last realised that, just such as it was, his life was *his* individual life; and as a remarkable woman has said, "if we could understand all, we should pardon all."

Beautiful also, and even preferred by many to this one, is another of Lermontoff's epic poems, *Ismail Bey*, in which unfortunately many gaps are left, in consequence of the rude excisions of the censor. Lermontoff speaks of these with disgust in some of his verses, and it certainly was one of the reasons why he himself published but such a small number of his poems, the greater part having only been printed after his death. The subject of *Ismail Bey* is again borrowed from life in the Caucasus, and also bears witness to his admiration of the poetry and beauty of a nature and of races which have preserved their wild originality and grace, unspoiled by the touch of that civilisation which became for him synonymous with corruption. The character of Ismail Bey himself has perhaps a little too much of the poet's own individuality, of his sceptical and speculative turn of mind, for a hero of the uncivilised world; but the description of Sarah, the Lesbian girl, is not surpassed by any of Lord Byron's most picturesque feminine sketches.

As we cannot, however, enter into an analysis of all his poems, we select another of the larger epics of which to say a few words, as it possesses great beauty and is thoroughly original. It is called *The Demon*, and begins with describing, from a new point of view, the so-called spirit of evil, who has been painted so often by poets of the greatest genius that we cannot deny him at least a poetical existence. Whilst Goethe's Mephisto-

phies especially represents the spirit of boundless dissatisfaction with finite enjoyments, the negative spirit which is so often allied to great intellectual powers, and which seems to stir them on to continual progress; while Byron's Lucifer, in *Cain*, shows us the stern metaphysical scepticism which plunges into the depths of existence, and asks for the ultimate reason. Lermontoff's demon shows us rather the despairing side of evil, which has not quite lost the sense of agony at its perpetual exile from all that is good. Neither Mephistopheles nor Lucifer ever descend from the heights of their cold and satirical contempt for the existing order of things to a repentant word, or indulge one longing for the unconscious and undoubting quietude of a soul whose beliefs have never been shaken; but Lermontoff's demon, on the contrary, represents expressly the anguish of evil. Through all his contempt, through all his revolt, breaks forth a deep longing for that which he has lost. Evil is, after all, unbearable to him; it is so easy to accomplish, nowhere on earth does it find opposition, and how even the pleasure of conquest diminishes the satiety which he feels after his facile triumphs. While looking down upon the enchanting plains of Georgia, he beholds Tamara, the daughter of a prince of one of the tribes. It is the evening before her wedding, and she stands on the roof of her father's house, in the circle of her friends who are gathered about her; while the richest gifts of the East which have been bestowed upon her are strewn all around. Music and songs are heard, when Tamara at last rises, seizes the tambourine, and begins a dance which is not merely a wild incoherent exertion of the limbs like modern dancing, but a symbolic poetry, an oriental language of the soul. The eyes second the movement of her body, their fire now hidden under the veil of their silken lashes, now streaming forth. The demon sees her, and an unspeakable passion thrills through him, the fetters fall from his frozen heart, he feels again the happiness of moral love and virtue, and images drawn from the felicity of heaven, which he has forfeited, recur to his mind. In vain he struggles against them; neither can they be banished, nor can that happiness be called back again; it is his torment that he cannot forget. Even God cannot give him forgetfulness; and could He do so, the demon would not accept it. Meantime the bridegroom rides through the mountains, with a richly-laden caravan, when a troop of mountaineers of another tribe overtake, rob, and murder them all. The horse, carrying the body of his dead master, arrives at the castle, and changes the songs of mirth into lamentations. Tamara is prostrated with grief; but when alone on her couch in the silence of night, she hears a voice whispering words of consolation, hope, and love,—a voice so sweet that it goes to

her very heart, inspiring her with a grander, a more sublime feeling than that of the past, and promising, wherever darkness spreads its veil over the Caucasus, to come and comfort her till morning. When the voice ceases, Tamara looks round and sees nothing; but a consuming fire is kindled in her, and amid overwhelming emotions she at last falls asleep, when she sees in her dreams a man of such supernatural beauty that she knows he cannot be a son of this earth, yet neither is it the form of an angel. It is a wonderful vague image, like a serene evening, neither darkness nor sunshine. From that time a strange pain takes possession of her heart, and she entreats her father to send her to a convent, wishing to end her life in pious retirement. But in vain does she seek refuge in the sacred walls, the fire that consumes her heart is not quenched, her thoughts wander from her prayers to the Mother of God to very different objects; she is lost to the beauty of nature, and absorbed in endless dreams, seeing only one image, hearing only one voice; her face brightens only when hope tells her that he will come and bestow the happiness he has promised. In the mean while the demon dares not approach the sacred retreat; but every night he wanders around the convent, and his sighs move the leaves of the trees as though the night-wind shook them, until one evening he sees Tamara sitting all alone at her window, and hears a song as wonderful as though it came from heaven itself, bringing back all the happiness of the past. The demon weeps; his old hatred and contempt seem gone, he feels a new life and a new happiness in the future. This hope, stronger than his doubt, induces him to enter the open window, and before him stands an angel, all surrounded with light, spreading his wings over Tamara as if to protect her; and looking at the demon with a glance of recognition and reproach, he asks him what he has to do here in the sanctuary of his love. Then jealousy and humiliation awaken the old passions in the demon's heart, and he replies that *his* is the right to be here, that Tamara has long since belonged to him. The angel, looking sadly at her, leaves the polluted spot; and now begins a conversation between Tamara and the demon, in which the latter gives her a terrible description of his torments,—a description which seems to flow from the depth of the poet's own heart, and opens for us an insight into the degradation of the society in which he lived. Neither Goethe, who lived in an artistic and intellectual atmosphere, nor Byron, who was the free son of a free country, and had to contend only with those evils which are more or less general in human society, has expressed half so powerfully the misery which attends the satiety of evil.

Tamara, irresistibly attracted and touched by this tale of

woe, asks a vow that, redeemed by her love, he will return to a better life; and the demon promises, and she yields to his passion. When the night-watch goes his rounds, he hears strange terrible sounds proceed from Tamara's cell,—sounds of tenderness, passion, despair, and the agony of death. He flies in terror from the place while making the sign of the cross. More beautiful even than in life, Tamara is lying in her coffin, adorned with treasures and covered with flowers, as though the scent of all those on earth should be buried in her grave. Her gray-haired father in despair, with lamenting multitudes, accompany her to the place of rest, a church built by one of her ancestors on the summit of the rocks, where the Kasbek, the highest point of the Caucasus, mounts with icy peak into the skies. Hardly had the sound of the funeral-songs expired, when a tremendous storm arises and throws the church into ruins, devastating all around; but when it ceases, an angel descends from heaven, and as he carries Tamara's soul to the joys of eternity announces to her, who has not wilfully sinned, but loved and erred, the redeeming pardon; whilst the demon, cursing the hour when he had thought again of love and hope, returns to his old condition of unloving scepticism.

There are some weak points in this poem, and it is altogether less perfect in composition than the *Circassian Boy;* but, on the whole, it makes a powerful impression, and there is such a profusion of glowing imagery and artistic beauty in it, that it well deserves to rank among the first of its kind. The final moral, which the angel announces to Tamara's soul, is the one long known, that "to those who have much loved shall much be forgiven." We find the same conception of moral evil at the basis of the only work which Lermontoff has written in prose, the novel *A Hero of our Days,* which has been translated several times into German and also once into English. Petschorin, the "hero of our days," is a sort of pendant to Pushkin's Onegin, and gives us a full insight into contemporaneous Russian society. But Petschorin's life is not only troubled by passion, by the incompleteness of love and faithlessness of friendship, but likewise by the deeper philosophical questions concerning the origin of life and all around. "Why do I live?" "For what aim was I born?" he asks; and this thoughtful inquiring spirit distinguishes him from Onegin. It is the spirit of the young generation who, as we said before, grew up under the impressions of the 14th of December 1825, and its political consequences. There is therefore a wide difference between the form taken by the gloom of Onegin and that of Petschorin. The first, who deadens his sensibilities in the din of the world, sinks into the apathy and inactivity which were common to the men of that time; Petschorin, despising

life like the other, throws himself recklessly into it to find an issue and a field for his energies. At last, unable to quench the thirst of his spirit even in the excitements of life, he despairs from the bitter conviction "that we are no longer capable either of great sacrifices, or of working for the good of humanity—no, nor even so much as of promoting our own happiness, for we now know that the latter is impossible." This conviction of the impossibility of an activity either for the good of mankind or for individual happiness forms the chief idea of the *Hero of our Days*.

It is now obvious that there are many similarities, not only between the two works *Onegin* and *The Hero of our Days*, but also between the works in general, as well as the personal fate, of the two Russian poets. There exists, however, a wide difference, which may be expressed shortly thus, that Pushkin was the more artistic, and Lermontoff the more philosophic poet. In this respect we may well compare them to the two great German poets, Goethe and Schiller. In writing on Pushkin, we dwelt upon the points of comparison between him and Goethe, and showed how both their natures, naturally plastic and content with *literary* freedom, enabled them to accommodate and reconcile themselves to the existing order of things: we may add, that this was an impossibility for Lermontoff as well as for Schiller. Schiller's poetry became the expression of his philosophical and progressive ideas, and Lermontoff gave vent in his to his political discontent, to his protest against wrong and injustice, to his grief that the high ideals which he nourished for his people and for mankind were so impossible of realisation. To the reproach that he did not love his fatherland, he answered in a poem beginning with the following words, the substance of which we render in prose: "Well do I love my fatherland, but it is love of a special kind, which the scrutinising intellect can no longer govern. I cannot delight in barbarism, whether of the present or of antiquity; I do not love glory bought with blood, nor the proud security reposing upon bayonets."

Pushkin, on the contrary, as Herzen says of him, was carried away by a national pride which was not inconsistent with the exhibition of this despotic grandeur, and consecrated to it a part of his poetry. Lermontoff likewise has written finely of war; but he does not glorify it, and often expresses his deep sense of the hollowness of this sort of glory. With the same deep earnestness and idealistic tendency with which he looked upon life he also considered art. Many of his poems bear witness to this, as, for instance, a dramatic scene, *The Poet, the Reader, and the Journalist*, and the noble verses entitled *The Prophet*, where the elevated aspirations of the poet's mind

are contrasted with the vulgar demands of the public with great power.

We must not forget to mention one peculiarly striking feature in Lermontoff's genius, one in which he reached an almost unparalleled perfection—his power of writing descriptions of nature in verse. He gives us the outline of a country with the exactness at once of a geographer and a scientific naturalist, without robbing it of that vague poetic atmosphere which it wears to the living eye. We see the landscape before our eyes; we feel the breeze laden with the fragrance of the bright Georgian valleys; we behold the snowy summits of the Caucasus above us and at our feet the abyss through which the torrent rushes; we follow the steed galloping over the endless steppe, and feel the solitude of the woods and desolate mountain regions around us;—in short, we live in the Caucasian scenery itself, and no traveler's book could give us so lively and correct an idea of it. Bodenstedt reminds us that two of the greatest naturalists of modern days, Humboldt and Oersted, have both of them forcibly urged that the results of natural sciences should take their part in æsthetical productions for the benefit of mankind. Humboldt says in the *Kosmos*: "If the so-called descriptive poetry, as an independent self-existing form, has deservedly been blamed, such a blame should by no means be directed against serious endeavours to make the results of the rich modern science comprehensible by the power of language, that is to say, by the descriptive word. Should means not be employed by which might be transferred to us the animated picture of distant zones seen by others,—yes, even part of the enjoyment afforded by actual sight?" The Arabs say figuratively, and with much reason, that "the best description is the one in which the ear is changed into the eye."

We may conclude our remarks on Lermontoff by again quoting the words of Herzen: "A gloomy fate was awaiting every one of us who dared to lift his head above the barrier raised by the imperial will; an unmerciful destiny precipitated him into the tomb, whoever he might be, poet, philosopher, or citizen. The history of our literature is a list of martyrdoms and a register of convicts. Those who have been spared by government die in the very flower of their age, as if eager to shut such a life

ART. V.—THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND.

Monumenta Gildhallæ Londoniensis. Liber Albus. Edited for the Record Commission by H. T. Riley, M.A.

Monumenta Franciscana. R. Baconi Opera Minora. Edited for the Record Commission by the Rev. Professor Brewer.

Memoirs of Libraries. By Edward Edwards. London: Trübner and Co.

We know of no more curious fact in the annals of literature than the contrast between our knowledge of classical antiquity and our ignorance of the ages that lie between the ruins of the Roman Empire and the Reformation. Most educated men have a clear and vivid, if not an accurate, conception of the great epochs in Greek and Roman history. The epical struggle which ended at Salamis, the party-questions of the Athenian agora, the drama and the schools of thought, the architecture and the art of Greece, seem rather a part of our own experience than traditions of past time. It has been so through all centuries in which the sword of the barbarian left leisure to think and feel. To the mediæval poet and philosopher, to Dante and Roger Bacon, Plato, Trajan, and Seneca are fellow-citizens in the great commonwealth of time: the prejudice of a different faith is overpowered by the greater points of union. Precisely this common interest appears to be wanting hitherto to the students of English history. Beyond some four or five hundred years they are content to see nothing but a few battle-pieces, and a world in which soldier and priest are the only actors. Between reaction and revival it has fared ill with our forefathers; they were neither centaurs nor monks: coarse violence and maudlin devotion were often found among them it is true, but were only side-scenes in the drama of actual life. The subtle structure of feudal law, the great metaphysical poem of realism, and the artistic ideal of action, chivalry, are all evidences of intense and earnest thought. *Curent vate sacro*, or rather the men of those times were careless of artistic excellence except when they wrought in stone. We are tempted to overrate their greatness when we judge them by the castles and churches which they sowed broadcast over the land; we fall below its fair measure when we judge them by the chronicles which second-rate men in a cloister have compiled. A single Herodotus or Tacitus would have shown that the Middle Ages were no chasm in history, but a splendid passage from the old world to the new.

The points of difference between the civilisation of Athens

or ancient Rome and of England under the Plantagenets must be clearly borne in mind by all who would wish to understand mediæval history. Alcibiades and Cæsar may serve to point a contrast with St. Louis or Edward I. The Greek aimed at making life richer by extending the sphere of action and thought: he founded colonies, made conquests, spread his fleets over the Ægean, or studied under the Sophists of his day, with the irrepressible energies of manhood struggling for growth. His religion was only a part of the system he had built up about himself. His splendid self-culture was pursued pitilessly, without a thought for its victims, and it left him hard and polished and supple as steel. Again, both Greece and Italy were centres of commerce; as traders no less than as conquerors the two nations traversed every highway and every sea. Very different were the influences of thought and geographical position under which the peoples of the Middle Ages were trained. Their great need was order, not intercourse; their great ideal concentration, not development. The seas swarmed with pirates, and the old Roman roads were broken up or ran through hostile states. The best thought of the age was inferior to that contained in Greek or Roman manuscripts; and travel, therefore, might seem to subserve fewer purposes than studious seclusion. But, above all, the Christian theory had borrowed the language of Eastern mysticism, or caught the tone of the effeminate subject peoples who first accepted it; and the body had come to be regarded, not as part of man's better nature, and the nursing-mother of the mind, but as the *fomes peccati* to be macerated and subdued. The intellectual cravings of the times tended therefore towards a sedentary contemplative form; the postulates of all truth had already been taken on trust from the Church and the old masters; the only question was to apply them, and to fill up the map of knowledge that had been already sketched. All this was in harmony with and reacted upon the political system of the time. The true meaning of the feudal system is the struggle after perpetuity and law. Perhaps the grand tragedy of the Roman Empire, the remembrance of which lasted even longer than its greatness, and the belief that the world itself was breaking up, induced men to draw the bonds of society closer, and invest civil relations with a sacramental character, that they might bind the world as it were to the feet of God. The mere political convenience of dealing with corporations or heads of families, instead of with individuals, in matters affecting the State was a further and a powerful motive. The result is beyond doubt. Not even the Roman father, with his power of life or death over his children, his right to dispose of their property, and his right to take up strangers

into the midst of them, was more absolute than the feudal lord, whose authority rested on no patriarchal fiction. Add to all this, that the Anglo-Norman who did not belong to some lord or some community was an outlaw; that the community to which he did belong, however innocent of his crimes, were responsible for them; that the feudal oath, in the sanctity of the times, outweighed the marriage oath, although marriage was a sacrament; and that all the links of the system were interdependent, so that none could be severed or drop, and the tremendous comprehensiveness of the system will be understood. Never did man enter upon life under more stringent pledges to society than the English peasant who was born a royal subject, the member of a tithing, a feudal vassal, and the son of the Church.

Neither must it be supposed that even the least of these obligations could be easily shaken off. The network of a police system, compared with which Austrian passports and *Aufenthalts-scheine* are a flimsy cobweb, extended over the whole country. The fugitive from a village was like a runaway slave in the southern states of the Union; from the moment he stepped out of his tithing he could not be harboured for more than a night; he must enter and leave his host's house by daylight; and whenever the next county court was held, once a year at least, he must evade the periodical visitation, by which the influx of new-comers was ascertained; if his presence were known to the men in power, he would be at once imprisoned and sent back to his lord. His best chance of escape was by taking refuge in a town. There, if he could only lurk undenounced for a year and a day, he was safe within the civic sanctuary and no longer a serf. But neither was he a freeman, and those who *libertas* only meant privilege; he was the pariah of the streets; all around him were possessed of some franchise or members of some guild, occupying the quarters of trade, meeting in the town-hall, and insured by mutual contributions against poverty, fire, or the expenses of law. New-comers might struggle afterwards into this class, but they did not naturally belong to it. They herded in wooden sheds, rudely plastered or whitewashed, on the edge of the town ditch. In the eloquent language of Professor Brewer, "a mixed race, of whom little inquiry was made, tolerated, not acknowledged; of all blood, all diseases, and all religions; permitted to live or die as it pleased God or themselves, provided only that they yielded due obedience to the proper civic authorities." Of course the measure of bondage differed at various epochs. As early as the fourteenth century the humane subtlety of English law, a free father, free son, had emancipated a numerous class; many had been freed by the foreign wars, and probably a still larger class had

been evicted, and therefore freed as the trade in wool increased, that their holdings might be turned into pasture. But the legislators were not disposed to relax their hold upon labour. The famous statutes of labourers under Edward III. and Richard II. are singular instances of an attempt by the governing landowners to procure the peasant's work at their own price, at a time when he was no longer bound to them by any tie of dependence, and when he owed them neither protection nor support. Probably he gained on the whole, for he was free to change his residence, and might choose his masters at the statute fair; but he could not decline to offer himself for hire at the rate which the law had fixed.

Another notable feature in English life was the moral censorship exercised by local courts of law. The mere application of any system in its rigour is sufficiently grievous; and the first efficient organisation of justice under Edward I. kept the country in a state of suppressed rebellion; not so much because the judges were corrupt, though even that was true, but because small offences were punished with pitiless severity. As a song of the time complains, a respectable man might be ruined for chastising his apprentice with the hand. It will be remembered that the mob under Wat Tyler burned the Temple to the ground, and proposed the extermination of all lawyers as an article in the first people's charter. But the numerous Bishop's Courts were the pleas that eat deepest into the land. Every offence against faith or morals had its penalty—the man who eat meat on a fast-day and the shameless debauchee alike fell under the archdeacon's; and the zealous clergy, who wished to reform their flock, and the covetous, who, like Chaucer's Sompnour, thought that a man's soul was in his purse, were almost equally fatal to the poor. The revival of this system by Laud was probably one of the main causes of the Rebellion; and yet Laud's commissioners were men of sense and character. A court of inquisition administered by the immoral English clergy of the fourteenth century had wider power and was less restrained by opinion. Men said that a rich man might, at any time, be licensed by the consistory to part from his own wife and to take his neighbour's. Oppression drove the weak into secret vice or perjury, and the trade in crime sent out branches on every side.

It must not be supposed, however, that either State or Church were exceptionally bad; the fault lay in the ideas of the time. Those centuries which we are apt to consider lawless were really sinking under the burden of self-imposed laws; and the terrible words of Tacitus, *corruptissima republica plurimæ leges*, would serve, if inverted, for the best motto of the times

A strong government was the great cry of the people, and the great ideal of the cities in their stern self-rule. *Præcepta regis sunt nobis vincula legis*, said a poet of the people; and generations of tradesmen, in their little way, built up such a fabric of restrictive despotisms in the towns as the world has never witnessed before or since. The *Liber Albus*, admirably edited by Mr. Riley, contains the principal regulations of trade in London. Those relating to the baking of bread will give an idea of the spirit of the general code. No bread might be brought into London from the country. There were public places for rolling flour; the loaves were marked when made with the baker's seal; and they might only be sold in the market, or by privileged hucksters. The oven was not to be heated with fern, straw, stubble, or reeds; fountain-water might not be used for kneading; the same man might not deal in bread of bolted and of unbolted meal; and no loaves might be made above a certain quality. The weight and price of every kind was fixed by law; inspectors visited the ovens from time to time to enforce the legal standard; and at last, as mere fines proved insufficient for the stringent jealousy of the laws, the sheriffs were ordered to punish all offenders with the pillory. For a third conviction the culprit lost the right to trade. These are merely samples of the minute and systematic network of enactments which made every man a public servant, and opened every house to the public gaze. Privacy in a wardmote was far less possible then than it is in the days of journalism; and a man lived in terrible dependence on the good-will of his neighbours. Little offences against trade or police might ruin him; the slight charge of having bathed in the Thames at a certain spot; the accident that a beggar-woman had died of hunger near his door; or the suspicion of having tampered with a fearfully-bad coinage,—might all cause him to stand his trial for life or death. In his trial there would be no nice sifting of evidence, no charge in favour of mercy from the bench; the extreme penalties of the law would be pressed against him; and the jury would only speak to his previous character. The surly, peevish, or unprotected man was crushed; money and friends were the sure means by which the strong man of those times broke through the meshes of legality.

Concentration, interdependence, solidity, a belief in systems and hierarchies as counterparts of a divine order, an assumption that human reason can devise the most efficient restraints upon passion and lawlessness,—these are the chief features of the most artificial state-polity that has existed in the European family of nations. It is easy to trace the more prominent causes that coalesced in these results. We can if we choose derive the feudal

system from the necessities of a conquering caste; the village organisation was certainly in its beginnings the result of a natural instinct among the weak to preserve life and property from the strong. Christianity and Roman law completed the stately building for which these foundations had been marked out. It would be absurd to depreciate these influences. The more we study history, the more clearly will the continuity of European civilisation stand out, and institutions which it has been the fashion to consider an heirloom from our Saxon forefathers—the framework of royalty, the rights of the individual over property, even our boasted distinction of judge and jury—will be found to own a more civilised parentage than the sons of Odin. And the warmest apologist of the mediæval Church may admit that it is no mere development of the faith preached by the apostles: its priests were penetrated with Judaism; its philosophers had caught the mantle of Plato; its canons were an offshoot from the Pandects; and its solemn rites and festivals had been baptised into the Church from a strange faith. Its strength lay precisely in this connection with the past; it was wide and deep as human nature itself. Nevertheless there is a subtle something which we feel underlies these old traditions, and which gives to the Middle Ages a character of their own. Whatever they received was transmuted and worked up into something new: Plato became the corner-stone of Christianity, Alexander the type of knight-errants, and Virgil a necromancer. Their own heroes have a special character, and the mere word "saints" transports us at once into a world of which Aristotle and Lucretius knew nothing. What, then, were the conditions of thought which determined these changes, and gave society its new structure?

The answer will be apparent to any man who considers the circumstances of the Germanic conquerors of Europe. They had the passions and daring of men with the mind of children; the capacity to conquer and command, without the power or knowledge to systematise. Full of wonder and simple reverence at the civilisation they overthrew, they preferred to consider themselves the inheritors rather than the conquerors of the Roman Empire: the Saxon king styled himself 'basileus' or 'imperator,' and copied Byzantine ceremonial in his court. Both from the rudeness of their society, which favoured the strong hand rather than the clear mind, and because, by the laws of our physical nature, thought cannot be developed *per saltum*, the intellect of these men was rather of the shrewd and practical than of the subtle and speculative type; their sympathies were narrow, their power of analysis deficient, and their imaginative productivity small. They appreciated results —

systems as a whole. With a childish love for the miraculous, and an utter incapacity to conceive contradictions or limitations of thought, all that they did accept must be massed together into one great logical system: the poem or the book of society which they added to and remodelled continually. The pathos and beauty of the Christian story first passed into their native mythology and were then accepted as exhaustively true. They took the new religion not only as a satisfaction for certain questionings of their moral nature, or as a matter of thought on a few days in the year, but as the groundwork of the State. They invented a Christian theory and found out Christian occasions of war. And by a reflex process of thought they made God in the image of man, and transferred feudalism, with its degrees and duties, to the divine order of the world. Modern theologians, if they rise above the most vulgar type of Spurgeonism, are painfully conscious of their inability to conceive or describe the invisible world. The greatest thinkers of the Middle Ages had no such misgivings. They even seemed to know it better than the world in which they lived, and they perpetually appeal to the natural of God and His angels to explain the facts of human psychology or the laws of motion. It followed, almost of necessity, that in its contests with the State the Church had all the advantage of theory, and drew the most consequent minds into its service. Perpetually it seemed as if a Hildebrand or an Innocent, a Dunstan or a Thomas à Becket, would establish a vast ecclesiastical fabric on the ruins of civic life. But the facts of human nature have a stronger logic than any theory can control. Perpetually, at the very moment when the hierarchy was preparing to enter in and possess, some deliverer for the oppressed people was found; some iron lawgiver, like Edward I., strong in the prestige of a crusade, consolidated a system of municipal laws, or some spontaneous concert of states-men destroyed the Templars at once, Janizaries and Jesuits. The great idea which animated the Middle Ages, and which threw out so many wonderful forms of life, did not therefore, as in fact it could not, find any complete expression. Society was distracted between two antitheses, a logical ideal of all order based upon God, and God understood by the thought of man; a practical necessity for little local systems and liberties. Church and empire against nationality, feudalism and municipal life. He would have been indeed a bold prophet who at the beginning of the contest could have foretold victory to the people against the priest.

But to appreciate Greek life without any knowledge of Socrates and Plato would be as easy as to understand the Middle Ages without a knowledge of the schoolmen. They are not

perity of the nation; for all thought was European then, even more perhaps than now. Nevertheless, as speculation, in whatever mould it might be cast, was no doubt coloured by national character, and as the theories of a master would be best appreciated in his own country, we can scarcely take better exemplars of mediæval training than Anselm, Roger Bacon, and William of Ockham, three representative minds of three centuries. Anselm, indeed, was no Englishman by birth, but he was trained in Normandy, and wrote the greatest of his works to solve the scruples that perplexed the brothers of Bec. His elevation by Rufus to the English primacy extended his influence over the conquered island.

The common view of Anselm's philosophy is derived from his *Monologium*. In that work he grapples with the difficulties of theism, and constructs a semi-Platonic system of arguments drawn from the facts of his consciousness. Since we all have a vague desire for something which we agree in calling good, this object of common aspirations must have an absolute and independent existence. Even if there be several causes of good, these causes must have a common unity. Moreover, the mere fact that there are certain ideas which by their nature transcend finite experience, the belief in any infinite Being, is a proof that there is some existence independent of the mind, and yet underlying all consciousness. The mind, therefore, in conceiving God does also demonstrate His existence. And in proportion as it is itself perfect, as it has understanding and memory, and the love of its own true nature, will it be the mirror and image of the Trinity. Reason, therefore, by itself is not a sufficient guide to truth; it is the instrument by which truth is known, but it will only act with certainty in proportion as the whole character is in *rapport* with Deity. We may even say that the senses are more trustworthy than the intellect, for our mistakes are more often the results of wrong inference than of wrong observation. For instance, when we seem to see the lower part of a stick in the water bent, it is not the eye that is at fault, but the reason that does not allow for a change in the medium. It follows that we must train our thought by all intellectual exercise, and direct it with a single-hearted love of truth, if we wish to understand the realities of life and the world. Ultimately, therefore, the will is the great efficient of sound knowledge as of a right life. How, then, can we stand firm since the will is weak? It is never so weak, says Anselm, that it cannot resist temptation if it will. It is by its very essence the power of working out God's law for the sake of that law. And whatever in this philosophy may seem too stoical and exalted for the level of practice is softened down by a

knowledge that the philosopher was also a theologian he held as a barren theory that man had power of himself to subdue evil, but he was certain that he could do it with God's grace. Rude and violent as the eleventh century was, it at least produced men; the conception that vice and dishonour were an accident of climate, or a taint in the blood, would have been disdained for its cowardice even by those whose practical ethics were not the purest. The accepted doctrine was that of idealists, who believed in a splendid ancestry, and in a grand future for their race. It led no doubt to a certain hardness towards the criminal; but it based life on the distinction of right and wrong. "Away with the excuses of sin," says Bradwardine. "It is I, it is I who have erred; not fate, nor fortune, nor the devil, for he could not constrain me; it was I who consented to his persuasions." Not, indeed, that there were not some blackguards (*maligni*) who seemed great and distinguished men in their age, and who proved that Mars determined homicide, and that men were rogues by planetary conjunction. But these men never touched the heart of society; their works, their very names, have perished; and on the muster-roll of the schoolmen we may find many blockheads, but no casuist.

We trace the result of these theories curiously enough in Bacon, the second great original mind that influenced English thought. The conception of science as a totality in connection with the idea of God as the source of being, is the link that unites his labours. But he has not, like Vincent of Beauvais, anticipated the modern conception of an encyclopædia; he aims rather at the codification of thought, and at the reduction of all knowledge to its first principles. If these can once be clearly laid down, he is confident that the results, which it has cost himself thirty years of labour to achieve, may be condensed into some two years in the life of a schoolboy. There can of course be no question that Bacon's own method was not satisfactory. Himself a geometrician by habit and a Platonist by training, he combined his results into a curious system, half logic, half optics, which assumed that our knowledge was not of things, but of their species (at once manifestations and distinctions), and proposed apparently to give a calculus for the differences of these. But while he failed in constructing a theory of knowledge, Bacon's deep insight into the relations of the sciences made him a keen critic of existing deficiencies, and an almost unequalled prophet of future capabilities. His strictures on philology and medicine; his belief in the power of man to vary the laws of life; his discovery of gunpowder and of the camera lucida; and his boast of the more wonderful treasures that science had yet to disclose,—of ships that would

sail against the tide, and carriages that would run without horses,—powerfully impressed the fancy and stimulated the thought of his contemporaries. During three centuries, when his works were almost lost and were quite unknown, the curious passage in which he unfolds the future of discovery was preserved in a popular romance, and treated by antiquaries as an old wife's tale. But with all this Bacon was the man of his times; the friend of Grosteste, a churchman and a mystic, not an inductive philosopher. He desired wisdom not of itself, but as a means to the knowledge and love of God. Had he lived in the times and city of Savonarola, he would certainly have cast his treatises on the pyre which consumed the art of Florence and the secular learning of Greece. From the depths of the unlettered solitude to which the jealousy of his order condemned him, he seems to have sighed only for the kingdom of Christ.

Yet it may be observed in passing, that while the influence of their Christian faith upon these mediæval teachers was absorbing and exclusive, it was not altogether sectarian. Bacon, Ockham, and Dante repeatedly praise the virtues of pagan philosophers. The admission of Trajan, Ripheus, and Statius into that paradise from which popes were excluded, will be remembered by all readers of the *Commedia*. It was no exceptional tenderness that relaxed the rigour of the Florentine poet. Ockham expresely examines the limits of that error which destroys the soul, and decides that no man can be called a heretic except he who refuses to be convinced on the first articles of religion. Taking the case of ancient philosophers who were pagans and yet good men (he specifies Job), he infers that they were certainly Christians at heart, since every man who honestly tries to live according to reason must find out truth. Bacon even goes so far as to place Seneca and Aristotle very high in the ethical scale above his own contemporaries. The mere fact that the Church was undisputed in Europe, and appeared destined to eternity, seemed to justify a large tolerance towards those who had been born before Christ, and a free censure of those who disgraced the fold. There was no reserve because there was no fear; and this spirit lasted down to the Reformation. Putting aside the semi-pagan Platonists of the Renaissance, we find a parish-priest like Zuingli classing Theseus among the patriarchs. The scathing irony with which Bossuet visits him for this a little loses its point, when we remember that the true tradition of the Church before Trent was rather with the Swiss reformer than with the Gallican controversialist.

But Ockham's belief in reason had a wider application than to saving the souls of philosophers. Believing, like all t

successors of Anselm, that there were universal ideas by which the structure of the world was determined, he carefully distinguished these from the substances or individualities of the different objects in nature. In other words, while he held to a general scheme of creation, he believed that its several parts were so separated by little differences, that their classification was in a measure arbitrary. The doctrine is chiefly important as showing an increased independence of thought, and a diminished value for systems. This tendency bore abundant fruit in politics. No modern Protestant could assert more strongly than Ockham does that God's truth is independent of the Church, and that the Church itself is independent of its government. The great body of the faithful may at any time try to depose and otherwise punish a pope. If they choose to act through the emperor, he may administer their powers. And if Christ acknowledged the authority of Pilate, how should the pope, who is only Christ's vicar, refuse to stand trial before the Roman emperor. But if these doctrines seem Erastian at first sight, they were not so to the thinker of the Middle Ages. Ockham's conception of the empire was an idea that had never been realised: the conception of monarchy, not on feudal principles having regard to property, but derived from God as a government of persons with living souls. The phrase of Wycliffe and Huss, that dominion is founded in grace, will best explain the theory which survived the persecutions of two hundred years, and was finally ruined by its triumphs under Calvin and Cromwell. Society had recoiled in disgust from a church governed like a lay corporation; it rebelled against a commonwealth of saints.

But our concern is with the times in which these theories had only begun to ferment. The epoch which could produce such idealists as the three we have mentioned, and which could elaborate such theories of the relations of man to God and nature, and of the fable of society, would be in itself sufficiently remarkable. But these men are no isolated fact. They are part of a great body of teachers whose doctrines were taught in every university, and carried to every convent by wandering scholars. The main results of their speculation passed into the popular faith and into daily life. The peasant, who could not discuss accident and substance, was yet well aware that the mysterious presence of Christ in the Host was something unconnected with its colour and form and taste. The great questions at issue between Church and State were as well understood by the partisans of Becket against the king and feudalism, as by Guelph and Ghibelline at Florence. The battle passed into the courts of law, and the most subtle intellects of the age discussed the

question of universal or local jurisprudence, and by a reflex process the thought of the age penetrated by these speculations reproduced itself in the wonderful cycle of mediæval romance, where the fables of children are instinct with a hidden earnestness. The legends that attach to the names of Arthur and Charlemagne had as deep a meaning to the man of the twelfth century as the story of the siege of Troy to the Greeks who remembered Marathon or saw Salamis. Nor is this a mere matter of hypothesis. It is no question whether a single book, such as Turpin's *Life of Charlemagne*, was written as Mr. Sharon Turner supposes, to promote a great European object like the Crusades, or as Vossius surmised, to bring devotees to the shrine of a particular saint; Turpin's book is only one of a thousand. Thus, for instance, to take a subject of nearer interest to ourselves, the *Morte d'Arthur*, in its present form, is only a compilation from several old romances—the Iliad of the Middle Ages, but never, alas, rewritten by a Homer. Such as it is, however, it gives us the great commonplaces of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Love and war and devotion are the sources of interest; but deeper than all there lies the splendid conception of a Christian commonwealth, in which the life of the true citizen, the knight, is harmonised with the severest requisitions of Christian faith. Sinlessness as much as daring is a condition of success; and the achievement of the Holy Grail, the emblem of sacrifice, is crowned by the conqueror's death. Similarly the whole fabric of Arthur's royalty is overthrown by Guenever's sin; and the voices of adventure and glory seem to die away in the cloister and the grave. In this, as in the old Norse mythology, as in *Piers Plowman's Vision*, and a hundred minor instances, the idealist seems to give judgment against himself; he paints the transient success of an idea and the final triumph of wrong; but, in fact, his confidence is deeper than his despair; he believes that there are greater things than life, or earth, or success, and acquiesces in his own defeat because he only cared for the struggle, and because he knows that the cause is eternal.

Now it is worth while to observe that we are not reduced to conjectures as to the circulation of romantic or other literature in the Middle Ages. We know that actors and minstrels were an important element in the population of every town, and were sometimes hired to act upon public opinion, much as a modern minister might subsidise a newspaper. The same stories, even the same Latin songs, meet us in countries most remote from one another—on the banks of the Neckar and of the Thames. The number of students in our universities at the time when they were the great grammar-school of the country has perh

been exaggerated by the local partialities of antiquarians. But if, instead of the 30,000 who are said to have studied in Oxford alone at one time during the reign of Edward III., we should assume that 10,000 on an average were receiving instruction one year with another in the colleges, convents, and private houses of England, the proportion of educated men would be something like one-eighth of the population. Of course this statement would include the monk who could only read his missal, and the merchant whose only literature was his ledger-book, with the greatest names in philosophy. But the same objection applies to every estimate of the kind; it is impossible to calculate the number of those who will apply the rudiments of knowledge. Taking, however, a low standard of proficiency, there is reason to believe that a knowledge of reading, and in a less degree of writing and ciphering, was pretty widely diffused in the Middle Ages. The large relative proportion of men in orders would of itself lead us to conjecture this. The numerous law-courts scattered over the country were worked by writs, and often required registers. The valuable law-book of Fleta, in the reign of Edward I., lays down the rules for the management of a large estate, and concludes a long enumeration of matters requiring care with the direction that they be all recorded in writing (*quæ omnia distincte scribantur in membranis*). In fact, through the very faithlessness of the times, peculiar precautions were requisite, and grooms and dairy-maids were compelled to keep tallies of the stores given out to them, and to submit them every week or ten days to the stewards. More striking but less complete evidence is afforded us by an old song of the same reign, where the author, who writes in Norman-French, concludes by telling us that he means to write out copies, and scatter them on the highway for distribution. The mode of publication was no doubt due to his outlawry; but his confidence that the song would fall into the hands of those who could read it appears to belong rather to the age of hand-bills than to the thirteenth century. Curious corroboration of the general state of knowledge among his contemporaries is given us by Roger Bacon, whose general tone is, however, depreciatory. In calling attention to the importance of Hebrew and Greek, he observes that he does not wish any one to acquire them as perfectly as his mother-tongue, or "as we speak English, French, and Latin;" and in another passage he recommends that children should be taught to read the Bible, instead of the follies of Ovid and other heathen poets.

It cannot of course be denied that, though the natural inferences from these facts are accepted by Warton and Dr. Maitland, they are set aside by the large school of which

Robertson and Mr. Buckle are the representatives. It is easy to understand that minds of a high order may attach a low value to the metaphysical and romance literature which chiefly distinguished these centuries, and may be repelled by the uncritical intellect and inartistic style of its historians. Nor can these defects be extenuated. The boasted logic of the schools had never been based on the laws of mind or tested by facts; it was useless as an instrument of truth. Sound criticism is, and perhaps must be, the latest growth of the mind. As regards the style of narration, these writers evidently looked to the matter and not the manner of their narratives; but above all, it must be remembered that they were artists in a difficult material, writing often in a language not their own, or else in a language whose resources were not developed. The father of English verse has left us sonnets in French and a Latin metrical history. But those who value thought for itself rather than for its results, will not easily underrate times when the greatest problems of divine and human law were also questions of general interest. Those who value mechanical science will remember that the arts of construction were as well understood in the thirteenth as in the nineteenth century; and that if the means of communication were imperfect, they were scarcely felt to be a want. It must surely seem probable that the state of general education and the appliances of knowledge bore some proportion to this speculative activity.

Here we tread again upon firm ground. There can be no question that if a few books have been valued in all times as curiosities, and preserved accordingly without reference to their contents, the existence of large libraries and of many copies of the same book cannot be thus explained. Moreover, the art of decorating books, unknown in the Alexandrian library, can scarcely have arisen in an illiterate age. The fact, therefore, that we do find century after century repairing the losses of war and accident, accumulating transcripts, and creating new libraries, must be taken as proof of a general interest in letters. That any catalogues should remain of the treasures scattered at the Reformation is of course a lucky accident; those we have give sufficiently startling results. We find the convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, possessing 698 volumes in the reign of Edward I. Even this does not adequately represent the fact; for a volume is an arbitrary term, and often contained treatises by several writers. The chief fathers, Aristotle, Cicero, Lucan, Plato, Suetonius, Seneca, Terence, Virgil, Pliny, Galen, and Hippocrates, are amongst the names that illustrate this collection. Durham, Peterborough, and Glastonbury are other instances of large collections at the same period. It is a com-

mon error to suppose that the only collections were those of convents and colleges. Roger Bacon spent a large patrimony in books and experiments. Richard of Gravesend, Bishop of London, left 100 books behind him, which had cost a little over a pound a piece. A little later Richard of Aungerville, the splendid Bishop of Durham, filled all his palaces with books, and crowded the very room in which he sat with them; we find him once buying thirty-six in a lot, and before his death he possessed more than all the other bishops in England could boast of. Nor were the clergy the only men of letters. Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, bequeathed forty volumes of romances and of the lives of saints to Bordesley Abbey in Worcestershire. We have purposely cited cases within the limits of the same fifty years, and we have only cited a few of those on record. The whole statistics of the question, and especially the number of Bibles and parts of Bibles, that are on record might well deserve a separate article. The frequent quotations in the works of every mediæval writer would suffice to show that these books were studied as well as multiplied. Probably before long it will be understood that the chief merit of the Renaissance was not that it disinterred the classical writers, but that it brought forward the poets and rhetoricians into greater prominence, and studied them by the light of a sounder philology.

But if the literature of the Middle Ages was more extensive than is commonly supposed, it must be remembered also that the chief education of the times was not literary. It is easy to understand this by the light of familiar instances. The populace of ancient Athens would have furnished very poor results under the modern competitive system; but they heard Pericles speak; they were trained as dicasts to administer the laws of their country; and they could sit in judgment on Æschylus and Aristophanes. The system of normal schools in England at the present day will appear imperfect in comparison with the excellent paper administrations of Prussia and China; yet in self-government and practical efficiency, England shows the unquestionable superiority of a country where thought and speech and action are free. The Englishman of the thirteenth century, although cast on an age of limited speculation, and shackled by the most rigid conventional trammels, had some advantages which his children have not inherited. His culture, imperfect in itself, was many-sided from the circumstances of his position: the mere scarcity of men in a complex social system forced a number of occupations on the same man, and the fact that all branches of knowledge were in their infancy diminished the evils of this versatility. The Norman baron was a legislator and magistrate as well as a soldier; the manager of an estate

no less than the captain of men; and his wife was probably a physician as well as a housekeeper. The English priest had an even wider sphere; when war and civil jurisdiction were forbidden him by the canons and the better spirit of the times, he might still assist in the royal councils, or preside at the church tribunals, or lead the march of science like Roger Bacon, or be an architect like William of Wykeham. The mediæval Church has, in fact, broken up into all our liberal professions, our public press and our universities. We have passed beyond the times when every teacher can be an encyclopædia; but if our science is more certain, it is also narrower for the change. The same feature repeats itself with the lower classes. The exquisite perfection of our trades demands the devotion of a life to every single part of a manufacture, to the polishing of a lens or the fabrication of a pin's head. The complaint of French theorists that our civilisation is turning men into machines, may admit of an answer, but is certainly not without foundation. Now the circumstances of English rural life under the Plantagenets were like those of the American backwoods at present in all that regards the daily wants of a household. The miller and the smith were the only tradesmen whom a traveller could count upon finding. Every peasant, therefore, was a master of several crafts, and skilled for a precarious livelihood in default of wages by turning for himself. We do not mean to deny the subdivision of labour; it existed then as now in towns and in large households, but it did not, and could not, exist as it does at present. Moreover the peasant attended the local courts with little profit to his happiness, but not without gaining a certain conception of law. In his own village he took part in the communal services. As vassal he might be called upon to fight in France or in Palestine. And besides these influences of occupation, citizenship and war, he belonged to a church which associated itself with every season of the year and with every act of life.

The controversies of late years, while they have served to draw attention to forgotten points of interest, have obscured the true position of the mediæval Church. No religious institution has ever deserved less to be treated on purely theological grounds. In the first place, if sweeping assertions could ever be true, it might almost be said that religion, in all the senses of inner spiritual life, was not known in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There were Christians in daily practice; sinners agitated by remorse or dread; and Pharisees thanking God that they were not as other men: but there was nothing like a belief in saving grace, or in inward communion with God. The exquisite hymns of the Latin Church are of

only intelligible as parts of a function or a ritual; they are anthems of praise or dirges; but the traces of mysticism which they contain are rare and late. It would be impossible to arrange even a tenth part of them by such a scheme of Christian life as Wesley prefixed to his hymn-book. The mediæval believer was part of a system, and stood or fell with his church; his chief concern with sin was to avoid it as uncanonical. But, again, and the point is of great importance, the Church had extended its dominion over all amusement, all art, and all thought. As Dean Milman strikingly puts it, the holy building was to the peasant of the Middle Ages what the temple, the bath, and the amphitheatre were to the Romans of the Empire. The one place of security which even the Norman sword could not violate, it was also the one place to which sorrow might retire for comfort and solitude. Its walls glowed with paintings in which the legend of all ages, the great history of Christ's Church, was recorded. The very stones and wood were pregnant with the thought of the time, mystical or quaintly satirical, as the will of the sculptor had fashioned them. The strange mixture of obscene jest or sarcasm with sacred designs has puzzled antiquaries; they have tried to find its origin in secret Gnostic heresies derived by the Templars from the East. There is no need of any solution but that which the age itself furnishes; and those who remember that the church witnessed all the saturnalia of the idle winter months,—the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, and the performance of Mysteries,—will not wonder if a certain sympathy existed between the building and its mixed purposes. If our own times tolerated a mock celebration of the Eucharist, they would scarcely take offence at a few heads of asses or devils about the church-porch or under the chancel-seats. To the peasant of the Middle Ages a sense of incongruity never presented itself. His holidays were given him by the Church, and he served God in his mirth; to take part in a procession, or to act a part in a Mystery, whether as God the Father or as Barabbas, was a prospect which solaced his working-hours in the field. It was not that the distinction between serious and profane was obliterated, but that both were allowed to exist under the same roof, just as in old manuscript collections of poetry we find perhaps half a dozen indecent songs interspersed among hymns to the Virgin and moral poems. The Ribalds of the Reformation who disturbed the service of the mass, or pasquinaded its preachers, were more severely logical in their conduct than Dr. Maitland's title for them implies. They were only breaching the walls of the Church with its old furniture. But during the Middle Ages there can be no question that the Church was chiefly maintained

by its universality. It did not content itself with a few great epochs of life, with a single day in the week, or with a single faculty of the soul; it led the faithful as it were by the hand through life; it interwove itself with sorrow and joy; it was the cradle of science and art; it was beaten back from law and politics, but it occupied them as debateable ground to the last; and lest the soldier should escape it, it consecrated the service of arms, and called it chivalry.

Apologists for mediæval Catholicism are apt to talk of the monasteries as a great antidote for pauperism. They certainly were the best improvers of land during the somewhat limited period in which retainers were more valuable to the nobles than labourers; and if, as corporate bodies, they could not compete with the squires when agriculture became a study, they were still popular landlords from their very conservatism. The value of a great house, with resident proprietors and with large granaries, was also one which would be keenly felt when roads were bad and famines usual. But setting aside these chance results of the system, there seems no reason to believe that it was ever a sufficient substitute for our own parochial systems. To a certain extent the convents no doubt gave alms; at a time when charity was a sacred duty, they could scarcely do otherwise; but the doles administered at the convent-doors would only relieve neighbours and a few vagrants. On the other hand, the evidence of statutes, chronicles, and popular songs, &c., sufficiently shows that the abbots preferred entertaining the rich to relieving the poor. Again, the money of rich penitents might be diverted from the relief of distress to carve an oriel or glaze a window without any great shock to the conscience of any but the most devout men; the great examples of the temple at Jerusalem, and of the spikenard poured on the Saviour's feet, were an obvious apology. The men who built Netley Abbey as a summer-house, and cultivated the vine on the Hampshire slopes, did not, we may be sure, regard the relief of the sick and aged as the primary destination of their revenues. But, moreover, the Reformation showed that indebtedness was the normal state of conventual establishments. They continued to spend largely, and they had come to farm ill; the devotion of the rich had decreased, and the fifteenth century had founded only one monastery for ten that had arisen in the twelfth. Like the Jesuits at a later date, the monks availed themselves of their foreign connection to recruit their fortunes by trade; but this position of beggarly greatness striving to keep up appearances was ill fitted to sustain the pauperism of the State in addition to its own burden. We know from Henry VIII.'s statutes that vagrancy had become a nuisance

before the king had suppressed a single monastery. We know that the great change was effected with some violence to the religious sentiment of the people, but without occasioning any material suffering. Fifteen or twenty years later, under a weak government, the people, vaguely conscious of distress, rose up and clamoured for a return to the old ways. It was not that much had been taken from them, but that what was given them in return had never been carried out; that men glutted with the spoil of the Church were trying to enclose the commons, and because, under the strong stimulus of trade, whole villages were dismantled to become sheepfolds. Against the evidence of popular regret for the hierarchy we may fairly place the more credible witness of the rioters under Wat Tyler, who made the destruction of all orders, except those of the mendicant friars, an article in their programme of State reform.

What the actual state of the people was during the reign of any one of the Plantagenets can only be conjectured from imperfect data. We know that under Edward III. the average wages of a day labourer were from two to three shillings of our money; that the quarter of wheat was often sold for eighteen shillings, and that butcher's meat was proportionally cheap. We know that meat was considered part of the regular diet of household servants, and that ploughmen were forbidden by statute to spend more than fifteen shillings a yard on their dress. Facts such as these have induced Mr. Hallam and Mr. Froude to believe that the lower classes of our countrymen have suffered in material well-being from the progress which has enriched merchants and manufacturers. But the evidence of statutes and averages is a little delusive. The rate of wages must be diminished by subtracting from its yearly sum the idle winter months in which nothing was done, the numerous feasts of the Church on which idleness was a duty, and the days of forced labour for the feudal lord. With these deductions, the wages of a peasant in the Middle Ages will scarcely exceed those of a Dorsetshire labourer at present. The greater cheapness of food formerly is yet more disputable; what with bad farming and bad roads, variations in its price prevailed to an extent which would now be incredible; and if in the first few months after harvest the loaf which would now cost a shilling was sold for fourpence, it constantly rose to eight or twelve times its value before the next harvest had been gathered in. The cottiers of a country manor had no resource against these seasons of scarcity except in the pigs and poultry which they kept on their little plots of ground; and we constantly hear that they eked out life with nettles, or green corn, or the bark of trees. Famine, therefore, was an institution in the land; and dysentery,

scrofula, and leprosy followed inexorably in its train. The evil was partly mitigated by the fact, that only the strong and healthy could ever grow up; the imperfect science of the times was unable to rear the sickly child or transmit diseased life through a series of wretched generations. But in spite of this greater hardihood among adults, their bodily stature was small and their average of life short. They spent more than their descendants can afford upon a single dress, both because the dress lasted them for years, and because their occasions of expense were few. Their houses were cabins of wood, which a day's labour provided, and which on occasion could be taken away in a cart; their furniture was a settle and a pot. The pedlar traversed the country from time to time; but even this traffic cannot have been extensive, when the smallest coin in circulation was equal to fourpence of our money. Unless he were member of a guild, which insured him against fire, travel, and law, the three most likely misfortunes of the time, the peasant's ordinary expenses were confined to his dress and the Church. If he saved money, he invited oppression;—his lord was a remote danger; but the bailiff, the verger, and the summoner were foes at his very threshold, who would watch the signs of prosperity, and who always had law at hand to enforce oppression. If he were strong or wary enough to escape these, the sheriff might ruin him with a few citations to serve on juries out of the county. The high might defy the laws, and the humble escape them; but for all who had substance without power the danger from the rival courts of law was like the passage for Bunyan's pilgrims between Pope and Pagan.

A sketch of the Middle Ages, though it only embrace from the middle of the twelfth to the fourteenth century, must necessarily give very partial ideas of some two centuries and a half in a nation's life. The great point is to establish to readers who have been trained on Robertson or on the Lives of the Saints that these times have a character of their own. They form a distinct epoch in history; and if a single essay cannot do them justice, the nicknames currently applied are still more imperfect. They are not lawless ages, in the sense of wanting legal systems or the love of order; rather they are distinguished by an excessive love of legislation and police; the laws, oppressive in themselves, are more often perverted than violated. Neither can the term Dark Ages be used with any propriety of times which possessed a large literature of their own, and which were ceaselessly occupied in reconciling Christianity as a system of faith and action to the grandest philosophy of Greece. Yet neither on that account are they ages of faith, unless we hold that faith to be profound must be uncritical, or that it applies

to the framework of a system rather than to its thoughts. Too strong, too consistent to be despised, they are also too gross and hard to deserve regret in themselves, whatever feeling they may inspire in comparison with some more corrupt or cowardly periods that have since visited the world. They must be judged by their works which have followed them. The popular instinct which connects them with feudalism and chivalry, with the crusades, with the mediæval Church and the schoolmen, however vaguely it may appreciate all these, is right, after all, in its test. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that, after all the work of change has been summed up, we inherit something from the Middle Ages beyond a few gray ruins, or legal technicalities, or even the groundwork of our parliamentary constitution.

In the very first rank among mediæval ideas, we are disposed to place the constitution of society on the personal basis. Greece and Rome had created a system of property under which men and women might be mere chattels, and had extended the family system to become the basis of the State and yet include strangers. The distinctive feature of feudalism is, that it establishes a new relation under which the dependent is neither son nor slave, and is connected by rights and duties not only with his lord but with the head of the State. The negative good of this theory was incalculable; it saved Europe from an oligarchy of mere thing-owners, like the Roman nobles, and it prevented the formation of clans, like the Irish. It confounded all conceptions of absolute rank when the same man was at once vassal and lord. It enlisted the honour of the higher orders to do justice to their inferiors; and imperfect as the safeguard was, it was better than none. The theory had its weak side: it gave sovereignty the appearance of personal property; it furnished a pretext for the wars of the Roses, and conducted Charles Stuart to the scaffold; but it also invested the rights of the subject with an equal dignity, and gave corporations that personal character from which the whole representative theory is derived. We must go back to the old idea of the corporation as a union of many men into one organic life, one feudal personality, before we can understand the theory that one or two members of a society may represent and express a thousand different wills. The idea was foreign to all classical theory, which at most only recognised aristocratic senates, or partnerships between governing families. Aristotle distinctly says, that a free state will be unmanageable if it number as many as 100,000 citizens; they cannot all meet in the agora; and yet no freeman can be deprived of political action. The Middle Ages solved the problem the more easily because their con-

ception of individual rights was a little imperfect: they looked at results in the gross, and were satisfied if the general sum of taxation was procured, or the general due of punishment inflicted, though some inequalities might have occurred in the assessment. We may often trace the indirect effects of this personal theory upon society. Marriage by Roman law was a mere contract. The Church called it a sacrament, but made no change in the legal character of the connection. But in the hands of English lawyers it became a union of a kind hitherto unexampled; uniting life to life under the sanction of society in a bond whose date could never be altered, and from whose consequences there was no escape; creating a new existence for the woman and definite rights for her children. *Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia*, finds no analogy in the English marriage-formula: it may be pagan in some of its words, as Grimm surmises; in its general bearing it indicates the formation of a family tie, so distinct that it may fairly be called new.

Another cardinal idea which we owe to the Middle Ages is that of the gentleman. Of course the conception of an upper class, distinguished by birth, by refinement, and by the habit of command, is as old as the society of men. But the existence of such a class had hitherto been accepted as a fact connected somehow with the possession of wealth, to be regarded with envy or hatred by all who were not privileged. In fact, the model gentleman of Athens was a mixture of ruffian and charlatan; the better part of his character was based on his self-respect, and his actions subject to this reserve were devoted to self-indulgence. Not among the *καλοὶ κἀγαθοί* of a Greek city could any reverence for honour as the law of life be found; that exquisite instinct of the highest minds, which cultivates truth for its own loveliness, was at best the cloudy ideal of a few philosophers. Chivalry brought it home to every man, as Christianity had popularised the highest results of Marcus Aurelius. Again, partly from its intense vigour, the old classical life was unsympathetic and hard: it built no hospitals for lepers and no almshouses for its poor; it had no respect for weakness or for the fallen. The contrasts of mediæval character in this respect are no doubt more striking on paper than they were in fact: the knight was not always or often true to his rules; but still those rules existed, deriving their strength from the first facts of his faith, and pleading against him before his own conscience if he wantonly broke through them. But, above all, sobriety and simplicity of tone, an absence of all self-seeking, were part of the mediæval idea of a gentleman. The modern tricks of veneer and advertisement were unknown to the less scientific vanity of our forefathers. The difference

most striking in literature. Since the publication of Rousseau's Memoirs, a depraved passion for self-analysis and self-exposure would seem to have become universal. Every season witnesses the appearance of some half-dozen novels in which the most sacred experiences of private life are recorded with scarcely the affectation of disguise. To be naked and not ashamed is a great evil in itself; but this publicity of sentiment has led further to the disbelief in its existence, and because passion has been invested on the stage, we begin to think that it is by its nature theatrical. We cannot dissect a corpse and believe in its life. Fortunately for mediæval authors, their genius was rather constructive than analytical; they did not care for the intricacies of sentiment, and habit and a manly reserve forbade them to make capital of their own emotions. The poet spoke openly of his love as the knight wore his lady's colours upon his crest. The times were gross, and their literature is often impure; but it is not immoral, it does not debauch the soul. The shades of Dante's *Inferno* and better company than the creations of Messrs. Balzac and Feydeau; the damned spirits have not lost all their goodness; they have not confounded right and wrong; they are not in revolt against God. A deep sense of sin was paralleled by a vivid conception of the unapproached ideal. The knights of the *Morte d'Arthur*, Petrarch's Laura, and Dante's Beatrice, have a certain statuesque completeness at once from the absence of petty detail and from the greatness of the original design. To match one of Mr. Thackeray's characters against these would be to place the photograph of a street-beggar by the side of the Moses of Michael Angelo.

The Middle Ages, then, through their manliness and their artistic sense of beauty, were idealist, and chiefly regarded the better side of life. Probably it was this feature that mainly determined the higher position of women. More importance has been attached to this than it deserves; apart from poetry the woman of the thirteenth century was regarded on biblical grounds as man's inferior, as impure, and in the ritual curse practically she grew up without education, was married without love, and was employed chiefly in household drudgery. Still the nature of the marriage connection had been elevated, and Cato's good-natured loan of his wife for a few months to a friend would have been looked upon as something worse than a *naïveté* by the barons who signed Magna Charta. Again, the steady praise of love as the reward of success and the occupation of life, in literature of a widely different kind from the *Milesia Crimina*, had its share in raising women to the dignity of companions. The popular explanations of this change, from

Teutonic reverence for women, or from the worship of the Virgin, have only a partial truth. In fact, there is no evidence that the German tribes have ever had a characteristic feeling of the kind; they did not trade in dishonour, like the Roman senators whom Tacitus knew; but throughout history their favourite types of womanhood have been the virago like Brunhilda, or the patient slave like Griselda. The cultus of the Virgin is at least as much a consequence as a cause; it served to excuse a feeling which the coarse monastic contempt for the sex depreciated. It seems simpler to view it as part of a newly-developed feeling for good, and regard for all who had any part in humanity.

There is something at once strange and melancholy in the sentiments with which we, who are gray with the experience of four additional centuries, look back upon the splendid day-dreams of our forefathers. It is no question of a sudden enthusiasm, like that which accompanied the Crusades, the Renaissance, or the French Revolution. Men, whose intellects we cannot affect to despise, regarded the future of the world as altogether in their own hands for good or bad. They were not hopeful, rather they doubted the issue, and expected to see the approaching triumph of Antichrist. Their pages burn with predictions of coming doom. But they never questioned the power of the mind to distinguish what was real and divine in the crumbling systems under whose shadow they dwelt, and they therefore looked upon all law as matter of eternal interest, based upon God's will, taught in Scripture, and applicable with an infinite elasticity to the smallest as well as the greatest concerns of life. They punished mercilessly because they regarded all offences as crimes. Yet the mere fact that they believed in a system external to themselves, saved them from the austerity of tone which marked the English Puritans of a later date. Enclosed by what seem to us the most arbitrary of church and state politics, directed in every action, living in public, they were all the more at liberty to give free play to temperament and character within the ordained limits. The whole constitution of society partook of the universality which the Church represented; within its narrow limits the widest differences of art and thought, devotion and mirth, found a home.

Our object has been to prove that the Middle Ages had a civilisation of their own; that they were not merely a chaotic period, during which society was struggling upwards out of the abyss, and "pawing to set free its hinder parts." But the mere fact that a society is highly organised does not of course imply that its individual members have attained a high stage of

development, or that the masses are happy. There was probably nothing in those times which ordinary men and women of the present day need regret. The chances of life were more uncertain; food and clothing scarcer than now; disease prevalent in its most loathsome forms; and the modern conception of comfort yet uncreated. The externals of a comprehensive church system concealed every shape of sin; the grosser vices of the flesh prevailed in forms which no modern history can record; murder and rapine contended with law for victory; and perjury was the great weapon of the weak against the strong. Our own vices are undoubtedly more decorous and less violent. Yet these centuries were not altogether miserable in their own account; population did not die out as in the decline of the Roman and Spanish empires; men lived and were glad to live. It seems as if by a subtle forethought of nature the very evils of this period brought with them a certain compensation, so that vigour and decision of character were brought out by the pitiless training of necessity. Moreover, the very fact that ranks were unalterably distinct promoted their intercourse: down to a late period the lord and his household dined at the same table; and the peasant who could never be knighted might yet rise, like Breakspear, to be pope. Taking all this into account, considering the manifold influences of the Church, and the diversity of occupations which were thrust upon every man, we are inclined to believe that the people generally were better educated than they are now, and that fearless original character was more commonly to be met with. That dead level of opinion which newspapers and railways create, the rigid conventions of modern society, and the abject cowardice that submits to them, were comparatively unknown in the old times; the men were less patient of control, and the forces acting upon them were weaker in degree. It has been reserved to our own days to preach up the fear of men as the law of life; to believe that success can make a hero, and public opinion a truth; to calculate what enjoyment of earth will not disqualify for heaven. It is true that we in England have not yet sunk to the ideal of Neapolitan sovereignty, which desires to see its subjects "little asses and little saints." Our struggle for existence requires that we should breed engineers, and chemists, and navigators, and factory operatives. To have all these, and to make them work with the smallest possible waste, is modern progress. We have reached a Pisgah from which we can look back contemptuously on the desert in which our fathers wandered,—on the abstract thought of Athens, the faith of Galilee, and the chivalry that saved Europe from the Mussulman. Instead of Plato and his Republic, we have Prince Albert and the Exhibi-

tion; instead of Charlemagne, Louis Napoleon; and in place of St. Paul, Mr. Spurgeon.

The series of works which is now passing through the press under the auspices of the Record Commission ought to add largely to the popular appreciation of the Middle Ages. Messrs. Brewer, Shirley, Riley, and Stevenson have enhanced the value of their publications by prefaces, which deserve on many accounts to be collected and published separately. Failing this, it is to be hoped that Mr. Brewer and Mr. Shirley at least will attempt more original work; a history of the schoolmen from the former, or of Wycliffe and his times from the latter, would be sterling additions to literature. Mr. Luard has contented himself with the comparatively unambitious task of constructing a sound critical text, and has succeeded to admiration. Perhaps it was unavoidable that some failures should occur in a large series. In one instance the Master of the Rolls selected an editor of great and deserved reputation, who from age or neglect has produced a most slovenly work; in another case the gentleman chosen was compelled to learn his work as he went on, and unluckily published his first volume before he had mastered the rudiments of the subject. Again, why the Saxon Chronicle, which has mostly appeared in the *Monumenta Britannica*, should have been prepared for a second publication, when it is known that the Oxford press will soon issue it, for the third time in thirty years, from the hand of the most competent Oxford scholar, is a question which ought to receive an official answer. In matters where few are interested, and fewer still in a position to criticise, it is only right that public opinion should be satisfied on all questionable points.

There is yet another subject of some importance. Sir John Romilly is understood to have laid it down as a rule, that no work already in print shall be published in the Rolls Series till the manuscripts in the public archives are exhausted. This latter event is not likely to occur during the present century. Now it is not too much to say that the works of Ockham, the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon, and the writings of Grosteste, or of Wycliffe, are much more important for the student of history than the Chronicles of Capgrave or John of Oxenedes. They are also for practical purposes inaccessible; either not to be bought at all, or only to be bought by rich men; and the black-letter text of the old editions is a great drawback to study. The four writers whom we have mentioned were more or less under church censure, and do not therefore find a place in the series of the Abbé Migne. It is disgraceful to England that the greatest productions of Oxford men in the Middle Ages have never found a publisher in their own country. If

will be doubly discreditable if the preference of fact over thought, and a mere official rule, prevail to perpetuate our neglect; and if the meanest monk who can be called a chronicler obtains an immortality of broad type and fair margins which is denied to the founder of physical science and to the precursor of Locke.

Art. VI.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CEYLON.

Ceylon: an Account of the Island, physical, historical, and topographical, with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. In two vols. London: Longmans.

No poem was ever produced without some classical allusion until Mr. Moore received his celebrated order which resulted in *Lalla Rookh;* and no book of Eastern travel will, we suppose, ever be produced without the fata morgana and the banyan-tree, until a similar order be given from the Row or Albemarle Street. The book that heads our Article is by a traveller in the East, and so, of course, we have the fata morgana and the banyan-tree. But, excepting these points of likeness, we must confess that the work which Sir Emerson Tennent has produced is unlike the common books of travels, and displays no ordinary amount of patient research, careful observation, and various erudition. It is an elaborate and admirable essay on the physical geography, the natural history, the political history, and the antiquities of Ceylon, in which the writer, not content with the superficial results of travel and official residence, has called to his assistance, in all the various departments of his work, the aid of those who have heretofore written, and of many living authorities of eminence. The preface contains acknowledgments not only to many gentlemen of local knowledge and authority, but to Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Professors Faraday and Owen, Dr. Hooker, and other scientific gentlemen at home.

Sir Emerson Tennent has not only endeavoured to give us some sketch of what is known with regard to Ceylon, but, imitating in his narrower field of study the method of one whose range was over all knowledge, he has indicated the deficiencies of our information, and pointed out the gaps which remain to be filled up by future observation and research. The natural history of this curious island still offers ample room and verge enough for the most aspiring students; for the variety of soil and situation presented by this comparatively small surface vastly enhances its interest to the naturalist. There are the sand-

reaches along the level shores, where a succession of plants is redeeming the land from the sea; there are the vast, and in parts unexplored, forests of the interior; there is the mountain district round Kandy, rising to a height of upwards of 8000 feet above the sea; and each, it is needless to say, presenting a most interesting diversity both of plants and animals.

One of the greatest deficiencies which our author has pointed out as hitherto existing in our scientific knowledge with regard to this island, is the absence of any complete work on its botany; so that "information regarding the vegetation of the island is scarcely obtainable without extreme trouble, and reference to papers scattered through innumerable periodicals."* When it is remembered that a botanic garden has been established in Ceylon since 1799, this may, at first sight, seem strange. But the multitudinous and heterogeneous duties imposed on the person holding the curatorship of these gardens have, until lately, formed an impediment to the completion of any such work. We are, however, glad to learn, from a postscript to one of our author's notes, that Mr. Thwaites, the present curator of these gardens, has announced the early publication of a new work on the plants of Ceylon, with observations on their habits and uses, in which he is to be assisted by Dr. Hooker.

The first botanic garden in Ceylon was established by Mr. North, in 1799, at Colombo; thence it was in succession transferred to two or three localities, until the present Royal Botanic Garden was formed, about thirty years ago, at Paradenia, a few miles from Kandy. Thus it is situated in the mountain tract of country, which finds its most celebrated elevation in Adam's Peak, and is on the banks of the Mahawelli-Ganga, the greatest of all the many streams which, rising in this mountain region, flow on all sides through the lower lands to the sea.

"The entrance to the Paradenia garden" (says our author) "is through a noble avenue of india-rubber trees (*Ficus elastica*); and the first object that arrests the admiration of a stranger on entering is a group of palms, which is, I apprehend, unsurpassed both in variety and grandeur. It includes nearly all those indigenous in the island: the towering talpat, the palmyra, the slender areca, and the kitool, with its formidable thorny congener the *Caryota horrida*, and numerous others less remarkable. . . . . The garden, covering an area of nearly 150 acres, overlooks the noble river that encircles it on three sides; and, surrounding the cultivated parterres, the tall natural woods afford a favourable opportunity for exhibiting some of the wonders of the Ceylon flora—orchidiæ, festoons of flowering creepers (*Ipomœas* and *Bignonias*), the guilandina bonduc, with its silicious seeds, the powerful jungle-rope (*Bacchinia scandens*), and the extra-

* Vol. i. p. 85. The references in this Article are taken from the first edition.

ordinary climber, whose strong stays, resembling in form and dimensions the chain-cable of a man-of-war, lash together the tall trees of the forest.

The nurseries, the spice-ground, the orchards, and experimental garden are all in high vigour; and, since the formation of this admirable institution about thirty years ago, the benefits which it has conferred on the colony have more than realised the anticipations of its founders. European and other exotic plants have been largely introduced; the valuable products of the Eastern Archipelago—cloves, nutmegs, vanilla, and other spices—have been acclimatised; foreign fruits without number—mangoes, durians, lichees, loquats, granadillas, and the Avocado pear have been propagated, and their cultivation extended throughout the island; and the tea-shrub, the chocolate, arrow-root, tapioca, West-Indian ginger, and many others, have been domesticated."*

Sir Emerson Tennent bears his testimony to the ability and accomplishments of Mr. Thwaites, the present director of these gardens; and those who, like ourselves, had the pleasure of enjoying his acquaintance before he left this country, some twelve years ago, will easily appreciate how valuable his services must be to the colony, and how much botanical science may expect from his forthcoming work on the botany of the island. He has already added several remarkable species to the flora of Ceylon, more especially from the districts south and east of Adam's Peak; and his collections of insects, made in the neighbourhood of Kandy, are a very important contribution to the almost infinite entomology of the island. The richness of the flora will be appreciated when we state, on the authority of a recent report of Mr. Thwaites, that the indigenous phænogamic plants discovered up to August 1856 were 2670, besides 247 ferns and lycopods; a number nearly double that of the flora of England, and little under one-thirtieth of the entire number of known plants.†

The general character of this flora, notwithstanding the presence of some species and a few genera not found on the continent of India, is similar to that of the southern regions of the peninsula and the Dekkan, with a tendency, however, to approach more nearly to the flora of Malacca and of the Eastern Archipelago than the rest of India. But the great diversity of situation, elevation, and general character, in the different regions of Ceylon, as already remarked, gives rise to a great diversity in the flora of its different parts; and the eastern and the western coasts, like those of the great peninsula, are diversified by the different winds to which they are respectively exposed. The western, exposed to the humid and

* Vol. i. pp. 208, 209. † Ibid. p. 83 n.

temperate south-west wind, exhibits its effects in its luxuriant vegetation; whilst the eastern, under the influence of the hot winds, which blow for half the year, exhibits a comparatively dry and arid aspect.*

On the very shore itself the mangroves grow densely, the ripple of the sea washing under their overarching roots. A little landward the sandy plains are covered with a thorny jungle, and every where, around the habitations of man, rise groves of the coco-nut palm, a tree which has been greatly encouraged under the English rule. Further inland we come on the magnificent forests of the island; and the hill country, again, has its own peculiar vegetation, varying at each succeeding height; at one elevation characterised by the banyan and a variety of figs, at another by the tree-ferns that rise from the damp hollows, and highest of all, by the rhododendrons which cover the loftiest heights,—not like the low Alpenrosen of the Alps, but as timber-trees fifty to seventy feet in height, and covered on every branch with a blaze of crimson flowers.

We are so well aware in this country of the value of the bent-grass that abounds on the sand-hills and dunes of our coast, and which by binding the sand assists in protecting the land from the incursions of the sea, that it has been protected from injury by act of parliament,—the only instance, so far as we recollect, of the Legislature interfering for the protection of a wild plant; and the newspapers have recently mentioned the success which has attended Lord Palmerston's cultivation of this plant on his Sligo estates, which the incursions of the sea-sand threatened to turn into a rabbit-warren. Still more curious is the account which Sir Emerson Tennent gives us of the way in which a succession of plants forms the vanguard of the land against the sea, along the low coasts of Ceylon, and reclaims from the barren ocean these sandy reaches, which the mangrove and the invaluable coco-nut palm will soon occupy. The margin of the land nearest the water is first possessed by plants whose penetrating roots form a breakwater, and thus protect the creeping plants which occupy the drier sand immediately behind, and in their turn shelter a third and erect class of plants. Amongst these creeping plants there is an ipomæa which sends down roots from every joint, and two beans endowed with a peculiar facility for reproduction. But perhaps the most remarkable of the plants which assist in fertilising these arid sands is the *Spinifer squarrosus*, of which the seeds are contained in a circular head composed of a star of radiating and elastic spines. When the seeds are mature, the heads separate from the stalks, "and are carried by the wind with great

* Vol. i. pp. 84, 5.

velocity along the sands, over the surface of which they are impelled on their elastic spines. One of these balls may be followed by the eye for miles as it hurries along the level shore, dropping its seeds as it rolls, which speedily germinate and strike root where they fall. The globular heads are so buoyant as to float lightly on the water; and the uppermost spines acting as sails, they are thus carried across narrow estuaries, to continue the process of embanking on newly formed sand-bars."*

The banks being thus protected from the action of the air above and the waters at their base, other herbaceous plants soon cover them in quick succession. In the next stage low shrubs appear, and behind them a dense growth of peculiar plants; and again, wherever the sand of the shore is mingled with the alluvium of the rivers, another peculiar class of plants arises, of which the mangrove is the most remarkable.

The interior forests of Ceylon are marked by two manifest and striking characteristics,—the existence of very numerous and very magnificent flowering trees, and the endless variety and enormous size and luxuriance of the climbing and parasitical plants. The coral-tree, so called from its scarlet flowers; the murutu, the favourite tree of Sanscrit poetry, with its orange and crimson blossoms; the iron-tree, whose white rose-like flowers are used to decorate the images of Buddha in the various temples,—are a few only amongst the magnificent flowering trees with which the island abounds.

But even more wonderful still must be the profusion of the creepers which affect the forests. "It is the trees of older and loftier growth," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "that exhibit the rank luxuriance of these wonderful epiphytes in the most striking manner. They are tormented by climbing plants of such extraordinary dimensions, that many of them exceed in diameter the girth of a man; and these gigantic appendages are to be seen surmounting the tallest trees of the forest, grasping their stems in firm convolutions, and then flinging their monstrous tendrils over the larger limbs, till they reach the top; whence they descend to the ground in huge festoons, and after including another and another tree in their successive toils, they once more ascend to the summit, and wind the whole into a maze of living network, as massy as if formed by the cable of a line-of-battle ship. When, by and by, the trees on which this singular fabric has become suspended give way under its weight, or sink by their own decay, the fallen trunk speedily disappears, while the convolutions of climbers continue to grow on, exhibiting one of the most marvellous and peculiar living mounds of confusion that it is possible to fancy. Frequently

* Vol. i. p. 49.

one of these creepers may be seen holding by one extremity the summit of a tall tree, and grasping with the other an object at some distance near the earth, between which it is strained as tight and straight as if hauled over a block. In all probability the young tendril had been originally fixed in this position by the wind, and retained in it till it had gained its maturity, where it has the appearance of having been artificially arranged as if to support a falling tree."*

Yet another characteristic of the Ceylon forests is the existence of trees whose stems are protected as high as cattle can reach by thorns, which attain a surprising size. Our author speaks of them as a class; but it is evident that the peculiarity is common to plants of a great variety of classes. The thorns are developed in the most diverse manners. In one plant they stud the stem so thickly as to leave the bark barely visible; in another, an enormous thorn protrudes from the extremity of a large knob growing on the stem; another has at every joint a pair of thorns set opposite one another like the horns of an ox; in others the thorns grow in clusters. The influence of these formidable thorns on the forests where they grow is so great as not only to render them impassable to the larger quadrupeds, including even the elephant, but to have been made available as a defence against man.

"It has been the custom of the Singhalese from time immemorial to employ the thorny trees of their forests in the construction of defences against their enemies. The Mahawanso relates that in the civil wars, in the reign of Prakrama-bahu in the twelfth century, the inhabitants of the southern portion of the island entrenched themselves against his forces behind moats filled with thorns. And at an earlier period, during the contest of Dutugaimunu with Elala, the same authority states that a town he was about to attack was 'surrounded on all sides by the thorny *Dadambo creeper* (probably *Toddalia aculeata*), within which was a triple line of fortifications with one gate of difficult access.' . . . . During the existence of the Kandyan kingdom as an independent state, before its conquest by the British, the frontier forests were so thickened and defended by dense plantations of these thorny palms and climbers at different points, as to exhibit a natural fortification impregnable to the feeble tribes on the other side; and at each pass which led to the level country movable gates, formed of the same thorny beams, were suspended as an ample security against the incursions of the naked and timid lowlanders."†

We all know what a strange tendency the orchids have to grotesque imitations of animal forms; and many of the orchids of Ceylon are true to this characteristic of their family. One of them "bears a name equivalent to the white pigeon-flower,

* Vol. i. p. 104. † Vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

from the resemblance which its clusters present to a group of those birds in miniature clinging to the stem with wings at rest."* It is a strange problem, as has often seemed to us, which this peculiarity of the orchids presents, and one going down deep into the philosophy of nature and creation. It can hardly be mere accident and chance that the orchids from both hemispheres have this strange tendency to animal forms,—it can hardly be a mere fortuitous coincidence of fancy that makes the English talk of the bee orchis, the fly orchis, the butterfly orchis, and the man orchis, and the Singhalese talk of the white pigeon-flower; and yet what a strange relationship it is between the two great kingdoms! not a likeness in organisation, or function, or intimate structure; not one of those subtile similarities that bring home to us with all the force of demonstration the oneness of the scheme of creation,—but a likeness that seems so grotesque, so ludicrous, so devoid of beauty or design, that we hesitate to attribute it to the Author of nature.

Sir Emerson Tennent describes one plant belonging to this order of which the leaves are, as he remarks, "perhaps the most exquisitely formed in the vegetable kingdom, their colour being dark velvet, approaching to black, and reticulated over all their surface with veins of ruddy gold."† The Singhalese call this plant the Wanna Raja, or King of the Forest; and, in passing, we may remark that this people seem to have adopted the idea of caste as the basis of their classification in natural history. Thus a Singhalese work enumerates four kinds of the cobra di capello: the raja, or king; the velyander, or trader; the baboona, or hermit; and the goore, or agriculturist.‡ And so, too, those who are great in elephant-flesh, and know the points of the animal, adopt a division of them into castes.§

We have to thank the immutable conservatism of the East for the existence in Ceylon of one of the most wonderful phenomena in the vegetable world—a tree whose historically attested existence reaches the enormous extent of 2147 years. This is the "supreme Bo-tree" of Anarajapoora. Amid the mouldering ruins of the ancient capital, which once flourished under this polysyllabic appellation, there stands a relic of its former grandeur, which is still preserved with religious veneration, though the temples and palaces have long been left to decay unheeded. It seems that when Gotama Buddha (the last mortal who was thought worthy of attaining to the state of "eternal calm," which Buddhists consider to be that of supreme happiness) received the reward of "superior Buddhahood," he was reclining under a tree somewhat akin to the banyan, whose long ever-

* Vol. i. p. 103. † Vol. i. p. 103.
‡ Vol. i. p. 192. § Vol. ii. p. 284.

quivering leaves seem as if they might have caught the restlessness which his spirit there abandoned. This was in the sixth century B.C. But it was only in the third century before our era that the preacher Mahindo established the Buddhist religion as the dominant faith of Ceylon; and as a proof of this, a branch of the identical tree which Gotama Buddha had thus made sacred was sent from India to the King of Ceylon to be planted in his chief city. Miraculously severed from its parent stem, and conveyed in solemn state and with national rejoicings to its destined home, the tree was immediately surrounded with all the tendance due to its sacred origin; and from that time to the present this religious care seems never to have been relaxed. It has been walled in, and shored up, and watered every twelfth year with festival rites, and at the present day it stands green and flourishing above the remains of many successive structures of solid masonry built in its honour. Every temple in Ceylon has its Bo-tree, for it is the emblem of the Buddhist religion; but these are all said to be derived from the "Victorious, Illustrious, Supreme Lord," the "delightful tree" of Anarajapoora. Some scepticism naturally arises as to the authenticity of the accounts which assign so stupendous an age to this tree, but these rest upon no mere tradition; and Sir Emerson Tennent's history of the Mahawanso, or sacred rhyming chronicle, seems completely to establish the antiquity of this work, and to forbid a doubt that the frequent notices of the Bo-tree which occur in it, and of which he gives some specimens, do really refer to this individual wonder of the forest. These notices are continuous from the time of its planting to the twelfth century, since which time there seems to be no want of evidence of the identity of an object which, having been always treated with veneration, had then by its age acquired additional sanctity and notoriety in the eyes of all the Buddhist nations of the East. Indeed, if we once grant the truth of the chronology which assigns the date of the planting of the original Bo-tree to the year 288 B.C., it is difficult to doubt that this was identical with the one now existing; as, amid all the changes of dynasty, and even of faith, in Ceylon, it seems never to have been lost sight of, among the wide-spread followers of the religion of Buddha, long enough for any wilful or accidental substitution to have taken place, even had this been necessary; and the difficulty of such substitution in the case of a full-grown tree surrounded with ancient monuments, buildings, and statues, is obvious.

Moreover, although the Bo-tree of Anarajapoora is, so far as we know, without a parallel in history, yet this circumstance arises probably from the difficulty of producing evidence [illegible]

age of trees, and not from the absence of instances of longevity perhaps quite as striking. For it is difficult to conceive any motive less strong than religious veneration which should have sufficed for the preservation of a tree through such numerous generations, and for chronicling its identity; and too many hostile creeds have waged war in every European country for the last two thousand years for such a phenomenon to have arisen there, if the nature of those creeds had rendered it possible.

There are many trees, as Sir Emerson Tennent observes, which are credibly reputed to have reached an age approaching to that of this Singhalese "oldest inhabitant;" such are the few remaining cedars of Lebanon, the olives of the garden of Gethsemane, the cypress of Soma in Lombardy, and, more certainly authenticated than these, though of much less antiquity, the famous Spanish chestnut of Tortworth in Gloucestershire, under which King John is known to have held a parliament, and which was then a large tree said to have been in existence since the time of Egbert. If the number of *rings* in the timber might be trusted as an index of age, there have been found baobab-trees in Africa which have been growing for 5000 years; but this mode of reckoning, in tropical climates, is at least uncertain, and probably incorrect.

The notion that Ceylon was formerly part of the mainland of India, and was severed from it by some great convulsion, is opposed by the peculiar character of its flora, to which we have already alluded. The peculiarities of its fauna seem alike inconsistent with it. Amongst the "larger islands," says Dr. A. Günther, in a paper quoted by our author,* "which are connected with the middle palæotropical region, none offers forms so different from the continent and other islands as Ceylon. It might be considered the Madagascar of the Indian region. We not only find there peculiar genera and species not again to be recognised in other parts, but even many of the common species exhibit such remarkable varieties as to afford ample means for creating new nominal species." The difference between the zoology consists both in the presence of animals in Ceylon not known in continental India, and also in the absence from the island of some which obtain on the opposite shores. Thus, to take the mammalia for illustration, Ceylon possesses a deer, two species of monkeys, and some other small quadrupeds, unknown in Hindustan; whilst it is wanting in the majestic gaur, the tiger, the wolf, the hyæna, and the chetah, which belong to the continent;† whilst of the reptiles no less than eighteen species and three genera are peculiar to the island. The insect fauna of the Carnatic remains, it seems, as yet unexplored; but it appears pro-

* Vol. i. p. 8. † Vol. i. p. 158.

bable that the insect life of the northern parts of Ceylon resembles that of the Carnatic, whilst the higher central region of Ceylon is more similar to that of the Neilgherry hills and the peninsula of Malacca. These views no doubt require more accurate investigations before we can conclude on their certainty; but they are interesting, especially now when the attention of the scientific world is largely drawn towards the question of centres of creation.

It is scarcely needful to remark that the different regions of Ceylon—the shores, the forests, and the hills—are as diverse in their fauna as their flora. Along the eastern coast of the island there runs a network of lakes; and Sir Emerson Tennent has sketched the impression that the inhabitants of these solitary inlets leave on the traveller:

"When gliding noiselessly in a canoe, nothing can be more striking than the sensation caused by turning unexpectedly into one of these quiet and unfrequented openings, where dense foliage lines each side and almost meets above the water. The trees are covered with birds of gorgeous plumage, pea-fowl sun themselves on the branches, and snowy egrets and azure kingfishers station themselves lower down to watch the fish which frequent these undisturbed pools in prodigious numbers. The silence and stillness of these places is quite remarkable. The mournful cry of the water-fowl is heard from an incredible distance; and the plash of a crocodile as he plunges into the stream, or the surprise of a deer when, disturbed at his morning draught, he

> 'Stamps with all his hoofs together,
> Listens with one foot uplifted,'

and breaks away to conceal himself in the jungle,—cause an instant commotion amongst the fishing birds and cranes. They rise heavily on their unwieldy wings, and betake themselves to the highest trees, where they wait for our departure to resume their patient watch upon the mangroves."*

Nor is the night-scene in the districts which border on these lagoons less impressive than the picture that day presents on the lakes themselves. "Throughout these solitudes," says our author, "absolute silence never reigns; the hoarse voice of the tank frogs resounds from a distance; and close at hand is heard the incessant metallic chirp of the hyla, the shrill call and answer of the tree-cricket, and the hum of the myriad insects which keep up their murmurs from sunset to dawn. Within, the stillness of the tent is disturbed by the flutter of the night-moths; or its gloom is startled by the entrance of the firefly that dashes around in its circles, alternately kindling and concealing its brilliancy, and then, suddenly departing, leaves all in darkness as before. At length

* Vol. ii. p. 455.

'Night wanes;
The mists, around the mountains curled,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.' "*

In the interior the heart of the dense forests is, with one great exception, almost devoid of animal life, and is described as nearly deserted even by the birds. The insect tribes swarm in innumerable hosts, and the hum of their mingled noises alone breaks the silence of these forest solitudes.

"At morning the dew hangs in diamond drops on the threads and gossamer which the spiders suspend across every pathway, and above the pools dragon-flies of more than metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways to ascend to their nests in the branches. Lustrous beetles, with their golden elytra, bask on the leaves; whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the ear can follow by the booming of their tiny wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous colouring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and frequently the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage, whence coming no one knows, whither going no one can tell."†

This absence of animals from the great central forests is accounted for by our author, with regard to the quadrupeds, by the fact that the density of the forest is unfavourable to the growth of herbage fitted for vegetable-feeding animals; and that the carnivorous ones naturally haunt the same localities as their prey.‡ With such a vast insect population as is described in the woodland itself, we should have expected to find races of insectivorous birds and quadrupeds feeding on them, and therefore frequenting the forest itself. But if we are disinclined to accept to the full his statement as to the solitude of the forests, we cannot doubt that our author accurately describes the pasture-lands and park-like openings that occur on the borders of the vast forests, and in the immediate vicinity of the low country, as the especial haunts of the larger quadrupeds and birds. The scenes presented by these open glades must often be beautiful.

"On one occasion" (says Sir Emerson Tennent), . . . "when seated round our picnic repast at the side of a green opening in the jungle, a buck stepped out from cover within a hundred yards of us, threw up his head, gazed at the party for a few moments in surprise, and began leisurely to graze where he stood. Presently two peacocks, one with a train of prodigious splendour, strutted out on the sward; and by and by no less than five jungle-fowl, their plumage gleaming like metal, joined the party; and all fed undisturbed within pistol-shot of where we were seated."§

* Vol. ii. p. 477. † Vol. i. p. 247. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 413. § Vol. ii. pp. 512, 513.

To the elephant Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted a distinct part of his work. He observes that the existing notices of the animal are chiefly devoted to its habits and capabilities in captivity; but having from the moment of his arrival profited by every occasion afforded him of studying the elephant in a state of nature, and obtaining from hunters and natives correct information on its economy and habits,* our author has gathered these observations into a most interesting section of his work.

It is a curious fact, that whilst both sexes of the elephants of Africa have tusks of nearly equal size, and those of India have tusks in both sexes, though much smaller in the female, not one in a hundred of the elephants of Ceylon is furnished with them, and these are always males. But nature, true to her homologies, has given to nearly all these tuskless elephants stunted processes, called tushes, in the place of tusks, of which the animals avail themselves in snapping off small branches and climbing plants. Sir Emerson Tennent has discussed the question of the use which tusks are designed to subserve; and whilst trying to show that the notion of their use as defensive weapons is erroneous, he appears to us to leave the question unsettled. His opportunities for observation were amongst the tuskless elephants of Ceylon; and when he confidently tells us that "it is a misapprehension to imagine that tusks are designed specially to serve 'in warding off the attacks of the wily tiger and the furious rhinoceros,'" and even throws doubt on encounters ever taking place between these animals, we must remember that he speaks from inference only, drawn from observation on the few tusked individuals of a tuskless race existing in an island where no tiger or rhinoceros is ever to be found. The elephants of this island appear to have remarkably few natural enemies; "he seems to live on terms of amity with every quadruped in the forest, and to have as his greatest enemy, excepting man, a fly." Now the nearly total absence of tusks, coinciding with this almost total absence of the need for defence, seems to us to furnish an argument for the opinion that they are weapons for protection, and not, as our author seems to imply, organs having either no use or no ascertained one.

Moreover, the little evidence which our author affords on the subject seems decidedly to lead to the conclusion of the value of the tusks as an instrument of power in the elephant world. Amongst the tame elephants used in the great capture of wild ones of which our author was a spectator, one was a tusker; and we find that, when wishing to make his way into the enclosure, he used his tusks for the purpose of shaking its bars;† and he was held in such special awe by the wild herd, that "in some

* Preface, pp. xxx. xxxi. † Vol. ii. p. 354 n.

instances, when the intervention of the other decoys failed to reduce a wild one to order, the mere presence and approach of the tusker seemed to inspire fear, and insure submission without more active intervention."*

In Ceylon the elephant, contrary to our ordinary notions, haunts, not the sultry valleys, but the mountain-tops. "In Oovah, where the elevated plains are often crisp with the mountain frost, and on Pedrotalla-galla, at the height of upwards of 8000 feet, they are found in herds, whilst the hunter may search for them without success in the jungles of the low country;"† and Major Skinner even assured our author that on one occasion he found the unmistakable traces of an elephant on the neck of the fearful rock which forms the very summit of Adam's Peak, the ascent to which is so difficult that the guides discourage the traveller from pausing, lest a sudden gust of wind should sweep him into the unfathomable gulf below. Before the coffee plantations had been extensively opened in the mountain district round Kandy, there was not a mountain untraversed by the elephants in their periodical migrations in search of water; and their skill in avoiding steep gradients, and in always, even through the dense forest, selecting the line of march communicating by the safest ford with an opposite point, seems to have surprised the government surveyors, when they came to survey the land which the elephants had so long and so skilfully laid out in these roads. The immense weight of the elephant's body naturally presents a difficulty to his walking down any considerable slope; and accordingly his habit is to proceed by first kneeling down close to the edge of the declivity, then finding, or if need be forming, a foothold for one of his fore-feet; the one foot being thus planted in advance, the other is next brought down in the same way, and, as he advances, his hind-feet in their turn occupy the several footings which have previously served for his fore-feet. The course the elephant chooses for this descent is not directly down the slope, but runs across it; and thus the "huge earth-shaking beast," with strange and curious care, but with extraordinary rapidity, makes his way down declivities of an angle even as great as forty-five degrees.

"A herd of elephants," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "is a family;"‡ and this is proved by minute similarities existing amongst all, or most, of the members of a herd, as amongst members of a family of men. The similarity in the form of the trunk, of the colour of the eyes, of the form of the forehead, are instanced as attesting this relationship. The family feeling is so strong in the elephant nature, that though several herds will browse in company, on the slightest disturbance each herd as-

* Vol. ii. p. 367. † Vol. ii. p. 287. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 301.

sembles together, and acts independently for defence or retreat; and that even amidst the confusion, the despair, and the agony of a capture, the sentiment of family exclusiveness still influences their conduct, and induces a herd to repulse with heavy blows any unfortunate elephant who may strive in his hour of need to get shelter and security within their circle.

A curious result of this social exclusiveness is the existence of a class of solitary elephants, which, from their vicious habits and predatory propensities, are known as *hora*, or rogues, and is constituted of individuals who have become separated from their own herds. The exact cause of this separation is somewhat obscure; the Singhalese think that they have either lost their former associates, and become morose and savage from solitude, or else that, being naturally vicious, they have become so overbearing that the rest of the herd has withdrawn from association with them. The rogues of human society, however much they may be severed from the families to which they naturally belong, yet get up some sort of association amongst themselves; and they have their joint-stock companies, their boards, and other modes of co-operation. This is a step in advance of the elephant rogues; they are so sullen that two are never known to associate together; but each individual endeavours to make up for this want of combination by doing his very worst individually; and the rogues spend their nights in marauding, chiefly about the dwellings of man, destroying the plantations and committing serious ravages in the rice-grounds.

We cordially concur with the vigorous protest which our author enters against the wholesale and wanton destruction of this noble creature by the English sportsmen in Ceylon; against "the monotonous recurrence of scenes of blood and suffering" which are involved in the career of men whose glory consists in having killed vast numbers of these inoffensive creatures. One English officer's exploits are said to number 1200 slain. It is to be borne in mind that this wholesale slaughter is pursued for sport alone; that the Ceylon elephant yields no ivory, that its hide is never tanned, that its flesh is useless, and the vast carcase is left in the forest to decompose and defile the air.

A different and far higher interest attaches to an elephant hunt, where the most distinguished courage is brought to bear, for the sake, not of mere wanton slaughter, but of reducing the elephant to the rule of man. The account which our author gives of an elephant corral is highly interesting. In passing, it is curious to remark that this mode of capturing elephants in Ceylon is due to the European conquerors of the island; for so long as the elephants were only required in small numbers for the pageantry of the native princes and the processions of the

Buddhist temples, their capture was effected by female decoys, or the artifices and agility of individual hunters, or by pitfalls. But the Portuguese and Dutch organised establishments of elephants on a large scale, for the purpose of clearing forests and effecting works; and thence it became needful to procure them by a more wholesale process.

We must leave the account which Sir Emerson gives us of the skill, the agility, and the daring of the *Panickeas*, or professional elephant-catchers, of Ceylon, and of the manner in which they will capture an individual elephant, picket it in the forest till its spirit is subdued, and then with rare skill and audacity march the still half enraged animal from the central forests to the sea-coast. We hasten to give our readers some account of the far more daring exploit of capturing at one effort a large herd of these mighty creatures, as witnessed by our author in 1847, in the district of Kornegalle, about thirty miles north-west of Kandy.

In the first place, a large stockade is formed in the forest in the form of a parallelogram, enclosed all round, except one opening or gate in one of the short ends, furnished with sliding bars capable of being instantly shut. From the angles of this end the fence is continued into the forest at an oblique angle, so as to form wings by which the elephant herd is gradually led to the opening to the corral. The fencing consists of stout uprights and transverse beams, strongly lashed together and steadied by forked supports; but this structure would be quite unequal to sustain the full charge of an enraged elephant; and though accidents have sometimes happened from the breaking through of a whole herd, the hunters rely on their own daring and the unconsciousness of the elephants of their strength. The hunters consist of from 1500 to 2000 of the natives, who voluntarily join, partly from their enjoyment of the exciting sport, partly from a desire to reduce the number of the elephants in their neighbourhood, and partly from the pride which their chiefs and head-men feel in bringing a large number of retainers after them on to the field.

The hunters first fetch a circuit of many miles in the forest, so as to surround a sufficient number of elephants. These, naturally anxious to escape from intrusion, withdraw inwards; and care is taken to cause only such an amount of disturbance as will induce them slowly to move onwards in the desired direction. Gradually, day by day, the watchers narrow their circle, and the measures to prevent escape are increased. Fires are kept up day and night around the circle, and pathways are cleared to keep up the line of communication. Two months had been spent in these preparations, when the company of whom our author was

one arrived, and took their places on a stage erected for them overlooking the entrance to the corral. Sir Emerson Tennent shall himself describe the exciting scene that followed.

"Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chiefs to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, and lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were enclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungle within a short distance of the stockade. Not a sound was permitted to be made; each person spoke to his neighbour in whispers; and such was the silence observed by the multitude of the watchers at their posts, that occasionally we could hear the rustling of the branches as some of the elephants stripped off their leaves.

Suddenly the signal was made, and the stillness of the forest was broken by the shouts of the guard, the rolling of the drums and tom-toms, and the discharge of muskets; and, beginning at the most distant side of the area, the elephants were urged forwards towards the entrance into the corral.

The watchers along the line kept silence only till the herd had passed them; and then, joining the cry in their rear, they drove them onward with redoubled shouts and noises. The tumult increased as the terrified rout drew near, swelling now on one side, now on the other, as the herd in their panic dashed from point to point in their endeavours to force the line, but were instantly driven back by screams, guns, and drums.

At length the breaking of the branches and the crackling of the brushwood announced their close approach; and the leader, bursting wildly from the jungle, rushed wildly forward to within twenty yards of the entrance, followed by the rest of the herd; another moment and they would have plunged into the open gate, when suddenly they wheeled round, reëntered the jungle, and in spite of the hunters resumed their original position. The chief head-man came forward, and accounted for the freak by saying that a wild pig, an animal which the elephants are said to dislike, had started out of the cover and run across the leader, who would otherwise have held on direct for the corral; and he intimated that the herd was now in the highest state of excitement; and as it was at all times much more difficult to effect a successful capture by daylight than by night, when the fires and flambeaux act with double effect, it was the wish of the hunters to defer their final effort till evening, when the darkness would lend a powerful aid to their exertions.

After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smouldered in the sun-light, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of

a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamour; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watchfires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood, and crushing the dry branches; the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd.

As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights; every hunter, on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watchfire.

The elephants dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime; they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side. They attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached, they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off suddenly in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

The interest of this strange scene was not confined to the spectators; it extended to the tame elephants which were stationed outside. At the first approach of the flying herd, they evinced the utmost interest in the scene. Two in particular which were picketed near the front were intensely excited, and continued tossing their heads, pawing the ground, and starting as the noise drew near. At length, when the grand rush into the corral took place, one of them fairly burst from her fastenings, and started off towards the herd, levelling a tree of considerable size which obstructed her passage."*

The scene of confusion continued for upwards of an hour after the capture. The elephants assailed the palisade, attempted to force the gate, and trumpeted and screamed with rage. By degrees their efforts became less and less frequent; and after a night, which was spent by the hunters in preventing the escape of two herds, which, though enclosed within the original circle, had not yet entered the corral, but still remained concealed in the jungle, the proceedings began for noosing and picketing the elephants already within the enclosure. All due preparations having been made, the bars which secured the entrance to the corral were cautiously withdrawn, and two trained elephants

* Vol. ii. pp. 351-354.

passed stealthily in, each ridden by its mahout (or *ponnekella*, as he is termed in Ceylon) and one attendant, and carrying a strong collar formed by coils of rope made from coco-nut fibre, from which hung on either side cords of elk's hide prepared with a ready noose. Along with them, and concealed behind them, the head-man of the *cooroowe*, or noosers, crept in, eager to secure the honour of taking the first elephant,—a distinction which this class jealously contests with the mahouts of the chiefs and the temples. He was a wiry little man, nearly seventy years old, who had served in the same capacity under the Kandyan king, and wore two silver bangles which had been conferred on him in testimony of his prowess. He was accompanied by his son, named Ranghanie, equally renowned for his courage and dexterity.

"On this occasion ten tame elephants were in attendance. Two were the property of an adjoining temple (one of which had been caught only the year before, yet it was now ready to assist in capturing others), four belonged to the neighbouring chiefs, and the rest, including the two which now entered the corral, were part of the government stud. Of the latter, one was of prodigious age, having been in the service of the Dutch and English governments in succession for upwards of a century. The other, called by her keeper 'Siribeddi,' was about fifty years old, and distinguished for her gentleness and docility. The latter was a most accomplished decoy, and evinced the utmost relish for the sport. Having entered the corral noiselessly, she moved slowly along with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference. Sauntering leisurely in the direction of the captives, and halting now and then to pluck a bunch of grass or a few leaves as she passed. As she approached the herd they put themselves in motion to meet her; and the leader having advanced in front, and passed his trunk gently over her head, turned and paced slowly back to his dejected companions. Siribeddi followed with the same listless step, and drew herself up close behind him; thus affording the nooser an opportunity to stoop under her and slip the noose over the hind-foot of the wild one; the latter instantly perceived his danger, shook off the rope, and turned to attack the man. He would have suffered for his temerity, had not Siribeddi protected him by raising her trunk and driving the assailant into the midst of the herd; when the old man, being slightly wounded, was helped out of the corral, and his son Ranghanie took his place.

The herd again collected in a circle, with their heads towards the centre. The largest male was singled out, and two tame ones pushed boldly in till the three stood nearly abreast. He made no resistance, but betrayed his uneasiness by shifting restlessly from foot to foot. Ranghanie now crept up, and holding the rope open with both hands (its other extremity being made fast to Siribeddi's collar), and watching the instant when the wild elephant lifted its hind-foot, he succeeded in passing the noose over its leg, drew it close, and fled to the rear.

The two tame elephants instantly fell back; Siribeddi stretched the rope to its full length, and whilst she dragged out the captive, her companion placed himself between her and the herd to prevent any interference.

In order to secure him to a tree, he had to be drawn backwards some twenty or thirty yards, making furious resistance, bellowing in terror, plunging on all sides, and crushing the small timber, which bent like reeds beneath his clumsy struggles. Siribeddi drew him steadily after her, and wound the rope round the proper tree, holding it all the time at its full tension, and stepping cautiously across it when, in order to give it a second turn, it was necessary to pass between the tree and the elephant. With a coil round the stem, however, it was beyond her strength to haul the prisoner close up, which was nevertheless necessary, in order to make him perfectly fast; but the second tame one, perceiving the difficulty, returned from the herd, confronted the struggling prisoner, pushed him shoulder to shoulder and head to head, and forced him backwards; whilst at every step Siribeddi hauled in the slackened rope till she brought him fairly up to the foot of the tree, where he was made fast by the *cooroowe* people.

A second noose was then passed over the other hind-leg and secured like the first, both legs being afterwards hobbled together by ropes made from the fibre of the kitool or jaggery-palm, which, being more flexible than that of the coco-nut, occasions less formidable ulcerations. The two decoys then ranged themselves as before, abreast of the prisoner on either side, thus enabling Ranghanie to stoop under them, and noose the two fore-feet as he had already done the hind; and these ropes being made fast to a tree in front, the capture was complete, and the tame elephants and keepers withdrew to repeat the operation on another of the herd.

As long as the tame ones stood beside him, the poor animal remained comparatively calm and almost passive under his sufferings; but the moment they moved off and he was left utterly alone, he made the most surprising efforts to set himself free and rejoin his companions. He felt the ropes with his trunk, and tried to untie the numerous knots; he drew backwards to liberate his fore-legs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones till every branch of the tall tree vibrated with his struggles. He screamed in his anguish, with his proboscis raised high in the air; then falling on his side, he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek and then his brow, and pressed down with doubled-in trunk as though he would force it into the earth; then suddenly rising, he balanced himself on his forehead and his fore-legs, holding his hind-feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed abruptly and as if by some sudden impulse; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal stood perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair.

Meanwhile Ranghanie presented himself in front of the governor's stage to claim the accustomed largess for tying the first elephant; he

was rewarded by a shower of rupees, and retired to resume his perilous duties in the corral."*

We cannot follow our author through the history of all the different captures, interesting as it is from the difference of demeanour of the individual animals and the variety of disposition which it manifested. "Some in their struggles made no sound, whilst others bellowed and trumpeted furiously, then uttered short convulsive screams, and at last, exhausted and hopeless, gave vent to their anguish in low and piteous moanings. Some, after a few violent efforts of this kind, lay motionless on the ground with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly."† The power of sorrow and suffering which these noble creatures thus display is enormous; and were it not that a useful purpose is to be served, one would read with horror the details of their capture.

Two young elephants had entered the corral with the herd to which they belonged, and the story of their infantile sufferings and baby rage is at once touching and amusing. Of these,

"One was about ten months old, the other somewhat more: the smallest had a little bolt-head covered with woolly brown hair, and was the most amusing and interesting miniature imaginable. Both kept constantly with the herd, trotting after them in every charge: when the others stood at rest, they ran in and out between the legs of the older ones,—not their own mothers alone, but every female in the group,—caressing them in turn. The dam of the youngest was the second elephant singled out by the noosers, and as she was dragged along by the decoys, the little creature kept by her side till she was drawn close to the fatal tree. The men at first were rather amused than otherwise by its anger, but they found that it would not permit them to place the second noose upon its mother, ran between her and them; it tried to seize the rope; it pushed them and struck them with its little trunk till they were forced to drive it back to the herd. It retreated slowly, shouting all the way, and pausing at every step to look back. It then attached itself to the largest female remaining in the herd, and placed itself across her fore-legs, whilst she hung down her trunk over its side, and soothed and caressed it. Here it continued moaning and lamenting till the noosers had left off securing the mother, when it instantly returned to her side; but as it became troublesome again, attacking every one who passed, it was at last secured by a rope to an adjoining tree, to which the other young one was also tied up. The second little one, equally with its playmate, exhibited great affection for its mother. It went willingly with its captor as far as the tree to which she was fastened, when it held out its trunk and tried to rejoin her; but finding itself forced along, it caught at every twig and branch it passed, and screamed with grief and disappointment.

These two little creatures were the most vociferous of the whole

* Vol. ii. pp. 357 360. † Vol. ii. pp. 363, 364.

herd, their shouts were incessant, they struggled to attack every one within reach, and as their bodies were more lithe and pliant than those of greater growth, their contortions were quite wonderful. The most amusing thing was, that in the midst of all their agony and affliction, the little fellows seized on every article of food that was thrown to them, and ate and roared simultaneously."*

Throughout the whole of this strange scene the conduct of the tame elephants was truly wonderful.

"They displayed the most perfect conception of every movement, both the object to be attained and the means of accomplishing it. They evinced the utmost enjoyment in what was going on. There was no ill-humour, no malignity, in the spirit displayed in what was otherwise a heartless proceeding; but they set about it in a way that showed a thorough relish for it, as an agreeable pastime. Their caution was as remarkable as their sagacity; there was no hurrying, no confusion, they never ran foul of the ropes, were never in the way of those noosed; and amidst the most violent struggles, when the tame ones had frequently to step across the captives, they in no instance trampled on them or occasioned the slightest accident or annoyance. So far from this, they saw intuitively a difficulty or a danger, and addressed themselves voluntarily to remove it. In tying up one of the larger elephants, he contrived, before he could be hauled close up to the tree, to walk once or twice round it, carrying the rope with him: the decoy, perceiving the advantage he had thus gained over the nooser, walked up of her own accord and pushed him backwards with her head till she made him unwind himself again, when the rope was hauled tight and made fast. More than once when a wild one was extending his trunk, and would have intercepted the rope about to be placed over his leg, Siribeddi, by a sudden motion of her own trunk, pushed his aside and prevented him; and on one occasion, when successive efforts had failed to put the noose over the leg of an elephant which was already secured by one foot, but which wisely put the other to the ground as often as it was attempted to pass the noose under it, I saw the decoy watch her opportunity, and when his foot was again raised suddenly push in her own leg beneath it, and hold it up till the noose was attached and drawn tight."†

In captivity the temper of the elephant is seldom to be implicitly relied on. "The most amenable are subject to occasional fits of stubbornness; and even after years of submission, irritability and resentment will unaccountably manifest themselves."‡ Hence a popular belief recorded by Phile, a Greek writer, who in the early part of the fourteenth century composed a poem on the elephant, and addressed it to the Emperor Andronicus II., from which Sir Emerson Tennent has given us some curious extracts, to the effect that the elephant has two hearts, by the

* Vol. ii. pp. 368, 9. † Vol. ii. pp. 365, 6. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 386.

one of which he is moved to gentleness and obedience, by the other to ferocity and resistance.

This legend of the two hearts of the elephant is a striking expression of that duality of the physical nature which seems to distinguish tameable from untameable animals. In an animal of the latter class, whether in its wild state or in captivity, the whole bent of its nature is single and unwavering: it may be crushed by outer violence, but it admits of no internal division, and the influence of man finds no place in the permanent nature of the beast. In the tameable animal, on the contrary, there is an original duality which furnishes a foothold for the power of man: there is one part of the creature's nature that struggles with the other, and thus strangely mimics the moral nature of man, with its conflicts between the higher and the lower principles in him, and like that moral nature, is amenable to the power of rewards and punishments. Look at a dog vacillating between obeying his master's bidding "to heel" and indulging his animal passion for worrying a flock of sheep: he seems to be a moral being like man, hesitating between the call of duty and pleasure—between present gratification and future punishment on the one hand, and on the other present self-denial and future reward. The dog no doubt exhibits this quality in the highest degree; but it seems to us that the same thing, in lesser degrees, characterises all animals that are capable of being tamed, and not merely subdued or held in by present force.

It is a common observation amongst our naturalists that the bodies of quadrupeds and birds which have died naturally are far less often found than might be expected from the number of the living and the consequent frequency of death. To this observation there are exceptions—such, for instance, as the shrews, whose soft little bodies so often lie across our path. Something, no doubt, is due to the number of animals ready to devour all dead flesh that comes in their way; but from comparing the number of bodies whose death appears due to the gun or other human means with those which appear to have died naturally, we can scarcely doubt that there is some other cause for the phenomenon in question, and that it is probably to be found in a tendency in animals to seek some hiding-place for their last moments.

This observation, which has been so often made with regard to our few and small quadrupeds, is repeated by our author with regard to the larger animals that haunt the forests and glades of Ceylon. The natives assert that the dead body of a monkey is never found in the forest, and they say, "he who has seen a white crow, the nest of a paddy bird, a straight coco-nut

tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live for ever." The Indians of the continent and the people at Gibraltar have the same piece of folk lore about dead monkeys.

With the elephants in Ceylon the same is to be observed: the Singhalese assert that the dead body of one is seldom or never to be discovered in the woods; and English and Singhalese who have frequented the forest agree in declaring that they have never found the remains of an elephant that had died a natural death.* The natives account for this by declaring that the herd bury the bodies of their dead companions; and there seems some evidence that when dead bodies have been left in a corral, they are removed in a way which would appear to be attributable to no other agency than that of the herd entering the enclosure after it has been left by the hunters. The Singhalese have further the belief—a beautiful notion if nothing more, of which our author finds evidence in the story of Sinbad the Sailor—that there is some spot to which the elephants come to die. The spot, however, is so mysteriously concealed that no one has ever penetrated to it; one of the natives seems to have asserted it to be far away in the north, near the ruined city of Anarajapoora, another amongst the mountains to the east of Adam's Peak: in fact, nobody but Sinbad seems ever to have been there.

We have all heard the saying about nobody's ever having seen a dead donkey, and the witty reason that is given for it—because they live so long; but we never expected to see such a reason gravely adduced in such a book as that before us. But our author, after having spoken of the age to which elephants are supposed to live, goes on to say, "it is perhaps from this popular belief of their almost illimitable age that the natives generally assert that the body of a dead elephant is seldom or never to be discovered in the woods."† This is too bad. The natives, as we have seen, give two very sufficient reasons for their belief; and why in the world should they have foisted upon them such an Irish reason which they themselves never hint at? and this, too, when no one even suggests that the Singhalese are emigrants from Miletus.

Snake-charming has been apparently, ever since scriptural times, one of the peculiarities and one of the mysteries of the East. If there be any magical influence by which it is accomplished, it is perhaps only to be attained by the solemn and mystical nature of the oriental; but there is reason to believe that it merely consists, as our author supposes, in taking skilful advantage of the timidity of the snake.

When he tells us, moreover, that the poisonous cobra di

* Vol. ii. p. 398. † Ibid.

capello may be rendered so tame as to be used as watch-dogs are in this country, to protect property, without danger to its owner, we may almost infer that a process of taming may be all that is necessary for the purpose of the supposed charmer. Doubtless many of our readers remember the Arab snake-charmer, whose feats at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park attracted some notice a few years ago; these, which were somewhat disappointing from their monotony and the calm grace with which they were performed (giving more the idea of a piece of elaborate clock-work than of the motions of living figures), seemed much like the result of mere taming; but perhaps this was scarcely a fair specimen of the art.

The danger to be apprehended from snakes does not seem to be great in Ceylon; as Sir Emerson Tennent considers that there are but few poisonous reptiles in the country, and that even these are so fearful of man that by warning them of your approach, as the natives do, by means of a slight noise, the probability of receiving a wound from one of them is very small. Even this event, however, is not considered fatal by the Singhalese, who carry about their persons a "snake-stone," as it is called, to whose efficacy our author bears witness; though neither he nor Professor Faraday, to whose experiments he submitted it, can explain the way in which it is rendered so porous as instantly to absorb the infected blood, and thus draw it from the wound. It is said that the secret of the manufacture of these snake-stones is possessed by the monks of Manilla, whence they are imported to India. The substance of which they are made is light, black, and porous, and resembles charred bone.

The great heat of Ceylon has enabled Sir Emerson Tennent to observe and contribute many facts which show that in tropical countries the sun burns frore, and that great heat produces both on animal and vegetable life similar effects to great cold. English fruit-trees have been introduced into Ceylon, but with a result which illustrates forcibly the need to the plants of our climate of the profound and deathlike repose of our winter; for the peaches, cherries, and other European fruit-trees, which grow freely in certain parts of the island, not only become evergreens, but, wanting the winter and exhausted by a perpetual summer, they refuse to ripen their fruit;* the trees have, as our gardeners would say, no time to rest. In the case of the vine, however, this rest has been successfully supplied by Mr. Dyke, the government agent at Jaffna, by baring the roots and exposing them to the sun about the time of pruning in July. This exposure to the heat produced the beneficial effect of the cold of a European winter; it arrested the circulation of the sap, gave the

* Vol. i. p. 89.

vines the needful rest, and the grapes, which before dropped almost unformed, are now brought to thorough maturity.*

So, again, with regard to the animals of Ceylon, many of them exhibit the phenomenon known to naturalists as æstivation, being the torpor of summer as hybernation is the torpor of winter; and, as our author has shown, strikingly confirm the opinion of Dr. John Hunter, that hybernation is not an immediate consequence of cold, but is attributable to that want of food and other essentials caused by cold, and against which nature makes a provision by the suspension of her functions, and thus of the need for these otherwise essential conditions of life. The crocodiles of the Mississippi are imprisoned by frost; those of Ceylon and South America by force of the heat betake themselves to the clay beneath the subsiding waters, and there pass their time, no doubt in torpid sleep, till the rains return and arouse them to activity. The English snail retires from the winter's cold into the earth or hollows; the snails of Ceylon cover themselves in and retire to inactivity during the summer. The fish of northern regions are capable of being frozen and of again returning to life; and similarly, the fishes of Ceylon are able to bury themselves in the indurated mud, and revive to life when the rains of the monsoons again fill the tanks and pools with water. The capacity of several fish thus to bury themselves during periods of drought is well known to naturalists; but the confirmatory facts which our author has collected are both curious and valuable. In the portions of the country where small tanks are numerous, the fish are so abundant as to induce the natives to fish by the strange method of digging in the mud, "non cum hamis sed cum dolabra ire piscatum;" and Sir Emerson Tennent has figured in the present work an *anabas* which he procured through the agency of the Modliar of Matura, and which was taken, along with several others, from the depth of a foot and a half in the mud of a tank from which the water had dried up.

Whether this capacity of certain fish to bury themselves and maintain a suspended vitality is sufficient to account for the fact of the reappearance in the tanks of full-grown fish a few days after the rains set in, or whether we must look for some other or additional explanation, seems open to question. Whatever be the cause or causes, the fact seems beyond doubt that the great reservoirs and tanks of the island are twice in every year liable to be dried up, till the mud at the bottom is turned into dust, and the clay cleft into gaping apertures; yet that within a very few days after the change in the monsoon, the waters are again peopled with full-grown fishes, and the na-

* Vol. i. p. 89; ii. p. 539.

tives are busily at work catching them in their funnel-shaped baskets.

The book before us often suggests the reflection, that if enlarged travel and the researches of modern science make us reject many of the tales that once found acceptance, they have, in other directions, enlarged our powers of credence; so that now we unhesitatingly take as facts many things which a few generations back would have held merely as travellers' tales, told only to enhance the interest of their narratives, or to magnify their own experiences in the eyes of stay-at-home readers. The pretty little lizards that climb about the walls of Ceylon houses, which, if seized, have the power of retreating safely home, only, like the sheep of the nursery rhyme, "leaving their tails behind them," and gradually producing a duplicate of the captured member; the musical fish (if fish they be) that make soft melody like a mermaid's singing, when the moon is at the full, in Batticaloa Bay; those that migrate over land in flocks in search of water, or stranger still, those that have been known to fall from the sky in showers; the skilful weaver-bird, which supplies his singular nest with night-lights in the shape of fire-flies jammed up against his walls in mud sconces,—these, and numerous other wonders, savour so much of the marvellous that in former times they would hardly have gained credence.

In these pages we have only considered Sir Emerson Tennent's work so far as it relates to the natural history of the interesting island with which, fortunately for literature and science, he was placed in official connection. But this valuable work is not less interesting in the other departments which it embraces; and we cordially recommend it to all who are anxious or willing to learn something more than is generally known of the past history and present condition of the far-famed Taprobane.

Art. VII.—FRENCH FICTION: THE LOWEST DEEP.

Les Mystères de Paris; Atar-Gul. Par Eugène Sue.

La Dame aux Camélias; Le Demi-Monde, un drame; Le Roman d'une Femme. Par Alex. Dumas, fils.

Monte-Christo. Par Alex. Dumas, père.

Fanny, une étude. Par Ernest Feydeau.

Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle. Par Alfred de Musset.

Elle et Lui, par George Sand. *Lui et Elle,* par Paul de Musset. *Lui,* par Mme. Louise Collet.

It is hard to say whether the current politics or the current literature of France conveys the more vivid impression of utter and profound demoralisation;—the willing servitude, the craven fear, the thirsty materialism, the absence of all liberal sentiment or noble aspiration, indicated by the one,—the abandonment of all self-control or self-respect, the surrender of all manliness, dignity, or reticence, the hunger after the most diseased, unholy, and extravagant excitement,—or the intense and unrebuked selfishness, the passionate and slavish worship of wealth and power, which is the basis and the soul of both alike. Of course there are exceptions in literature as in life. But we speak of the prevalent, the almost universal tone; we speak of the acting, voting, deciding, characterising mass in the one case, and of the books of the widest circulation, and the writers of the most popular repute and the most signal success, in the other. In politics there still exist a few men—fewer, alas, each day, as their numbers are thinned by death or by despair—the salt of the earth, but far too scanty to give it savour, the five righteous men, but not enough to save the city,—who mourn over their degradation and resent their shame, who, "rowing hard against the stream," strive manfully, and strive to the last, to warn their countrymen and to purify and rouse their country. But the *national life,* the political aspect of France, is undeniably what we have described it: the vast majority of the people in nearly every class, lost to all sense of personal dignity or public justice, is devoted to the pursuit of wealth and luxury, and ready to acquiesce in any *régime* and to worship any ruler that fosters this pursuit; and questions or kicks against despotism only when, in a momentary aberration of far-sightedness, it touches their immediate purse;—while even the constitutionalists, as

they term themselves—the liberal *frondeurs*—are far more angry at us for fraternising with their despot than with themselves for tolerating and enthroning him, and hate him almost more bitterly for the unintentional aid he has rendered to Italian liberties than for his cynical, perfidious, and sanguinary extinction of their own. So in literature—especially in that branch of it in which alone there is or can be much activity at present, and with which we are now more immediately concerned, the literature of fiction—there are still a few writers who vainly offer to their countrymen from time to time a repast refined in tone and irreproachable in taste and morals;—but the public appetite has been too long and too deeply vitiated to appreciate what is natural and pure, and turns away with a contempt which is almost loathing from dishes unseasoned by the voluptuous, the morbid, or the monstrous. From time to time noble and sound criticism appears in the more respectable reviews and journals, but it is powerless to alter the demand or to arrest the supply of the article the public asks for; the novels which are for the most part popular—the only ones that are run after, the only ones that *pay*, either in fame or money—are exclusively those which pander to the worst passions and the worst taste; till, without exaggeration, it is as rare to find a successful French novel that is not scandalous as an English one that is.

French fiction, always more or less diseased and indecorous, has in recent years passed through several distinct phases of disease, and may now almost be said to have left simple indecorum far behind. Had it continued to exhibit merely its normal features of ordinary license and voluptuousness, there would have been little temptation to approach the subject, and every motive to avoid it. That phase of it has been often enough animadverted upon in English publications; no pleasure could be derived from its contemplation, and no new lessons could be drawn from its analysis. But since we first began to be acquainted with it, a change, or rather a succession of changes, has come over it, so strange, so repellent, and in some respects so appalling, that some instruction, at least in the way of warning, may be hoped for from studying it in a right spirit; and it presents too marked and too extraordinary a psychological phenomenon to be ignored by any who desire to understand or penetrate the true aspect of their age. No such field was ever offered to the students of moral pathology before.

But in proceeding to treat of it, we are met on the threshold by an inherent and insuperable difficulty. Christian writers who endeavour to depict the moral renovation which

the religion of their great Master wrought in the world, and to deduce thence proofs of its excellence and its divinity, complain that they labour under this disadvantage; that it is impossible for them to paint in true colours and to describe in plain language the horrible demoralisation which Christianity cured and purged away, simply because no modern society would tolerate the delineation. They cannot give an adequate conception of the contrast, because they are compelled, out of very decency and mercy, to soften down the darker and more hideous features of the decaying times of Rome, Byzantium, or Alexandria. They cannot make us understand what Christianity *did*, because they dare not tell us nakedly what Paganism *was*. Something of the same embarrassment besets us in dealing with our present subject. We shall have to speak of French fiction without being able to show thoroughly what it is. We shall have to analyse its elements and its sources without being able adequately to exemplify or prove the correctness of our diagnosis by the most flagrant and conclusive specimens. We shall have to use the strongest language and to pronounce the most unmeasured condemnation, while we are precluded by the very nature of the case from justifying the sentence by adducing and detailing before our readers the most heinous of the offences which have called it forth.

There is yet another difficulty. The fact which forms the basis of nearly all the tales and romances on which we shall have to animadvert, is the habitual prevalence in France of those lawless loves, and, worse still, those *liaisons* where no love is, which English fiction is forbidden to describe and almost to allude to. Of course we are too well aware that such things are far from being unknown among ourselves, but at least they have no *recognised* existence: wisely or unwisely, they are decently ignored both in general society and in literature designed for general reading; the novelist may not work them up as part of his ordinary stock in trade; the critic, even if he have an æsthetic or an ethical aim in view, must speak of them only in veiled language and with much periphrasis. In England they are not regarded as legitimate materials for the excitement of interest or the development of character: if the writer of fiction uses them at all, he is obliged to use them with the utmost reticence and moderation; whereas the French romancer never dreams of dispensing with them, and often relies on little else for the construction of his plot or the fascination of his tale. With us all such violations of the moral and the social law meet with the severest and most unqualified condemnation: —long may it continue so, provided only the condemnation be sincere, consistent, and free from all taint of unholy or malig-

nant pharisaism! Among our neighbours a far more lax and lenient view is taken of such transgressions; they are classed among the common and nearly unavoidable frailties of a nature never perfect and seldom strong; in ordinary life and ordinary fiction they call forth only gentle blame, faint regret, and no surprise. This being the case, we must to a certain extent accept, or at least recognise, the point of view of the writers and readers of the society of which we speak; that is to say, without for one moment admitting that their estimate of illicit passion is a just one, we must allow that it *is* the usual and accepted one among them, before we proceed to draw warning and instruction from observing to what lengths this fatal license has conducted the light literature of their country. We have only, as a preliminary, to clear our path by asking our readers to understand, once for all, that, as the normal prevalence of the errors, or vices, or frailties in question (however we may choose to designate them), is assumed by all the literature we are about to estimate, it must be assumed likewise by ourselves.

The inspiration of French fiction,—the source from which flow half its deformities, its vile morality and its vitiated taste, is the *craving for excitement* that has so long been characteristic of the nation. It is not difficult to see how this craving has been stimulated and nourished till it has grown into a passion that will take no denial and knows no satiety. Two generations of ceaseless revolution, of dazzling conquests and bewildering defeats, of alternations of wild frenzy and prostrate depression, of vicissitudes as strange, as rapid, as extreme as any to be witnessed at the gaming-table, have goaded what was always a desire into an imperious necessity. The present race of Frenchmen, and their fathers even more, were born and bred amid scenes and deeds which made the battle of life a confused and desperate *mêlée*, the race of life a feverish scurry, the banquet of life a dish of mere spice, alcohol, and pepper. Glance back for a moment over the first magnificent convulsion of 1789. Call to mind all the stirring and disturbing thoughts of emancipation and of progress which the writers of that day had been diligently instilling into the popular brain, till half a century of new ideas acting on five centuries of old oppressions wrought a fermentation which found issue and utterance in such an overthrow of established notions and established things as the world had never witnessed since its birth. Grand and generous dreams of indefinite improvement; fierce and selfish longings for satisfying vengeance; the prospect of a new era; the fancy of a heaven realised on earth; that universal liberation from all bonds, and almost from all obedience, that

sweeping disbelief or doubt as to every settled axiom of religion, of morals, and of law, which is so unhinging even to trained and philosophic minds, and which was then diffused over all the uneducated intelligence and turbulent sensibility of France; the sudden overthrow, nay the actual disappearance, in little more than a year of the aristocracy, the monarchy, the Church,—of all, in a word, that men had been accustomed to reverence or fear; the king and the noble cast down, the serf and the valet lifted up; the first last, and the last first. Amid excitements so tremendous as these, what simple or quiet tastes could grow up or survive? After stimulants like these, how could the relish for a pure milk-diet be recovered? Then followed reaction and disenchantment as extreme as the wild hopes which they replaced,—the guillotine, the prison massacres, the Reign of Terror; and to the excitement of passionate aspirations succeeded the more absorbing and degrading excitement of a deadly fear. No one who has not studied that terrible period in detail can form an idea of the depth to which its influence penetrated into the national life. Simultaneously with this phase, but prolonged beyond it, came the marvellous victories of the half-clad, half-disciplined troops, poured forth to the frontiers by the Convention and the Directory; followed by the early and brilliant conquests of the young Napoleon, when every post brought tidings of some new achievement; and terminated by the *coup-de-main* which made him supreme ruler of an exhausted and admiring nation. For a while there was comparative quiet, as the work of reconstruction succeeded that of abolition. But, as if ten years of such convulsions had not sufficed to demoralise the nation, they were to be continued and crowned by fourteen years of another sort of feverish excitement, different, indeed, but almost more disturbing. In this point of view, as in most others, the reign of Napoleon was an irreparable mischief to his country. His triumphal march over Europe—so rapid, so resistless, and so sure, that every month seemed barren, dull, and idle that did not inaugurate a new victory and annex a new realm—made all sober careers stupid and monotonous. Years spent in feverish expectation and in frantic jubilee demoralise the rest of life. The Russian campaign, the European coalition, the desperate struggle of 1813, the abdication, the almost fabulous recovery, the final catastrophe of Waterloo and St. Helena, kept up and enhanced the mad excitement. Henceforward tame and ordinary existence became unendurable to Frenchmen, except during brief moments of absolute exhaustion; and the revolution of 1830, the republic of 1848, the terrible days of June, the *coup-d'état*, and the second empire,

seemed natural and normal occurrences in such a history—the inevitable sequels of such a turbulent and stormy past.

Infancy, youth, and manhood spent among scenes like these leave indelible traces on a people's life. The whole soil of the national character is stamped and interpenetrated by the overmastering influences; and it may be said, in a far nobler sense than that originally intended by the poet, that

> "Where such fairies once have danced,
> No grass will ever grow."

The operation on literature is twofold: in the first place, readers find any less stirring incidents or less violent emotions feeble, tame, and unexciting; and, in the second place, writers find in the familiar realities of their annals, in the thrilling crises and the terrible catastrophes from which the country has but just emerged, and in the thousand individual histories and adventures mixed up with them, a quarry of materials for romance with which, for richness and effectiveness, no mere fiction can compare, and which the most bold and fertile invention would find it difficult to match. The same circumstances enable the authors to supply without stint or measure what they have educated the audience imperiously to require. Accordingly this teeming mine has been assiduously worked by the novelists of France; and the national craving for stimulants has thus been fed and fostered without being quenched or cured—for that sort of thirst is never slaked. The time came when even stories seasoned with all the quick convulsions and lurid horrors of the revolution and the Reign of Terror began to pall. The demand remained. Something fresh and something stronger must be contrived to meet it. The unhealthy appetite—ravenous because unhealthy—became clamorous for more; like the voluptuous despot, it offered a reward for a new sensation, a new pleasure, a new dish; and, as in that case, since the genuine and the natural was exhausted, the monstrous and the impure must be resorted to.

The first mine worked was, as might be expected, the *licentious*. Voluptuous pictures of illicit love, in all its phases and in all its stages of progress, constantly approaching the limits of decency and often overstepping them, offered at once the most natural and the most vulgar source of excitement for the jaded appetite and the perverted taste. Every one could understand them; every one could take an interest in them. Descriptions of a sin—the sin being forbidden by good morals, and the description of it being forbidden by good society—presented all the attractions of a double lawlessness, in addition to their native charm. But these were so easy and became so

common, the ordinary forms of them were so soon exhausted and so certainly and rapidly palled by repetition, and the boundaries of the permissible were so soon reached, that success could only be achieved by something that was extraordinary and therefore bordered on the unnatural, by something that was unpermissible and therefore degenerated into the atrocious and revolting. Each writer had to surpass his predecessor,—to say something still more shocking, to conceive something still more shameful, to push daring a few steps further, to raise the drapery of delicacy and decorum a few inches higher, to uncover the nakedness of poor humanity a little more completely and a little more offensively. The consequences may easily be fancied; in a race of this sort there is no absolute goal, or rather the goal is perpetually receding; but the rival candidates run very fast and very far.

Nearly all the French novelists of the present generation have been habitually and flagrantly guilty in this respect; but perhaps the most distinctive example of this phase of mental and moral unhealthiness may be seen in the earlier tales of George Sand, who is the type, if not the chief, of sinners. No writer, so capable of painting the sentiment, has stained her pages so deeply with pictures of the appetite, of love. With a style which for poetry and beauty, and affluence in all the brightest colouring of nature, has had no equal since Rousseau, she has dedicated it to the production of scenes which Rousseau would have despised as an artist and shrunk from as a moralist. For a brief space she seemed about to emerge from the mire, and to be pruning and cleaning her wings for higher flights and for a purer air; and *Consuelo* and *La Petite Fadette* were the result of this excursion into good; but she has relapsed again, and *Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Léone Léoni*, still remain as the most native productions of her genius, and the best specimens of the literary vice we are describing. Of course we can give no quotations, nor should we have dwelt upon the subject at all except as the first step towards the frightful degree of disease which French fiction has now reached.

After a while, however, this species of stimulant began to pall, and a new spice was introduced. The melodramatic and the horrible was superadded to the voluptuous. But the *merely* horrible would have been trite and powerless. Murders, suicides, torture-chambers, and scaffolds, were exhausted and dried up as sources of excitement, unless some fresh element could be infused, or some change rung upon the wearied chord. This was found in the *prolongation* of the horror,—in the indefinite tension of the strained nerve. Pain, terror, anguish, struggle,

—commonplace and endurable when lasting only a few moments — began to *tell* when continued through whole pages, and spun out through frightful and breathless hours. The author in whose writings this peculiar type of excitement most frequently recurs is Victor Hugo. He has worked this mine through its every vein with unrelenting industry. In *Bug-Jargal* he gives us a scene wherein the hero, a captive and disarmed, is left at the edge of a fearful chasm with his mortal enemy, a deformed and malignant negro dwarf, who is preparing to slay him; but before doing so, reviles and taunts him through a whole chapter. After a rescue and relapse, they are again alone: the dwarf rushes upon his victim, D'Auverney, with a poniard; D'Auverney slips aside, and the dwarf falls into the abyss. To have ended matters here, however, would have been a waste of valuable materials. Accordingly the author proceeds:

"I told you that a root of the old tree projected from a crevice in the granite rock, just above the margin of the chasm. The dwarf encountered this in his fall; his tunic caught in the root, and seizing hold of this last support, he clung to it with extraordinary energy. His pointed cap fell off his head; he let go his poniard, which was lost in the depths of the abyss. Suspended thus over the horrible gulf, Habibrah made convulsive efforts to regain the platform; but his short arms were unable to reach the edge of the escarpment, and his nails were torn in his impotent exertions to lay hold on the slippery surface of the overhanging rock. He howled with rage.

The least shake on my part would have sufficed to have precipitated him into the roaring chasm; but the idea of such a cowardly act never crossed my mind. This moderation seemed to strike him. I thanked Heaven for my unhoped-for deliverance, and prepared to abandon him to the fate he so richly merited, when I heard his voice, wretched and imploring, calling to me from the gulf.

'Master, master!' he said, 'for pity's sake don't go! In the name of the good God, don't leave a guilty and impenitent wretch whom you can save to die this miserable death! Alas, my strength is failing, the branch slips and yields under my hands; my weight is dragging me down; in an instant I shall lose my grasp, and the horrible abyss is raging beneath me. Have you no mercy on your poor dwarf? Won't you prove to him that white men are better than black, and masters more generous than slaves?'

I was moved, and returned to the edge of the precipice: the dim light, as I looked down, showed me the hideous face of the negro, with an expression of entreaty and agonised distress which I had never seen there before.

'Senor Leopold,' he continued, encouraged by the pity which I could not altogether hide, 'is it possible that a man can see a fellow-creature in this frightful situation and not help him? Master! stretch me out a hand—so little will save me; and what is nothing to you is every

thing to me. Drag me up, for pity's sake, and my gratitude shall be equal to my crimes.'

'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'recall not the recollection of them, I warn you.'

'If I do, it is only to detest them. Oh, be more generous than I was! O Heaven, I am failing! I am going! Give me your hand—your hand, in the name of the mother who bore you.'

I cannot describe how lamentable and *déchirante* was this cry of terror and of suffering. I forgot all that had passed, and saw in him no longer an enemy, a traitor, an assassin, but only a wretch whom a slight exertion of mine could rescue from a dreadful death. He begged so piteously, and reproach would have been so idle! I bent down, and kneeling on the edge of the chasm, with one arm round the tree of which the root half sustained the miserable Habîbrah, I stretched down to him the other. He seized it with prodigious strength in both of his; but, far from using it to endeavour to ascend, I felt that he was seeking to drag me with him into the gulf; and but for the support of the tree to which I was clinging, I should have been infallibly overpowered by the sudden and violent pull which the wretch gave me.

'Villain!' I exclaimed, 'what are you about?'

'I am avenging myself,' he replied with an infernal burst of laughter. 'Imbecile animal! I have you fast: you have given yourself to me. I was lost; you were saved:—you have been ass enough to venture voluntarily into the jaws of the alligator, because it groaned after having roared. I am comforted now, since my death even is a vengeance. You have fallen into the snare, and now I shall have a human companion among the fishes of the lake.'

'Traitor!' I answered, stretching myself back; 'is it thus you reward me for endeavouring to save your life?'

'Yes,' he answered; 'I know I might have saved myself by your aid, but I prefer that you should die with me. I like your death better than my life. Come!'

With this explanation his two hard bronzed hands fastened upon mine with a tremendous grasp; his eyes flared; his mouth foamed; his strength, whose loss a moment ago he had so piteously deplored, returned to him, augmented by the fury of revenge; he set his feet like two levers against the side of the rock, and bounded about like a tiger on the root which still supported him, and which he endeavoured to break, that his weight might the more surely drag me down with him into the abyss, laughing all the time with the frantic laugh of a demoniac. One of my knees was fortunately fast in a crevice of the rock; my arm was in a manner fixed to the tree round which I clung; and I struggled against the efforts of the dwarf with all the despairing energy of self-preservation. From time to time, as I could collect breath, I called loudly on Bug-Jargal; but the noise of the waterfall left me little expectation of being heard.

Meanwhile the dwarf, who had not anticipated so much resistance, redoubled his efforts, and wore me out with a series of furious tugs. I began to lose my strength; my arm was almost paralysed with cramp,

my sight began to fail; livid lights danced before my eyes; my ears tingled with strange sounds; I heard the root cracking before it finally gave way, and the monster laughing and howling immediately below me. In a last effort of despair I called 'Bug-Jargal!' once more, and was answered by the barking of a dog. I turned my eyes: Bug-Jargal and his faithful animal were at the entrance of the subterranean passage. He saw my danger at a glance. 'Hold for a moment more,' he cried. Habibrah, maddened by my prospect of salvation, and foaming with rage, called out, 'Come! I say, come!' and collected for a last pull his preternatural vigour. My wearied arm lost its hold of the tree; one moment more and I was gone, when I was seized from behind by Rask. His timely aid saved me. Habibrah, exhausted by his final effort, let go my hand, the root on which he leaned broke beneath his weight; and as Rask drew me violently back, the wretched dwarf, screaming out a parting curse, fell back into the horrible abyss.

This was the end of my uncle's jester."

A similar scene is depicted with even greater power in *Notre Dame de Paris*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Victor Hugo. A beautiful gipsy-girl, Esmeralda,—loved reverentially by Quasimodo, a deformed, deaf, one-eyed dwarf, loved sensually by the priest of Notre Dame, whose attempts she had repulsed,—is being hung in the Place de la Grève, having been betrayed to death by the humiliated and vindictive priest. Quasimodo and the priest are kneeling on the highest balustrade of the tower of the cathedral, watching the dying convulsions of the wretched girl,—the one with agonised sympathy, the other with diabolical joy.

"At the moment when the struggles of the dying girl were the most horrible, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as a man cannot utter till he has put off humanity—burst forth on the livid countenance of the priest. Quasimodo could not *hear* the laugh, but he saw it. He stepped back a pace or two behind him, and then rushing furiously upon him, hurled the wretched archdeacon over the edge of the balustrade.

The priest exclaimed, 'Damnation!' and fell. The stone gutter, over which he had been kneeling, arrested him in his fall. He clung to it with a despairing grasp, and was about to utter a second cry, when he looked up and saw above him the vengeful face of Quasimodo. Then he became silent.

The abyss was below him—a fall of two hundred feet, and then the pavement. In this horrible position, the archdeacon spoke not a word, uttered not a groan. He only twisted himself on the gutter in frantic efforts to climb up again; but his hands had no hold on the smooth granite, and his feet only scraped the wall without helping him. Those who have mounted the towers of Notre Dame may remember a stone projection immediately under the balustrade. It was on this projection that the miserable priest exhausted all his strength in endeavouring to gain a footing, but in vain.

Quasimodo might have rescued him from his impending fate by simply stretching out his hand; but he did not even look at him. He saw nothing but the Place de la Grève, the gibbet, and the gipsy-girl. He leaned against the precise stone of the balustrade where the priest had kneeled a moment before; and there gazing mute and motionless on the only object the world contained for him, he stood like a man struck by lightning, while tears flowed silently and fast from his single eye.

The archdeacon panted for breath. His bald forehead streamed with perspiration; his nails were torn by the stone; his knees were excoriated by the rough wall. He heard his surplice, which had caught upon the gutter, crack and tear at each fresh struggle. To complete the horror of his situation, the gutter ended in a leaden pipe, which already began to bend under his weight. The archdeacon felt it slowly sinking under him. The miserable man said to himself that, when his hands should be paralysed with fatigue, when his surplice should be quite torn, when the lead should have altogether given way, he *must* fall, and indescribable terror seized upon his soul. From time to time he looked down upon a small platform about ten feet below him, formed by some broken stones and sculptured figures, and besought Heaven in his agony to let him pass his whole life on this space of two feet square, rather than die this fearful death. Once he looked down on to the pavement of the *Place*, far far beneath; and when he raised his head his hair was standing on end with horror.

The silence of these two men was something terrible. While the priest was struggling in this frightful fashion, a few feet above him Quasimodo gazed at the scaffold and wept.

The archdeacon at last, seeing that all his struggles only served to shake the frail support to which he clung, lay perfectly still. He was there, holding by the gutter, scarcely breathing, never moving, giving no other sign of life than the convulsive twitchings of the dreamer who dreams that he is falling. His eyes were wide open, fixed, and seemed starting out of his head. Little by little he lost ground, his fingers slipped along the gutter, the lead gradually bent further and further, and he became increasingly conscious of the weight of his body and the weakness of his arms. He looked one by one at the impassive figures sculptured on the tower, like him suspended over the abyss, but without pity for him or terror for themselves. Every thing was stone around; before his eyes grotesque and monstrous heads, far below him at the bottom the pavement of the square, just above him Quasimodo weeping.

In the *Place* below were some groups of curious observers, who were quietly watching the struggles of the priest, and trying to guess who was the madman that amused himself with such strange and perilous antics. The priest heard their comments as their faint clear voices reached him in the still air, saying, 'But he will break his neck.'

Quasimodo wept.

At last the wretched man, foaming with rage and terror, perceived

that all was of no avail. He collected all his remaining strength for one despairing effort. He stiffened his limbs upon the gutter, pushed against the wall frantically with his knees, fastened his hand to a cleft in the stone, and succeeded in raising himself a few inches. But the commotion caused a sudden bend in the leaden pipe, his surplice was rent in twain, and feeling every thing give way beneath him, he shut his eyes, let go his hold, and fell.

Quasimodo watched him falling. A fall from such a height is seldom perpendicular. The archdeacon launched into the air, fell at first with head downward and arms extended, then he turned round twice or thrice and fell on the roof of a building, where he was partially crushed and broken. But he was not dead when he struck; Quasimodo saw him endeavour to cling to the tiles, but the incline was too steep, and he had no strength left. He slipped down the roof, and fell with a rebound upon the pavement, where he moved no more.

Quasimodo then raised his eye to look once more upon the girl, whose limbs hanging from the gibbet he could see still quivering under her white dress in the last agonies of death; then he looked down on the archdeacon stretched at the foot of the tower, crushed out of the very semblance of humanity, and exclaimed with a sob which shook his whole frame, 'Alas, all I ever loved!'"

But perhaps the greatest achievement in this line is to be found in *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, by the same author. This is a whole volume supposed to be written by a convict the day before his execution, describing in the minutest detail the sensations, anticipations, reflections, terrors, and agonies of each successive hour as it brings him nearer to his doom. For a *shocking* display of perverted genius and power we know nothing like it; but quotations are of course impossible. There is something revolting as well as preposterous in the conception of a man on the eve of a violent and certain death thus watching, anatomising, and recording his own awful emotions.

Nearly every observer has been struck with the hold which the desire and the pursuit of wealth and material prosperity seem to have taken of the French nation. Formerly other passions predominated over the thirst for riches. Glory, honour, enterprise, intellectual distinction, were more than gold. The man who sought to be wealthy, and who became so, used to be held in low esteem in comparison with him who sought to be great or famous, and attained his end. Now all this is changed. The taste for luxury has become a passion. The millionaire has become the national idol. The avaricious appetite seems to have taken possession of the whole people. Dreams of unexpected, sudden, fabulous wealth appear to be universally indulged in. Many causes have contributed to this. Re-

volutions, rapid and incalculable turns of the wheel of political fortune, have left scarcely any power stable and enduring except that of money. Millions gained in a few months by contractors, stock-jobbers, and railway speculators have gone far to demoralise the nation. Every one sees that the men who have thus vaulted into affluence are not specially clever or specially industrious; and every one fancies there is no reason why he may not do as well as they. Then the prevalent irreligion of most classes except the poor, has taught all to look for their paradise on earth, and to frame it out of the most earthly elements,—out of luxury, which wealth could furnish, —out of love, such as wealth could also buy. Those who could not revel in the wealth itself, could at least revel in the description of it. Those who failed of the reality could find some compensation, some delusive enjoyment, in the vivid picture and the transient dream. Thus arose the demand for romances of which the central figure is some hero possessed of countless and inexhaustible millions, and of which every page gives evidence of an invention and imagination actually on the rack to produce conceptions of the most *recherché* and unheard-of luxury. The writers were as eager to supply as the public to demand this gorgeous, intoxicating, and unwholesome pabulum. For their passion for gold, and all that gold can purchase, had been goaded and inflamed almost into frenzy by their peculiar position. Usually poor, yet in virtue of their education in close contact daily with the rich; living a life of toil and privation, yet in virtue of their brevet rank as men of talent, enjoying, on a footing of nominal equality, the hospitality of the luxurious millionaire; surrounded with every species of appetising pleasure, which they see others plunged in and gloating over, but which they are too penniless to share; spending their evenings in brilliant theatres or magnificent saloons, amid every kind of beauty and indulgence that can delight or irritate the senses, and retiring from all this at night to their squalid garret, their homeless hearth, and their empty soul,—who can wonder that their fancy should run riot in meretricious pictures of material splendours and material joys? and when once embarked in this career, millions are as easy to create as thousands, and far more exciting. Here we have the original of that class of French novels of which *Monte-Christo* is type and crown—a work which has driven thousands half wild with envy and impotent desire.

The plot of *Monte-Christo* is as follows:—A meritorious young sailor, captain of a merchant-vessel belonging to Marseilles, is denounced as a Buonapartist agent by two enemies, one of whom desires his post and the other covets his mistress.

He is arrested on his marriage-day and imprisoned in the Château d'If, an island off the south coast of France. Here he remains for fourteen years, in the course of which he manages, by means of a subterranean passage which he excavates, to establish a communication with an old and very learned Italian abbé, who teaches him much science and many languages, and ends with disclosing to him the secret of a vast treasure which he believes to be hidden in the island of Monte-Christo, a desert rock near the Tuscan shore. The abbé dies, and the young sailor conceals himself in his shroud, and contrives to be thrown into the sea instead of his deceased friend. He cuts open the shroud; escapes by swimming; goes to Monte-Christo; discovers and disinters the treasure (which consists of countless millions in gold and precious jewels); and after a few years reappears in the world as Count of Monte-Christo and the possessor of fabulous wealth, to commence his work of rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies,—both of which purposes he carries out by means of the most complicated plots, mysterious appearances, and melodramatic *coups de théâtre*, in the worst taste and of the most extravagant conception. Wherever he appears, he lives in the most astounding and elaborate luxury, and behaves with the most ostentatious generosity; but the generosity rather of a *parvenu* than a prince. His mansions are furnished with unimaginable splendour; his yacht is a miracle of gorgeous and elegant contrivances; he presents wonderful diamonds to wretched innkeepers who have served him, and bestows unrivalled emeralds on the Sultan and the Pope to purchase the freedom of a beautiful Greek and the life of a Roman bandit. He is served by black and silent servants; wherever he goes unexpected allies and *protégés* start up beneath his feet to do his bidding; he is in secret communication with all the potentates of the earth; he makes appointments to the minute months beforehand and thousands of miles distant, keeps them at the last stroke of the clock, and apologises for being two seconds late. In short, the whole story reads like the *Arabian Nights* adapted to Paris life in the reign of Louis Philippe. The taste of the whole is shocking; but it cannot be denied that the pictures are gorgeous, and thoroughly oriental both in their magnificence and their monstrosity: nor can we wonder that the work attained an extraordinary popularity among a people thirsting for material luxury and enjoyment—"the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

The next morbid phase into which the insatiable passion for excitement plunged the novelists of France is that of which

the works of Eugène Sue, especially *Atar-Gul* and *Les Mystères de Paris*, offer the most perfect type. It may be called "the *criminal-monstrosity* phase," or the phase of moral horrors and abominations. Its peculiar feature is a combination of the morally detestable with the psychologically impossible. The imagination is strained, spurred, and as it were stimulated by intoxicating drinks, to conceive every variety and abyss of crime; to paint the worst dens of infamy and sanguinary brutality which the cellars and catacombs of Paris can supply, to depict the daily life and the habitual sentiments, desires, and language of the hideous wretches who inhabit them; and then to place in the midst of these obscene haunts and these abandoned desperadoes some maiden of angelic loveliness and purity, who walks unharmed among the squalid and ruffianly vice around her. Where the story does not lend itself to this unnatural conception, the needed contrast is found in some other fashion. *Atar-Gul* is the story of a domestic negro in one of the West-Indian colonies of France, who is possessed through life by the most diabolic spirit of cruelty and revenge; who, having his master's full confidence and regard, continues to be considered by every one as a perfect specimen and treasure of devotion and gratitude, yet pursues for years a deliberate plan for the destruction of his master's family and the infliction of every species of suffering he can devise; and finally, when his master is paralytic and unable either to defend himself or denounce his enemy, tortures his last hours by explaining to him the various schemes by which he had made his life miserable, and gloats over the impotent horror and indignation of the man who had so long loved and trusted him, and whom at last he thus barbarously undeceives. The *finale* and crowning stroke of the conception is the awarding to this finished and utterly unredeemed ruffian of the Monthyon prize for preëminent virtue, by men who had witnessed his apparent devotion, but were unacquainted with the true secret.

Atar-Gul was, we believe, the first production of Eugène Sue; *Les Mystères de Paris*, which followed it some years later, was every way worthy of so unhealthy a *début*. This work enjoyed for a considerable period almost unexampled popularity and circulation. That it should have done so appears to us in the highest degree discreditable to the critical as well as to the moral taste of the French; for any thing more confused and unartistic than the narrative, any thing more unnatural and unreal than the characters (with one or two exceptions), it is impossible to conceive. Nearly all the *dramatis personæ* are criminals of the lowest order and the most desperate and de-

praved natures. Nearly all the more striking and laboured scenes are laid in those secluded or subterranean haunts of squalid misery and loathsome sin with which a great city like Paris is sure to swarm. Every atrocious crime, from gigantic swindling to hired murder, which lawless fancy could invent or lawless men could perpetrate, is here delineated in the most revolting detail. The actors are brought upon the stage only to commit these crimes. The men, the women, even the children, are rather born devils than fallen and abandoned human beings. The author seems to have resolved that no one should be able to surpass him, or to find it worth while to follow him in this line. He has exhausted the field. We verily believe he has left nothing to be gathered by any gleaner. In the midst of all these lurid horrors two characters are introduced by way of relief and contrast. One is a young sovereign prince, Grand-Duke of Gerolstein, gifted with vast wealth, irresistible fascination, and fabulous physical strength, who goes about in various disguises, as he expresses it, "playing at Providence," relieving misery, righting wrongs, and punishing crime. In his judgments and inflictions, it might strike an ordinary reader that he is scarcely less scrupulous, natural, or decent than the criminals whom he detects and crushes. He puts out the eyes of one hardened murderer, by way of rendering his punishment appropriate and lingering. He lets loose one woman of preternatural fascinations and preternatural profligacy (every thing in the book is preternatural, superlative, and fabulous) on a notary whose crimes he desires to drag to light, with orders (which are executed to the letter and described as minutely as in a *procès-verbal*) to drive him into frenzy by perpetually provoking his sensual desires and never gratifying them. Yet this Prince is the virtuous man of the book. The female miracle of it is Fleur de Marie, a young maiden, the lost daughter of wealthy and noble parents,—of the above-mentioned Grand-Duke and his mistress, in fact, but whom Rodolph believed to be dead,—who is brought up amid murderers, prostitutes, and thieves of the very lowest and filthiest description; but who has retained through all surroundings her innate purity of soul, exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and rich warmth of heart. She is beautifully painted, but, as we have said, she is a psychological impossibility. Such was the romance which for a while dominated Paris, and contributed not a little to the election of the author to the National Assembly ten years ago, by an overwhelming and nearly unexampled majority of votes, as the representative of the Socialist party.

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The unenviable success of opening an entirely new vein in

this mine of intellectual pathology has been achieved by Alexander Dumas the younger—the son of the most prolific and extravagant romance-writer of this, or perhaps of any, day. *Monte-Christo* is the typical production of the father; *La Dame aux Camélias*, the typical production of the son. The *spécialité* of M. Dumas, *fils* (as he is usually termed),—the particular field which he has selected,—is the delineation of the *demi-monde*, or courtesan life. In France this world crosses the other more legitimate world so frequently, the two societies run so parallel and so often touch and even intermingle, that pictures of the one have almost always involved allusions to, and occasional excursions within the limits of, the other. Episodes and complications connected with the *demi-monde* are therefore to be met with in many recent Parisian novels; but M. Dumas, *fils*, is the first writer who has deliberately, consistently, and as it were almost professionally, laid his scenes in this anomalous world, and chosen his characters from among the people who inhabit it and frequent it. *La Dame aux Camélias*, and *Le Demi-Monde* (which is a drama, and had an enormous success when brought out on the stage), are devoted to the description of courtesan life; and *Le Roman d'une Femme* is a narrative in which the two societies—the recognised and the unrecognised—are placed side by side, with all their clashing engagements and incongruous affections and inextricable links—with their painful contrasts and still more painful resemblances. It is impossible to deny that M. Dumas, *fils*, is a master of his craft. Not only is he thoroughly at home in the society which he depicts, not only does he know to its very core and in all its recesses the social and (so to speak) the inner life of its denizens, both male and female; but he handles his materials as an artist, a philosopher, and almost as a moralist—if that epithet can fairly be applied to a man too familiar with all forms of profligacy to shrink from any, to whom voluptuous indulgence is one of the ordinary phenomena of life, and who does not even profess to have any sentiments of right or wrong concerning it. He is a conscientious and consummate workman; he makes a really profound study of his subject; he prepares his canvas with scientific care; his drawing is always distinct; his colouring, always vivid, is never outrageous; his figures, such as they are, are in harmony with themselves and in keeping with each other; he never condescends to the monstrous, and scarcely ever to the loathsome. Compared with his father, he is a model of high art; compared with Eugène Sue, he is almost a classic; compared with Ernest Feydeau, he may be regarded as decent and almost pure. It is true he has expressly selected scenes and characters which it is usual to ig-

nore, or to notice at a distance, or to look at and pass to the other side; it is true that he describes them with a plainness of language and fulness of detail hitherto unexampled in works intended to take rank as literature, to be read avowedly, and to lie on the tables of decent drawing-rooms; it is true there is something startling and almost stunning in the unapologetic and as it were physiological coolness of his analysis. But he writes rather like a man to whom reticence is unknown than to whom license is attractive. He has, indeed, no scruples of modesty to restrain him for saying any thing which it lies in his way to say; but, on the other hand, he has not, like so many of his countrymen, a disordered prurience perpetually goading him to go out of his way to find precisely the thing which he ought not to say. In fact, though about the most *lawless* of French novelists, yet, compared with most of them, he may almost be deemed estimable; and if it be permissible at all—which it is hard to grant—to paint in detail a life of which frailty, sin, and often abandoned viciousness, constitute the atmosphere and action, then there is little to quarrel with either in the science or the talent of the painter.*

If we could venture to separate the *tendency* of a work from its features and its character, or to set off the lessons it is fitted to convey to thoughtful minds against the tone of its sentiments and the probable influence of its pictures upon ordinary readers, we should be more than half disposed to class M. Dumas' novels among *moral* fictions. There pervades them all a conviction, as profound as that of Solomon and based upon a similar experience, of the utter worthlessness of sensual enjoyments, of the hollowness of a life of pleasure, of the disappointment and satiety of those who lead it, of the mockery of all vicious hopes, of the delusive nature of all casual and wandering affections. The most boundless appliances of luxury, the most complete and intoxicating of illicit successes, are "the apples on the Dead-Sea shore." The better the instincts and the nobler the capacities of the votary of pleasure, the more certain and the more bitter is sure to be his disenchantment. The endeavour to import into the life of the *demi-monde* any real sentiment or any genuine affection, is persistently and convincingly represented as inevitably hopeless and fatal. The actors in his sad dramas of passion and of sin are always punished and always wretched. They pay for hours of fren-

* From this appreciative admission—which in its context here is almost praise—we must make, however, one weighty exception. *Antonine*, the last work of M. Dumas, in the cold cynicism of its conclusion, and still more in its shameless unveiling of some of the most perverse and revolting vagaries of unhallowed passion, seems to us the saddest illustration and measure of French demoralisation yet given to the world.

zied and forbidden joys by years of fearful expiation. The utterly heartless and selfish are always shown to be the only ones tolerably happy; and these are never made the attractive or the fascinating personages of the story. This is cynical morality, no doubt, but it is morality which will produce its effect notwithstanding; and all the more so upon the class to whom it is addressed, as springing out of reaction and experience, and not out of principle, and as coming from a man in whom the moral sense, as we understand it, seems to have no existence. In the *Dame aux Camélias*, the heroine, a courtesan awakened to purity and aspiration by a real passion, ends a life consisting of scenes of the most poignant and ever-recurring anguish, varied only with days of transient and precarious rapture, by a death of lingering and tortured desolation; while her lover is, and deserves to be, almost more wretched than herself. In the *Roman d'une Femme*, an exquisite and chaste young wife, whose thread of life, owing to a casual frailty of her husband, becomes entangled with that of a clever and merciless *lorette*, dies broken-hearted at the age of twenty-two, having destroyed husband, father, child, and friend, by the fault of one nearly unconscious hour. With M. Dumas, retribution is abundantly and *logically* dealt out to all the frail and guilty. Vice is never made happy, except it is so abandoned and so gross as to lose all its fascinations, and to become repellent and not dangerous.

From these tales—and from another which in some features may be classed with them, and which has recently earned an infamous celebrity*—we gather two or three features of Parisian social life which throw much light on the subject we are discussing. One is particularly noticeable. Their heroes have nothing else to do in life but to make love. They have no business, no profession, no occupation. Many of them are men of fortune, who can afford to be idle, and to waste wealth in the pursuit of pleasure. But this is by no means universally or necessarily the case. Those who have only a scanty income—*seulement de quoi vivre*, as they express it—seem to lead pretty much the same sort of life, as long as their means last, and sometimes long after they are ruined. When this point is

* *Fanny*, by Ernest Feydeau. It is scarcely fair, however, to rank this disreputable volume, the success of which is in itself a scandal, with the artistic performances of M. Dumas, *fils*. It is a mere picture—drawn with a certain power and richness of colouring no doubt—of irrational and ungoverned passion; and is stained by indelicacies more monstrous in imagination and more daring in expression than are to be found in any other specimen of this sort of literature that has fallen under our notice. Its excess of license, rather than any notable ability, we believe, caused its sudden popularity.

reached, they game, contract debts, marry an heiress, or blow out their brains. In England the great majority of young men of education have something regular to do—an employment at least, if not a profession. If they are born to a fortune, they have usually political duties or occupation connected with the management of their estates, or they travel, or enter the army. If they are poor, they embrace commence or the civil service, or some one or other of the laborious callings that lead to wealth. If they have only a moderate income, they almost always eke it out by entering on some profession that is respectable, if not very lucrative. It is exceptional, and is not considered creditable, for a young man to be without some recognised and regular occupation or vocation. In France, on the contrary, what is here the exception appears to be the rule. The result is twofold, judging at least by the descriptions of society which we are now considering. In the first place, these men, being utterly *désœuvrés*, without any other call upon their time, give themselves up wholly to the contrivance and the enjoyments of intrigue. When in love, they throw themselves unreservedly into the pastime; their whole thoughts and their entire hours are absorbed in it; they do nothing else morning, noon, and night; it is not to them an episode, a reward, or a refreshment —it is their daily bread, their business, their calling, their labour, their life. The lover does not go to his mistress in his leisure moments, in his hours of relaxation, in his holidays, in his evenings, "after office-hours:" he lies at her feet all day and every day; he adulates, contemplates, and caresses her from Monday morning till Saturday night.* He is described as plunged in a sort of sea of delirious and delusive intoxication, coming to the surface only every now and then to breathe. The result, of course, inevitably is both that—thinking of nothing else—passion is pampered into an excess and perverted into fancies which together become almost insanity; and that—doing nothing else—sentiment dies out from sheer weariness and reaction, and becomes quenched in sickening satiety. The *liaison*, even when comparatively pure and noble, having

* J'allais chez elle à l'heure de déjeûner; n'ayant rien à faire de la journée, je ne sortais qu'avec elle. Elle me retenait à dîner, la soirée s'ensuivait par conséquent; bientôt, lorsque l'heure de rentrer arrivait, nous imaginâmes mille prétextes, nous prîmes mille précautions illusoires qui, au fond, n'en étaient point. Enfin je vivais, pour ainsi dire, chez elle." *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, par Alfred de Musset.

See also *Dame aux Camélias* and *Antonine*, passim.

"Mon existence était sédentaire. Je passais la journée chez ma maîtresse: mon plus grand plaisir était de l'emmener à la campagne durant les beaux jours d'été, et de me coucher près d'elle dans les bois, sur l'herbe, ou sur la mousse. . . . En hiver, comme elle aimait le monde, nous courions les bals et les masques, en sorte que cette vie oisive ne cessait jamais." *Ibid.*

no relief or variety while it lasts, cannot in the nature of things last long. In the second place,—and this is a consequence shared in a qualified degree by all great cities where the rich and idle congregate,—the number of these idle men who have to kill time in seeking pleasure goes far to explain the laxity of morals and frailty of reputations believed to prevail among the *femmes du monde* in France. It is a social country; people live much in public, and much in company. A far larger portion of the time both of men and women is passed in making and receiving visits than with us. The number of people available for this occupation is unusually great. So many men have nothing to do but to pay court to women, and no scruples to prevent them from paying it in any mode and under any circumstances, that, in certain classes of society, women may be said to pass a considerable portion of their lives in a state of siege; they are perpetually surrounded by courtiers and "pretenders;" and as, alas! they are nearly as unoccupied as their adulators, and often quite as *ennuyées*, what wonder that so many fall under the combined influence of temptation, tedium, and bad example!

Again: nothing makes a stronger or more painful impression on the reader than the unfeeling brutality with which the lovers in these tales habitually treat their mistresses, even when these mistresses are ladies of high position, superior education, and unblemished reputation. If any one is disposed to think lightly and leniently of those habits of license and intrigue which seem so general in France, and which are far from unknown here, he will do well to ponder this peculiar phase of character, as depicted in the literature in question by those who know it well and share it so thoroughly that they have almost ceased to excuse it or to be conscious of it. In the novels of George Sand, of Dumas, *fils*, of Ernest Feydeau, and of Alfred de Musset, the heroines are ladies endowed with every amiable and attractive quality, except that rigid principle which is scarcely to be looked for in such society; fascinating, affectionate, full of heart and soul; capable not only of earnest and disinterested but of devoted and self-sacrificing attachment, and lavishing all the priceless treasures of a rich and noble nature on their unworthy suitors; risking if not actually losing for them peace, fame, a calm conscience, and a happy home; giving themselves up with a completeness and confidingness of surrender which would be lovely and almost sublime, if only the cause were lawful and the object worthy; trusting, soothing, aiding, enduring, worshiping, with a truth and fervour in which woman so rarely fails, and which man so rarely merits. But the men of the story—the objects and inheritors of all this

affection—are represented—almost invariably, and as if it were the rule of life from which truth and notoriety permit the artist no departure—as becoming at once, not indeed insensible to, but utterly ungrateful for the wealth of love lavished upon them; repaying devotion with insult, and abandonment with *exigeance;* answering every fresh proof of fidelity and self-surrender with groundless jealousies and mean suspicions; meeting every concession with some new outrage or some new demand; treating the most faithful, tender, and noble-minded mistresses, the moment they have them in their power, as no *gentleman* could treat even the poorest *fille perdue* who still retained a woman's decency and a woman's form;—in a word, displaying in every word and action a heartless egotism, a harsh and cruel tyranny, and a total want of respect and consideration for the most natural as for the most sacred feelings, which would seem incredible on any less authority than their own. For it is remarkable that the novels which most detail all these cruel and selfish inflictions—which specify the worst brutalities inflicted by these lovers upon fond and tender women—are all *in the autobiographical form;*—it is the barbarian who describes his own barbarities—the executioner who records all the slow elaborate tortures he has practised on his victim,—sometimes, indeed, with a sort of conventional self-condemnation, though scarcely ever with self-loathing or self-surprise—never with any indication of that burning shame which would make the record of such things impossible, even were the commission of them not so.

It will be obvious that the worst exemplifications of this hideous feature cannot stain our pages. It is not easy even to adduce any. They are so numberless and so perpetually recurring, that to quote them would be often to give the whole narration. *La Dame aux Camélias* is full of them,—consists of them,—some of a character and enormity which are scarcely conceivable,—yet all narrated by the offender himself. The same may be said of *Fanny.* The same may be said of *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle.* The same may be said of *Elle et Lui.* In fact, they are all stories of a lover torturing his devoted and sensitive mistress to death by a series of ingenious insults, outrageous suspicions, cruel and exacting caprices, refined brutality, and a sort of cold superlative selfishness for which a fitting epithet really is not to be found. After describing a number of these brutalities, some of them almost incredible, the *Enfant du Siècle* sums up thus:—"Lecteur, cela dura six mois: pendant six mois entiers, Brigitte, calomniée, exposée aux insultes du monde, eut à essuyer de ma part tous les dédains et toutes

les injures qu'un libertin colère et cruel peut prodiguer à la fille qu'il paye."*

Another characteristic and, as far as we know, unique feature of these novels is the repeated pictures they present to us, not only of absolutely uncontrolled passions and emotions, and of indulging them without reticence or shame, but of the entire absence apparently of any consciousness that such abandonment of all self-restraint is in any way disgraceful and unmanly. The heroes go into the most outrageous furies; they roll on the ground in agonies of tears; they pass from the wildest excesses of love into the wildest excesses of hatred; they become speechless with rage; they gesticulate like madmen; they give vent to all the unseemly violences of the half-childish, half-savage human animal, without dignity, decency, or drapery. It is not so much that they lose all self-control, as that they give no intimation that self-control is considered needful, or the want of it shameful. Extremes to which no provocation could goad an Englishman seem to be simple every-day occurrences among these spoiled children of license and intrigue. "The first thing I did" (says one), "as soon as I was able to rise after my wound, was to run to my mistress's house. I found her alone, sitting in the corner of her room, her countenance fallen and disturbed. I loaded her with the most violent reproaches; I was drunk with despair. *I cried out till the whole house echoed with the clamour; and at the same time my tears so interrupted my words that I* FELL ON THE BED *to let them flow freely.*" He ends by striking his mistress on the back of the neck; and when, in spite of all this treatment, she comes to him the same evening to beg forgiveness and reconciliation, he takes a carving-knife and threatens to kill her. The same man, a year or two later, finds another lady to love him, to whom he behaves much in the same way,—"treating her" (he says) "now as an abandoned woman, and the next instant as a divinity. A quarter of an hour after insulting her, I was

* *Fanny* is from first to last the history, by himself, of a lover who maltreats and torments his mistress in every mode except actual personal violence,—by sarcasms, by insults, by suspicions, by cruel outrages upon every sentiment of duty, honour, and natural affection which she is endeavouring to retain. Yet most of the outrages are of such a character that we have searched in vain for any passage that it would be possible to extract. We can only convey the most faint and general conception of the narrative by saying, that the lover begins by being furious because his mistress stays by the bedside of her sick child, instead of visiting him as usual; that he then falls so low as to regale her ears with every false and scandalous rumour that he can collect regarding her husband, whom, though she has betrayed him, she still esteems and values; that he abuses her because she defends this husband against his calumnies; and finally that, to punish the unhappy lady for refusing to fly with him, and abandon reputation, husband, and children at once, he, out of mere horrible perversity and *spite*, plunges into every sort of low debauchery; and returns to her, day after day, soiled and reeking from the haunts of infamy in which he has been endeavouring, as it were, to revenge himself upon her! And all this he relates himself!

kneeling at her feet; as soon as I ceased to accuse, I began to apologise; when I could no longer rail at her, I wept over her. A monstrous delirium, a rapturous fever, seized upon me; I nearly lost my senses in the violence of my transports; I did not know what to say, or to do, or to imagine, to repair the evil I had wrought. I spoke of blowing out my brains if I ever ill-treated her again. *These alternations of passion often lasted whole nights.*"* The following is the reception given to a lady who comes to visit her lover (whom she had wronged, certainly) as he recovers from a severe illness:

"Elle se pencha sur mon lit, et des deux mains souleva son voile. . . . 'Fanny!' m'écriai-je tout-à-coup, en levant les deux bras. Elle s'affaissa en sanglotant sur ma poitrine. Mais la mémoire m'était revenue avec la connaissance, et *la frappant au front de mes poings fermés*, je la détachai de moi en m'écriant comme un furieux: 'Va-t'en d'ici!' Elle crut que j'étais fou encore, et se détourna en pleurant; mais retrouvant un reste de force dans ma colère, *je la frappais encore à l'épaule*, et m'élançant de mon lit, je m'abattais sur elle, et roulai à terre à ses pieds."†

One quotation more, and we have done. This novel ends with another scene, similar, but yet more atrocious. After heaping every sort of verbal outrage and abuse on the unhappy woman who had given herself to him, for six or seven pages of fluent insult, the narrator of his own shame proceeds:

"Elle se leva enfin désespérée, et voulut partir. Mais je la retins, la poussai au fond de la chambre, et m'adossant contre la porte, les bras croisés: 'Tu entendras tout!' m'écriai-je. Et alors *je me mis à haleter; et ne trouvant plus rien à lui dire, je la menaçai des poings, en trépignant et en criant;* et elle me regardait de côté avec un indicible terreur. Enfin les paroles, une fois de plus, jaillirent de ma bouche: 'Jamais je n'ai cru en toi. Je sentais si bien que tu me trompais, qu'à mon tour—malheureux que je suis!—j'ai voulu souiller notre amour. Apprends-le donc, si tu ne t'en es pas doutée; moi qui t'adorais, je t'ai trompée avec les plus viles des femmes.'"

Conceive an English gentleman in such a passion with the faithless lady whom he loved that his fury cannot find utterance, setting his back against the door, panting with rage, stamping and shaking his fists at her like a dumb idiot; and at last, when words come to his relief, using his recovered

* *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle.* These are not, as might be imagined, specimens taken from the poor productions of some hack caterer for the lowest class of readers. They are extracts from a work of unusual power, of profound melancholy, and sadly and almost soundly moral in the lesson it inculcates. It contains the truest, most painful, and most warning pictures we have ever met with of the certainty and the terrible degree in which a career of profligacy, however brief and uncongenial, poisons all legitimate enjoyment and all purer and serener love.

† *Fanny*, par Ernest Feydeau.

speech to overwhelm her with *noirceurs* which could never enter the thoughts or pass the lips of any but the shameless and the abandoned! And conceive further, his describing all this himself, without the slightest indication of reticence or humiliation!

It might seem impossible to go beyond or below this; yet if there be a lower depth still, that depth has been reached in two of the last novels that have issued from the press, written by two of the most noted writers of the day. *Elle et Lui* and *Lui et Elle* bear the names respectively of George Sand and Paul de Musset. They are said to be, and we believe they are, the personal scandalous adventures of the writers, with some colouring, but with little deviation from historic fact, wrought into fiction. *Elle et Lui* describes the connection of Madame Dudevant (under her *nom de plume* of George Sand) with Alfred de Musset, from the lady's point of view, and paints scenes and characters as she would wish them to be believed by the world. Even on her own showing, the story is shocking and revolting enough; but she paints herself as the loving, clinging, much-enduring, if yielding and guilty, woman; and her lover as cruel, exacting, capricious, and incurably licentious. This lover, so delineated, —whom every one recognised as Alfred de Musset, a poet and novelist of great merit—is dead; and Paul de Musset, not choosing that such a false picture of his brother should go forth uncontradicted, and having materials and documents at his command, thought fit to give, also in the form of fiction, Alfred's version of the *liaison*. Here, as might be expected, the colours are reversed: the gentleman is described as all that is amiable, attractive, faithful, and devoted; while the lady acts throughout as a thoroughly heartless and abandoned creature, though full of fascination, and not incapable for a time of experiencing an absorbing passion. Which of the parties speaks the truth and which lies, or in what proportion the indisputable falsehood is to be divided between them, it is needless to inquire. But assuredly nothing can be more disgraceful than the things revealed—except the revelation of them.

From the popularity, the general agreement, the consentaneous tone, both as to character and plot, of the works we have been considering, as well as from the absence of all exposing and protesting criticism, and from much corroborative information that has reached us, we are driven irresistibly to the following painful conclusions. That illicit *liaisons*, especially with married women, are, in the upper and the idler classes of France, the rule rather than the exception, and that the excep-

tions are rare and remarkable:—among the *bourgeoisie*, we believe, the case is different,—they are too busy for a life of dissipation and intrigue. That, in the vast majority of instances, these *liaisons* have their origin—not, as among the Italians, in genuine and absorbing passion, nor, as among the Germans, in blended sentimentality and sense, but—in vanity, want of occupation, and love of excitement on the part of the men, and in love of admiration, and (what is worse) mere love of luxury, on the part of the women,—whose suitors furnish those means of extravagance which their husbands refuse;—and that this distinction is to be traced to the peculiar character and temperament of the nation. That into these *liaisons* the men appear habitually to import a coarseness and a cruelty, as well as an unchivalric and ungenerous roughness, indicating, not so much that they do not appreciate the sacrifice which the woman makes in giving herself to them, as that they do not believe it is any sacrifice at all. In fine, so little respect does there seem to be left for the feelings of women, so little belief in their virtue, so little trust in their sincerity or disinterestedness,—so completely have calculation, luxury, mutual contempt, and mutual mistrust, poisoned the tenderest relation of life and its purest passion—that the fitting epithet to apply to this phase of French society is not so much "immorality," as hideous and cancerous corruption.

We are little disposed to indulge in trite moralities, or rigid censoriousness, or stern condemnations in which is no tenderness for frailty and no mercy for repentance. But surely those who incline to think lightly of sacred ties and leniently of voluptuous indulgence and unlicensed attachments, may find a warning in these pictures of a social life where this lenience and levity are universal. They may see there how surely and how rapidly want of feeling follows want of principle; how disbelief in virtue grows out of experience in frailty; how scanty is the joy to be derived from the emotions of love when those emotions are reduced to their mere beggarly material elements, divorced from the redeeming spirit, and stripped of the concealing and mysterious drapery of fancy and of grace; and at what a fearful cost to heart and soul these feverish and wandering gratifications are purchased—how poor the article and how terrible the price,—a disenchanted world, a paralysed and threadbare soul, a past with no sweet and gentle memories, a future with no yearnings and no hopes.

It cannot be denied that the prevalence and wide circulation of such a popular literature as that of which we have endeavoured to portray the more characteristic features, is a fact

both fearful and momentous, whether we regard it as an indication or as an influence—as a faithful reflection of the moral condition of the people among whom it flourishes, or as the most powerful determining cause of that condition. The more inherent and universally diffused excellencies and defects of national character may, we believe, be discerned more truly in the favourite dramas and novels than in any other productions of the national mind. They show the sort of nourishment which is instinctively recurred to when the tension of pursuit and effort is relaxed—the natural tendency of the unbent bow. They also show the food which is habitually presented to the people by those who are familiar with their appetites and tastes, in their most impressible and passively recipient moods. And what justifies us in drawing the most condemnatory and melancholy conclusions from the multiplication and success of the works we have been considering is, that they are *characteristic, and not exceptional*. They are not the repast provided by an inferior class of writers for the interest and amusement of an inferior class of readers. They form the light reading, the *belles-lettres* of the vast majority of the generality, in fact, of educated men and women. They indicate the order of thoughts and fancies to which these habitually and by preference turn, the plots which interest them most, the characters which seem to them most piquant or most familiar, the reflections which stir their feelings the most deeply, the principles or sentiments by which their actions are most usually guided, the virtues they most admire, the vices they most tolerate;—they reflect, in a word, the daily life and features of themselves, and of the circles in which they live and move.

These productions, too, for the most part, are written with great power and beauty, often with as much elevation of sentiment as is compatible with the absence of all strict principle and all definite morality. There is plenty of religion, and much even that is simple, touching, and true; but it is religion as affection and emotion—never as guide, governance, or creed. There is some reverence and much gratitude towards God; but little idea of obedience, sacrifice, or devotion. There is adulation and expectation, rather than worship or service. Then, again, there is vast sympathy with the suffering and the poor,—deep and genuine, if often irrational and extravagant; but it commonly degenerates into senseless animosity towards the rich, lawless hatred of settled institutions, and frantic rebellion against the righteous chain of cause and effect which governs social well-being. There are delineations of rapturous, irreproachable, almost angelic, love; but some unhallowed memory,

of some disordered association, almost always steps in to stain the idol and to desecrate the shrine. There are eloquence, pathos, and fancy in rich profusion; characters of high endowment and noble aspiration; scenes of exquisite tenderness and chaste affection; pictures of saintly purity, heroic daring, and martyr-like devotion;—but something theatrical, morbid, and meretricious mingles with and mars the whole. There is every flower of Paradise,

"But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

The grandest gifts placed at the service of the lowest passions;—the holiest sentiments and the fondest moments painted in the richest colours of the fancy, only to be withered by cynical doubt or soiled by cynical indecency;—the most secret and sacred recesses of the soul explored and mastered, not for reverential contemplation of their beauties and their mysteries, but in order to expose them, with a hideous grin—naked, sensitive, and shrinking—to the desecrating sneers of a misbelieving and mocking world:—such is the work which genius must stoop to do, when faith in what is good, reverence for what is pure, and relish for what is natural, have died out from a nation's heart.

Art. VIII.—BARON RICASOLI AND HIS POLITICAL CAREER.

Atti e Documenti editi e inediti del Governo della Toscana dal 27 Aprile in poi. Firenze, 1860. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

I Contemporanei Italiani. Bettino Ricasoli. Per F. Dall' Ongaro. Torino, 1860. Pp. 74.

THE remarkable collection of state-papers recently published by order of the Tuscan government, and comprising not only the various laws, decrees, and proclamations which appeared successively in the columns of the official gazette, and on the walls of the cities of Tuscany, but also a large number of the before unpublished and more private papers of the administration, extends to the last day of the year 1859. Rarely have the governing powers of any country been so much in a hurry to lay before the world an account of their stewardship. Similar matters are ordinarily permitted to pass into the domain of the

historian only when the actors in them and their immediate descendants have long since gone beyond the reach of praise or blame,—when there is no longer any danger of "wounding personal susceptibilities." And truly it has rarely, if ever, happened that any discoverer of diplomatic secrets has revealed them to the world without revealing what is eminently calculated to wound the susceptibilities of all connected with them. But the Tuscan government,—or governments rather, for the administration of the province has already passed through several phases,—seem to be less susceptible. Here is the complete account of their doings printed at the press of the official gazette, while the matters referred to are yet absolutely passing; and that too at a time of historical crisis, when prejudices and passions are inflamed, and the line of policy which appears wise, honourable, and upright to one portion of the nation, is certain of being deemed the exact reverse of this by another. No future historian of the passages in the national life of Italy now being enacted before our eyes need fatigue himself by peering into yellow and musty archives in search of the true facts of the story he has to tell. He will discover in them nothing more than the publication now prepared by the actors of it for his use can tell him. The materials of history are here at least unadulterated and ungarbled.

The period of eight months and three days comprised in the three volumes of which we have been speaking falls naturally into five divisions, following the successive modifications in the form of the Tuscan government necessitated by the abrupt and unanticipated conclusion of the previous *régime*. To one looking back over that far bygone time, sixteen months ago, it seems now a marvel almost unaccountable that these phases of government should have been able to succeed each other in due and orderly process of development, each from its predecessor, under the circumstances of the case. No man in the country, including the late Grand-Duke himself, could, at noon of the 27th of April 1859, have calculated with any certainty on his abandoning it at six p.m. that same evening. No sort of provision or preparation had been made for such a cataclysm of the whole governmental machine. James II. left at least a parliament behind him. Tuscany, when abandoned by the Duke, was reduced to a state of social dissolution. But the old civilisation came in aid to the cradle of the new. Florence, if nothing else, was still a municipality. The members of the municipality betook themselves to the old "Palazzo Municipale" as naturally as if it had been the fourteenth instead of the eighteenth century; and "at half-past seven p.m.,"—just

an hour and a half after the Duke had left the city,—signed the appointment of a provisional government.

This was the first phase. And its duration was as short as the most sincere desire on the part of those on whom power was thus conferred, to return to a more normal state of things, could make it. On the 28th of April, the day after the sudden revolution, the triumvirate, in whose hands the powers of government had been placed, addressed a communication to Count Cavour, begging him to request the King of Sardinia to assume the dictatorship of Tuscany *during the war of Italian independence.* No arrangement, or even proposition, is put forward respecting the ultimate destiny of the country. "Tuscany would wish," they write, "to preserve meanwhile, even during this transitory period, its autonomy, and an administration independent of that of Sardinia. And the definitive settlement of the country will be arranged when the war is ended, and when the general constitution of Italy shall be determined on." On the 30th of April Count Cavour, in a despatch communicated to the provisional government by Signor Boncompagni, who had been the Sardinian minister at the court of the Grand-Duke, on the 4th of May, replies, that for reasons of state, which will be readily comprehended, the King cannot accept the dictatorship proposed to him; but that his Majesty is willing to undertake the supreme command of the Tuscan forces for the assistance and forwarding of the great object they all had in view, and to assume a *protectorate* of Tuscany, delegating the necessary powers to his ambassador Boncompagni, with the title of Commissary-Extraordinary for the War of Independence. On the 11th of May the triumvirate, who had held the provisional government, formally resigned their powers into the hands of the king's commissary, in the Palazzo Vecchio; and thus commenced the second phase of the revolutionary period.

The third was marked by the cessation of the protectorate assumed by Victor Emanuel, and of the powers intrusted to the Commissary-Extraordinary; and by the transmission of all the powers of government to a council composed of the existing Tuscan ministers. This change took place at that moment of bitter disappointment, and of all but despair, which followed the peace of Villafranca. "Grave considerations of political expediency," the Tuscans were told, prevented the sovereign of their choice from consenting to their desire that he should continue his connection with them, slight and abnormal as the conditions of that connection had been. A royal letter of the 21st of July had enjoined the Commissary-Extraordinary to hand over the government of Tuscany "to one

or more persons who possessed the confidence of the country, in order that on the cessation of the protectorate of his Majesty's government the fortunes of the country may be intrusted to its natural defenders." And on the 1st of August the change took place. And the men who had been placed at the helm by the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens were left alone on the stormy ocean of European politics, to steer their frail little bark amid the intricacies of that difficult navigation, sustaining their own and their country's spirit and constancy as best they might during that period of depression, doubt, and misgiving. This was the third phase. Many, but not all, of the difficulties thrown in the way of this government, which they were bound to conquer, and did successfully conquer, in carrying out the fixed desire of the country to become a portion of a powerful Italian kingdom, are well known to Europe. A perusal of the documents contained in the second volume of this dry, but not very uninteresting, collection will show that the men who were then guiding the course of Tuscany gave proofs of firmness, patience, moderation, and wisdom, which would have done honour to the practised statesmen of any cabinet in Europe. And constancy, perseverance, and courage had their reward as usual. On the 29th of September the ministers were enabled to proclaim, amid the enthusiastic applause of the nation, that the wishes of Tuscany had been listened to by his majesty the King of Sardinia, who accepted their election of him for their sovereign; and that they would henceforth carry on the government in the name of Victor Emanuel, king *elect*. And this was the commencement of the fourth phase in the revolutionary progress.

Yet one other step remained to be taken for the entire realisation of the desire which Tuscany had so unanimously formed, as soon as she found herself left, by the departure of the Grand-Duke, free arbitress of her own destinies. No national wish was ever more clearly or unanimously expressed than that of Tuscany to become a portion of an Italian kingdom, under the constitutional sceptre of the House of Savoy. Europe has, in a very marked manner, accorded its admiration to that long-despised and down-trodden people for the calm moderation and orderly bearing with which it passed through a crisis that few, if any, of its peoples would have traversed with equal propriety, dignity, and tranquillity. But a full measure of just appreciation has not yet been awarded to the genuine patriotism which inspired the determination on which the Tuscans, especially the Florentines, acted. Those who are not intimately acquainted with the feelings of all classes of the people,—with the social and economical interests involved, or

supposed to be involved, in the question, and with the traditional pride felt by every Florentine in all the memorials of the glorious history of their palmy days, cannot be aware how much of real self-denial went to the determination to sacrifice all these things to the creation of a strong, united, and independent Italy. True patriotism, unself-seeking, unegotistical, is a rare flower. It is, however, often to be found, we may hope, in individuals, and sometimes in bodies of men moved by a generous and contagious impulse. But we are unable to call to mind an instance in which a whole people has, with all but absolute unanimity, voluntarily given up what was dear to themselves, and what they supposed to be profitable to themselves, for a similar motive.

The wish and determination of Tuscany had been declared clearly enough. The desire of the Sardinian monarch and government to meet the wishes of Tuscany could not be doubted. And yet, as is too well known to need pointing out at length, there were grave and embarrassing difficulties in the way of accomplishing their mutual desire. Cautiously, firmly, and patiently, both parties had felt their way onwards towards the accomplishment of it. And now one more step, as has been said, remained to be taken for the entire realisation of it; and on the 7th of November this last step was made good. The ministry were then enabled to call together the Chamber of Tuscan Representatives, and propose to them the nomination of a Regent to assume the government in the direct name of Victor Emanuel as King. Upon that occasion the Dictator-President of the Council of Ministers, in the course of a most able and eloquent statement of the condition of the country, and the reasons for taking the step then to be proposed to them, told the assembly that "Tuscany might well maintain herself in her present condition for whatever length of time it might be necessary for her to do so; for being secured from violence from without, and internally tranquil and one-minded, she had nothing to distress her or make her anxious to change her lot. The difficulties attendant on a prolonged state of expectancy," continued the President, "are therefore not derived from ourselves. But Europe will not willingly see this our precarious condition prolonged indefinitely—a condition from which unthought of dangers to the public peace might arise. As we have already relieved Europe from all fear of anarchical tentatives among us, and have reassured it as to the good use we are capable of making of our recovered liberties, we ought now to reassure it also on this point, that it is our wish to retain that monarchic constitution under which the greater part of the civilised nations live at the present day, and give guarantees

that our principles of national constitution are not susceptible of being changed or transformed into a threat against European order. We will proceed consistently and resolutely on our course, with the dignity of an orderly and free people, persevering in the intentions with which it has been inspired by the right of providing for its own tranquillity and prosperity, and at the same time without deviating in aught from the programme we have laid down for ourselves."

The proposition to name as Regent the Prince Eugene of Savoy Carignan was carried by the Assembly, voting by ballot, with one dissentient voice. The government was thenceforward carried on in the name of the King; and the last phase of the extraordinary series of changes chronicled in the work before us was accomplished.

It would be neither an uninteresting nor an unprofitable task to go through these volumes, as the future historian of Italy during her days of regeneration will hereafter do, and draw from them the story of the constancy, firmness, prudence, and honesty which led the nation to and through these various changes. But it is our present intention to restrict our observation to one figure among the personages of this drama; and we shall, in great measure, avail ourselves for this purpose of the interesting and ably-written little book of Signor Dall' Ongaro, the title of which we have added to that of the larger work, of which we have been speaking, at the head of this Article. It is, indeed, the principal figure on the canvas that we wish to present to the English reader somewhat more fully and fairly than has yet been done; and his story will therefore necessarily be, in a great measure, that of Tuscany during the months of which we have been speaking.

We all know the trite truth about great occasions calling forth great men. And it is probable that, if greatness had not been thrust upon him by the requirements of the times and the need of his country, the general world of Europe would have known nothing more of the present Baron Bettino Ricasoli than it does of any of the long line of noble ancestors who have borne the name through many a dim and long-past century. Not that Ricasoli would, under any circumstances or in any age, have been a useless member of society, one of the mere *fruges consumere nati*. His native energy, and instinctive tendency towards *bettering* whatever came in his way, would have rendered this impossible. Such men are never thrown away, though circumstances of time and place may decide whether a nation or a parish shall be the better for them. The truest benefactor of mankind, it has been said, is he who makes two blades of wheat grow where one only grew before. And the present governor

of Tuscany would have been a large benefactor to mankind in this sort, if the ripeness of time had not called him to be the regenerator of his country, and the chief and most efficient founder of its new destinies. In other times than these he would have led the life for which, we believe, he now often sighs at his much-loved Brolio, among the pleasant Chianti hills, using the abundant means placed at his disposal by his extensive territorial possessions in improving all around him, ruling his peasantry (some of whom, it is said, have been, from father to son, on the Ricasoli farms for more than five hundred years) with a somewhat high-handed but uniformly beneficent rule, and showing them how to adapt the time-honoured precepts of the old Tuscan agriculture, once celebrated throughout Europe, to the counsels of modern agricultural science. The celebrated Ricasoli wines—that "Vin robusto, che si vanta, D'esser nato al Chianti," which Redi sings of, and which, he tells us, "Maestoso, imperioso, mi passeggiu dentro il core"—would have occupied the care which is now busy with the founding of a nation.

A recent Italian historian,* speaking of the rise of the reforming party in Italy in the first quarter of this century, writes that, in Tuscany, "This party, which the obstructives deemed a sect of conspirators, while, in fact, its members were simply reformers, was composed of men the most eminent for acquirements, and for all civil and social virtues. They were also—a circumstance rarely seen elsewhere—men possessed of the largest fortunes, and heirs of the most noble names in the country. It may be that such was the case, because the Tuscan aristocracy, neither feudal in its origin nor created by a court, but of essentially civil derivation, learned from its family traditions the love of country and of liberty, and not a stupid pride or base servility. Thus it was that liberalism made its way surely in the very reception-rooms of the sovereign, and the vaulted saloons of the Palazzo Pitti itself echoed murmurings of the necessity of reform." Of the knot of men thus characterised, the present Governor of Tuscany may be considered as the pupil and the youngest member. But his early youth was not conversant only with these fathers of Tuscan aristocratic liberalism. He mixed intimately in his very early years with that circle of illustrious exiles who gathered around Tito Manzi, on his return from representing Tuscany at the court of Murat. Manzi was one of the earliest and most fervent supporters of the idea of Italian unity and independence; and at his return from Naples was the centre of a society whose leading ornaments were Colletta, Poerio, Pepe, Giordani, Nico-

* Gualterio,—Gli ultimi Rivolgimenti Italiani, vol. ii. p. 23, edit. Firenze, 1852.

Uni, Salvagnoli, &c. "To be admitted to such a society," writes Signor Dall' Ongaro, "and fail to open his mind to all generous aspirations, was not in the nature of the man. But pride and practical good sense saved him from juvenile escapades and indiscretions. He knew how to bide his time, and seize the moment of opportunity when ripe. From haughtiness of disposition, and from being imbued with traditional Ghibelline ideas, he distrusted every movement initiated by the people. No reform appeared possible to him, or acceptable, if it did not come from above."

Signor Dall' Ongaro, the writer of the above passage, who is better known in England as an elegant and pleasing poet, and as the translator of Milman's *Fazio*, than as a politician, has nevertheless, like every other Italian of any worth in these days, very decided political sympathies and opinions. He is, and boasts himself to be, a consistent republican of many years standing. And though, like all the better minds of his party, he has deemed it best for the interest of his country's deliverance to give up so much of the political programme which he would prefer as to enable him to acquiesce in the leadership of the Piedmontese monarchy, yet his fundamental principles and modes of thought remain unchanged. It is needless to say that the Governor of Tuscany regards the present and future prospects of his country from a very different stand-point, and has reached his present opinions by a very different road. Under these circumstances, Signor Dall' Ongaro's appreciation of Ricasoli, in the little work we have referred to, is eminently honourable both to the writer and the statesman. It is more than this. It is a most valuable indication that party divisions are no longer what they used to be, at least in this part of Italy. It is an excellent symptom of a healthy state of public feeling, and a very cheering augury of what may be expected from its future action, when men of contrary parties, principles, and aspirations can yet see and declare the good and the noble in their opponents. Signor Dall' Ongaro's little book, we repeat, is honourable both to himself and to the subject of it. Nevertheless, as may be readily imagined, the old and consistent republican must needs have certain sympathies and antipathies calculated to beget unsympathising judgments of certain phases of the aristocratical reformer's character and conduct. And the lines we have cited above seem to us to offer an example of this. When the nature of the revolution, which has placed Ricasoli where he is, and the conduct of the Piedmontese Government, of which he now forms a part, with regard to it, are borne in mind, can it be fairly said that no reform appeared to him possible or acceptable if it emanated from the people?

The first public act which placed Ricasoli in a prominent position before the eyes of Italy was the presentation of a very remarkable memorial to the Grand-Ducal Government in 1847. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the political situation of the peninsula, and of the state of the public mind there at that time. It was abundantly clear from the time when Pius IX., in the character, not then yet discovered to be an impossible and contradictory one, of a reforming Pope, made his first timid and inconsistent attempts at liberalism, that it would very speedily become impossible for any one of the governments of the peninsula to maintain its then condition and position. It was also but too clear to those who had any real and intimate knowledge of the Grand-Duke and his surroundings, that any reform in a liberal sense which he might be induced to take would be forced upon him by unwelcome and dreaded necessity. Under such circumstances, the true and best friends of the Ducal Government saw that the only wise course for the Grand-Duke to pursue was to lead instead of waiting to be driven. And the memorial, composed, we believe, by the advocate Salvagnoli, the late minister of ecclesiastical affairs under the new *régime*, and presented by Ricasoli, gives a masterly *résumé* of the evils which most pressingly required amendment, and an indication of the needful remedies. The ills of which the state was sick are divided methodically into three classes: those which hinder improvement in the public morality, those which prevent a better system of government, and those which arise from a defective code of law. The demoralisation of the people is pronounced to be very great, and to be mainly owing to the faults and condition of the clergy. "The clergy," says this courageous document, "are, for the most part, neither men of instruction nor of pure morality, and they are too numerous. They have neither studies nor occupations of any utility. The friars neither instruct themselves nor others. Taken from the lowest class of society, and consisting of the idlest and most worthless individuals of that class, they do not take with them into the cloister dispositions calculated to render them good for any thing themselves, or in any respect useful to others. In the cities they are less noxious, because their conduct passes unobserved. In the country they are exceedingly pernicious by the bad example of that which they do, as well as by that of what they leave undone. The secular clergy has been suffered to increase beyond the necessities of the ministry, and beyond the number of benefices. A few only of the priests are instructed, and that but little, in the seminaries. The greater number, still worse educated, educated any where and solely with a view to passing their examination, take orders only as a means of getting

bread; thus debasing the sacred ministry. Thus the pure sentiment of religion is lost among the people. Festivals and ceremonies are multiplied for the sake of making them a source of profit. And reverence for religion, and the practice of Christian virtues, neglected by the priesthood, is yet more neglected by the laity. . . . Thus either hypocrisy or indifference is substituted for religious sincerity. Religion, not guarded in the churches, is driven forth from the dwellings, and outraged in public. It is reduced to a routine of superstitions or habitual practices, and effects nothing towards establishing the law of duty in the mind or that of charity in the heart."*

Every one who has had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the social condition of central Italy, as it has developed itself during the last quarter of a century, will be ready to bear witness to the exactitude of the foregoing statement. The other heads of the accusation brought against the existing order of things in the memorial are stated and developed with no less precision and fearless truth. We have preferred to draw special attention to the above, because the evil which it stigmatises lies at the root of all others, and is far less readily remedied. Forms of government may be changed, and the abuses arising from them may be corrected by an expeditive and summary process. But the deep-seated consequences resulting to the social condition of a people from long-continued use of a dead and decayed religion, instead of a living and operative one, are not so easily nor so quickly to be remedied. Better educated priests would have had but small effect towards this end, although uneducated priests were one symptom of the malady. A phase of general and profound scepticism is the inevitable and retributive result which the rulers and teachers of nations incur by teaching them a creed incredible to them, as soon as a somewhat advanced stage of intelligence shall have been reached. The old religion is absolutely inoperative to any good purpose in Tuscany. It is rejected by the better minds and hearts among the people, and is efficient only in impeding the amelioration of the baser and lower natures. But the separation of mixed truth and falsehood is the work in every case of a philosophic mind. Nations are not composed of philosophic minds. With the generality the detected falsehoods will suffice to cause a rejection of the whole system with which they were compounded. And it may be predicted, with little fear of error, that Italy generally, and more especially the central

* This memorial may be found printed at length among the documents appended by Signor Zobi to the fifth volume of his *Storia Civile della Toscana, dal* 1737 *al* 1848; Firenze, 1852.

part of it, which, from natural disposition, as well as some other causes, has been for centuries the least religious part of the Peninsula, will have to pass through a phase of irreligion and scepticism. Had the time arrived when so large and radical a truth as this could have been put forth with advantage, we have little doubt that the author and presenter of the memorial of which we have been speaking would have stated it in its entirety.

This noteworthy document, however, runs to far too great a length—some eight or ten of these pages—for us to attempt to give our readers a complete analysis of it. But we cannot refrain from quoting the concluding paragraph, which, while it vouches for the fixed monarchical principles of the present Governor of Tuscany, and the loyalty to his sovereign, which led him to urge on the government the only line of conduct that could ultimately secure the stability of the Grand-Ducal dynasty, at the same time hints in a manner strikingly prophetical at the results that were likely to follow from a neglect of the warning tendered. The remarkable accuracy with which the probable issue of the ferment then general in men's minds from one end of Italy to the other, if it were balked of due satisfaction by the local rulers, was predicted, is a very notable proof of the large and sagacious knowledge of the public mind, its tendencies, and the course events were like to shape for themselves, that the friends who put forth this paper had already attained to. It was in 1847, it must be remembered, that the Grand-Duke and his then ministers were thus warned. "The fulness of time for this work," concludes the memorialist, after having shown the nature of the reforms needed, "is now come. For the torrent of internal causes and external events *might draw away elsewhere all the Tuscan elements*, if they do not become strongly bound together and compacted in a new form;—a monarchic form certainly, but one adjusted to the wisdom of our former days, adapted to the progress of the present age, and of that about to follow it, calculated to foster the civilisation and instruction of the people, and worthy of the prudence and virtue of the minister and the sovereign."* Such was Ricasoli's political programme in 1847. The march of events has justified his foresight without changing his views. All the Tuscan elements *have* been drawn elsewhere. But that monarchic form of state adapted to the wants of a progressive civilisation is still the object of his efforts, though pursued under new circumstances, and with views embracing a larger horizon;—circumstances which, since the inexorable and due sequence of cause and effect has brought them about, it may well be be-

*. Zobi, loc. cit. p. 12.

lieved the Italian, though Tuscan, patriot-statesman would be sorry to see reversed.

While hopes in reformed and reforming popes and princes were yet high,—hopes *now* easily perceived by all of us to have been delusive and impossible, but which *then* imposed upon the wisest,—Ricasoli continued to serve the sovereign and the country in several ways. He was charged with a difficult negotiation at the court of Turin respecting the annexation to Tuscany of certain districts on the Northern frontier of the duchy, the people of which were bent on becoming the subjects of the then reforming and popular Grand-Duke. His mission to Charles Albert was perfectly successful. But the more interesting part of the record of this journey is that which shows us his views of Italian hopes and fortunes at that epoch. He appears to have considered Charles Albert at that time not sufficiently resolute to uphold strongly the cause of Italian regeneration, and of the independence of the Italian sovereigns.* "To lead him to this decision," he writes to Count Serristori, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs at Florence, "should be the object of the reforming princes who reign at Rome and at Florence. . . . . The King of Piedmont must be committed to Italian policy." It is rather curious to trace the steady and unchanged pursuit of Italian regeneration, independence, and improvement, working to the object which is its pole-star under circumstances and by roads so strangely different from those which the providential government of the world, directing the strange vicissitudes of Italian politics during the subsequent years, has actually shaped out for it.

This solicitude for the independence of the Italian *princes* —(a solicitude surely legitimate enough; for was not their dependence on Austria at the root of the evil?)—this solicitude of the Tuscan patrician reformer draws an anecdote from his democratic republican biographer, Dall' Ongaro, which is worth quoting. While enthusiasm was running high for these reforming sovereigns, and a crowd was one day shouting hurrahs for the *princes, reformers of their people*, "I heard," says Dall' Ongaro, "an honest wood-carver of Siena cry, in a voice which rose above all the rest, 'Hurrah for the *people, the reformers of princes!*'"

It was while hope in the honesty and good intentions of the Grand-Duke was still unshaken that Ricasoli, shortly after his return from Turin, accepted the office of Gonfaloniere of Florence. At no time in our own history have our territorial aristocracy been sufficiently identified with the citizen element of the population either to seek for or to obtain municipal dig-

* Dall' Ongaro, p. 23.

nities. The reverse has always been the case in Tuscany. It would be very strange to our habits and notions that one of our leading nobles and statesmen should be made Lord Mayor. It is quite in accordance with immemorial Florentine habits, that the most illustrious names in the country should deem the holding of the Gonfaloniereship an added lustre to the family honours. And this difference in social customs and arrangements is one of those which curiously mark the different origin of the patrician order in the two countries, and the different modes of thought and habit arising thence.

Ricasoli was able to retain the office of Gonfaloniere but a short time. The fatal rock upon which all the high hopes of Italy were wrecked in 1848-9 began to loom large and menacing to all who had intelligence to comprehend the signs of the times. The Grand-Duke, vacillating, cowardly, and insincere, found, or fancied, himself constrained to intrust himself and the fortunes of Tuscany to the guidance of men with whom Ricasoli could not consistently act. The political views and hopes of Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and their friends, were wholly different from his. The best and most candid of men are apt to become bitter when engaged in the strife of party-politics. But the critic has none of the excuses for sharing their prejudices which may be held to palliate prejudice in them. And it must be admitted that there are no fair grounds for disbelieving in the honesty and patriotism of those men in whose hands the first Tuscan revolution was so lamentably wrecked. But it may be asserted with probability that the best heads in Europe at the time would have deemed the chances of conducting the movement to a favourable issue by the road which Ricasoli and his friends would have followed, infinitely greater than any that were offered by the programme of their opponents. Time and the hour have brought about solutions, and opened prospects infinitely superior to any thing that was then hoped by either party, and to any thing that the policy then pursued by either could have led to. But the monarchical reforming party, of which Ricasoli was even then, by virtue of his capabilities, if not yet by clear avowal, the leader, are entitled to remind the historian of that period that their scheme of action and policy was never tried; while that of the democratic leaders was tried, and grievously failed. Of Ricasoli also, if not of all who professed the same opinions in 1848, it is fair to observe, that he at least has been sufficiently clear in intellect, and single-hearted in Italian patriotism, to have perceived that the future now opened to Italy is a brighter and a grander one than any which his highest hopes and largest plans had contemplated in 1848-9. If any alloy of egotism or self-seeking

could have availed to blind him to this, such motives would have appealed to him with a much greater force of temptation than they could have brought to bear on most of the men who are still opposed to Italian unity. A Ricasoli had very much more to lose by the abandonment of Tuscan autonomy than the most noisy of the federalists and Tuscan autonomists.

It is needless to speak of the miserable failure and wreck of 1849. Ricasoli was among those who hoped to the last that *all* was not lost, and sought to bring back the Grand-Duke to his capital on the footing of a constitutional sovereign. This too sanguine expectation, this loyal long-suffering, will be judged differently by different men, according to their own temperaments and opinions. None will doubt the consistency of his patriotism. It soon became evident that Leopold II. intended to seek the security of his regained throne, not in constitutional government and the contentment of his subjects, but in the aid of Austrian bayonets. Many of those who, with Ricasoli, had sought to bring about the Duke's return were sufficiently loyalists *quand même* to assent to this humiliating fall to a worse condition than their former one. But not so Ricasoli. A court supported and overrun by Austrian soldiery was no place for him. He returned to his rural pursuits, expending that energy and desire of improvement which could not remain inactive in a sphere in which good was still to be done. The ten years of mute discouragement passed dully and undemonstratively; but not uselessly nor fruitlessly. What years ever do so? And when the new dawn appeared, we find Ricasoli one of the first and ablest to do the work that was to be done in it.

The thoroughly independent and high-principled line of conduct which he had adopted in 1849 had exposed him to the consequences which, when party feeling runs high, independence of thought and of action is always liable to. The more violent of the Liberal party mistrusted him who had contributed to bring back the Grand-Duke; while the Legitimists could not forgive the man who had separated himself from them and from the court, as soon as ever the terms upon which the Duke chose to return became known. But the accusations urged against him from these opposite quarters were mutually destructive. And the course pursued by him, as soon as ever it became evident that the time had at length come when action in the cause of Italian liberation might be useful, soon showed that his political views were, as they ever had been, consistently in favour of Italian independence. But the national independence sought did not necessarily involve the deposition of the Lorenese dynasty, nor the cessation of Tuscan autonomy.

A Grand-Duke of Tuscany who should have been Italian and not Austrian in sympathies, policy, and alliances, would have been at that time—the early spring of 1859—more acceptable than any other mode of attaining the freedom of Italy from foreign influence, which was what the Italians were bent on achieving. In 1849, Ricasoli had considered that this was the best mode of attaining the end then as ever in view. And in the early months of 1859 he held the same opinion. The grander and better horizon which has since been opened out to the views of Italian patriots was then not thought of. The unteachable folly, incapability, and perverseness of the Italian princes have been the chief means by which the larger scheme of, not independence only, but unity, which alone can now satisfy the nation, has become possible. In March 1859, the best men in Tuscany, and Ricasoli foremost among them, directed their efforts to the Italianising, and not destroying, the Grand-Duke and his government.

But the course of action adopted *this time* took the more peremptory form of an address, not to the Duke, but to the nation. It was proposed in a meeting held by some of the leading men of liberal sentiments in the duchy to address an urgent remonstrance to the sovereign. But Ricasoli had tried that ten years ago. He declared that he for one would not undertake the presentation of any such address. The notion accordingly was abandoned; and instead of it, the meeting determined to publish that manifesto which, under the title of "Toscana e Austria," did so much towards rousing the national spirit in Tuscany, and attracted so large a share of attention throughout Europe. It is dated the 15th of March 1859. It was written by Celestino Bianchi, the present able and valuable Secretary-General for Tuscany. But it was signed not only by him but by Ricasoli, Ridolfii, and others of the most prominent men of the Liberal party. It is a most masterly statement of the wrongs inflicted on Tuscany, and the mischiefs resulting to her from the overriding influence of Austria over her sovereign and government. It proved to demonstration, corroborating every assertion by a copious appendix of documents, that the administration of Tuscany had been for generations carried on wholly with a view to the interests and behests of the court of Vienna by sovereigns Austrian by race and by sympathy, and by statesmen of whom the best were ready to bow to the necessity of subordinating their measures for the good of their country to the paramount condition of their acceptability at Vienna. It showed that this condition had ever been, and must ever be, fatal to good government in Tuscany; that the interests of Austria, or what her perversely antiquated government sup-

posed to be such, were and must continue to be antagonistic to, and incompatible with, all good government or prosperity of any portion of Italy; and insisted that the time was come when, aided by the then conjuncture of affairs in Europe, the nation was firmly determined to be governed on Italian principles, and with a view to Italian nationality and progress. This celebrated pamphlet was the battle-cry that aroused Tuscany to insist on taking its share in the coming struggle between Italy and Austria. But in being one of the first to raise it the Baron Ricasoli acted in perfect consistency with the line of conduct he had adopted ten years previously. On the former occasion he had striven to persuade the Grand-Ducal government to enter on the only line of policy which could eventually save the dynasty. Now he no longer addressed his remonstrances to a prince who had been guilty of bad faith, and who had preferred to rest his throne on Austrian bayonets. But the pamphlet of 1859, no more than the memorial of 1847, proposes aught inconsistent with the continuance of the Lorenese rule in Tuscany. Lord Normanby spoke of this work in the House of Lords as treasonable. It is impossible to suppose that his lordship could have been guilty of the dishonesty of so characterising what he had never read. We are compelled, therefore to accept the only alternative of supposing—not a very improbable supposition, after all—that Lord Normanby conceives treasonable words to be any which may be distasteful to the prince to whom they are addressed. It may be that this is usually the worst signification of the term. But in Westminster Hall the manifesto of Ricasoli and his friends would assuredly not be pronounced to be treasonable. It recommended a policy which not only the Grand-Duke might have adopted, but which it was, up to within four or five hours of his abandonment of the country, very doubtful whether he would adopt or not. There can be no question, that had he done so, or had he abdicated and left his son free to have done so, either the father or the son would now have been on the throne of Tuscany, and the prospect of a united Italian kingdom would never have risen on the horizon.

The story of the rose-water Florentine revolution,—how the Duke decided on remaining Austrian while his people were determined to be Italian;—how he would fain have bombarded his capital into submission; but finding himself helpless in consequence of the refusal of his troops to fire on their countrymen, forthwith determined on running away, in the expectation of being a second time replaced by Austrian soldiers, who would have had not the slightest objection to firing on the Florentines;—how his subjects bowed him out, and proceeded in the quietest manner possible to arrange their own affairs as soon as

he was gone,—all this is matter of history, which has been told recently and frequently told for it to be necessary to do more than allude to the facts here. It is sufficient to note that, from the moment of the flight of the Grand-Duke and his family, Ricasoli was, throughout the months of doubt and suspense that followed, consistently and energetically the advocate of fusion with Piedmont. The triumvirate, consisting of the Cavaliere Ubaldino Peruzzi, the Advocate Vincenzo Malenchini, and Major Alessandro Danzini, in whose hands the municipality of Florence, the sole legitimate authority remaining undestroyed by the sudden flight of the sovereign, had provisionally placed the reins of government, gave them up to the Piedmontese Commissioner Boncampagni on the 11th of May 1859. On the same day a ministry was named, in which Ricasoli accepted the portfolio of home affairs. The other ministers were thoroughly good men. The Cavaliere Vincenzo Salvagnoli especially, who shortly after the original formation of the ministry assumed the charge of ecclesiastical affairs, was admirably well adapted for the management of that thorny and delicate branch of the duties of a liberal government by his large and truly philosophic views of the importance of freedom of conscience, and of the true relationship in which Church and State ought to stand to each other. But the strong man of the ministry, he whose energetic will and decision, unshakable firmness, and capacity for active mental labour, rendered him in reality the ruler of the country and the shaper of its destinies, was Ricasoli. And on the 1st of August 1859, when circumstances from without led to the withdrawal of the King's Commissioner, and the supreme power was transferred to the Council of Tuscan ministers, Ricasoli became in name, what he had previously been in fact, the President of the Council,—and in fact the Dictator of the country.

The difficulties which beset the path of the Tuscan government during the few following months will be in the recollection of all our readers. The powerful ruler who had lent Italy the helping hand, which had enabled her to start on the path of independence, wished now to arrest her progress on that path, by insisting on the return of the Austrianising princes, whom the success of his arms had driven out. But plain men, who complained that a large portion of the gratitude due from Italy to France would be cancelled by such conduct, were assured that emperors could not be expected to say what they really meant; that our great friend was still our friend; and that when he insisted on Tuscany receiving back her Duke, he meant to encourage her in refusing to do so. All this is very possible. The Italians are very far from desirous of find-

ing or making out that their debt of gratitude to the Emperor is less than in the first heat of their enthusiasm they had thought and so loudly proclaimed it to be. And it cannot but be admitted that mankind's experience of the ordinary value of a royal plighted word gives ample corroboration to the arguments of those defenders of the Emperor in Italy who insist, in reply to his detractors on this score, that no sort of credit should be attached to any word he said upon the subject. There were others, again, who refused to believe that the Emperor's cousin and the fifth corps of the Imperial army came to Tuscany solely on motives of strategy. There were many who feared, and some few—a very few—who hoped, that schemes for setting up a throne of Etruria, with a French prince for its occupant, were afloat. But the cousin of the Emperor, if any such dreams had visited him, must have abundantly convinced himself within a short time after his arrival in the country that they *were* dreams and nothing more. Others, again, were anxious that the autonomy of Tuscany should in some way, which they were at a loss very clearly to define, be preserved. But amid all these doubts and difficulties the President of the Council held on his way, unswerving and immovable. The vision of a united Italy strong enough to take its place among the foremost nations of the world, and enter vigorously on a national career, which should wipe out from the memory of Europe the recollection of three centuries of degradation and contempt, had presented itself to his mind; and thenceforward it was that glorious vision, and no other, which he was patiently but unalterably bent on accomplishing. It is true that a Tuscan, and one who held such a position in the country as the Baron Ricasoli especially, had to give up much in adopting the fusionist policy, and consenting to sacrifice the separate political existence of his native duchy to the great Italian idea. In many respects Tuscany had all to lose and nothing to gain by entering into partnership with Piedmont, Lombardy, and the other states, which were to form the new kingdom of Upper Italy. In joining Piedmont, she was in the position of a rich man casting in his lot with a poor one. She possessed in many respects a better legislation, especially in matters commercial and economical; and in all respects a more advanced, less ignorant, and more civilised population. Then, again, it was not without a pang that Florentines could consent to draw a line across the page of such a history as theirs, place an irrevocable "finis" at the foot of the record, and bring to a close a national existence which each citizen looked back on with feelings very similar to the sentiment of [illegible] in the most generous form in which it can be felt

by the scion of some truly noble race. Englishmen, who are proud of and satisfied with their country as it exists, must be able to sympathise with a very different state of things from their own before they can understand the strength and universality of the sentiment with which Florentines regard the past history of their country. And it was very bitter to many a Florentine in every class to think that this fondly-cherished nationality was to cease;—that the resurrection from its three hundred years of lethargy, long looked for and firmly believed in, should come, not in the form of a restoration to individual life, consciousness, and glory, but in a sort of metempsychosis, which would be no individual resurrection at all. It would be a mistake to imagine that all this was not acutely felt by many who nevertheless were among the firmest supporters of the fusionist policy. Florentines, moreover, are not generally thought to be blind to the main chance, or dull in perception of aught that is likely to affect it. And both the owners of property and the exercisers of arts and handicrafts could not fail to see that they were threatened with very material loss by a change which should depose their city from the rank of a capital to that of a provincial town. But faithful and enthusiastic loyalty to the one master idea, which was and is stirring Italy from end to end, and from the apex to the base of the social pyramid, triumphed over all these feelings and considerations. And Ricasoli, in unswervingly upholding the fusionist policy, was acting no less as an honest representative than as a patriotic Italian, and a wide and far-sighted statesman. It would be difficult to find in history a parallel case in which a large and mixed community has shown itself capable of so great an amount of individual self-abnegation for the accomplishment of a patriotic idea as Tuscany, and especially Florence, has manifested in its self-immolation on the altar of Italian greatness. *Now* there is every probability that this unselfishness may be rewarded with a measure of "poetical" justice, more commonly found, indeed, in the poet's fiction than in the historian's reality. Of an entire Italy, welded into one kingdom, Florence may perhaps become the capital. This is not the occasion for developing the reasons for making it such. But it may be mentioned that they have been felt to be so paramount by many of the men to whose hands the forming of the new kingdom will be intrusted, that Florence is not unlikely to reap this reward for its unselfish patriotism. But no such prospect or probability was in view when the question to be decided by Tuscany was independent existence or annexation to a kingdom of *Upper* Italy.

It was decided by Europe that the Italians should be the

arbiters of their own destinies; and Tuscany was to exercise a last act of autonomy in declaring her own individual will as to her future. Europe consented, not fully aware, probably, that it may prove to be nearly the last occasion on which she will be called on to issue her fiat as to Italy's fortunes. Upper Italy, after all, would be but a second-rate power, quite incapable of acting, or even existing, in defiance of the wishes of the great members of the European family. And as for a kingdom of Italy, there was, then, little danger of that. Was there not Naples with its Bourbon, and his large and well-disciplined army—to say nothing of the eternal city and its eternal pontiff, resting on the "rock of ages" and Austrian recruits? Upper Italy was permitted, then, to constitute itself as it pleased. But the most anxious guarantees were required to prove that, after all, Tuscany did wish to sacrifice her own individuality to this Italian kingdom. It was feared that the poor simple Tuscans were being over-persuaded by the sharp-witted eloquence of the Piedmontese beguilers. So the Piedmontese commission and every Sardinian officer, diplomatist, soldier, agent, clerk, were to go back to Piedmont; and the Tuscans, who were thought so weak to resist Sardinian beguilements, were to say what they really wished for themselves. Now nobody in Tuscany had any doubt about the all but unanimous wish of the people of all classes, save perhaps the clergy. And this exception is qualified by a "perhaps," because it is certain that a large number of the parish-priests were in favour of the revolution. The higher clergy and the monastic orders were opposed to it. But notwithstanding this all but unanimity, the period in question was a trying and a difficult one for the President of the Council.

"Ricasoli," says Signor Dall' Ongaro, "remained alone with his colleagues in the government,—alone in the presence of the diplomacy of Europe, which pressed him,—in presence of the clergy, who were hatching conspiracies,—in presence of the people, who did not love him,—in the presence of the republicans, who were bestirring themselves. The Swiss troops had retaken Perugia; the blood-stained ghost of Anviti hovered over Parma; the Holy Father was threatening Romagna and Tuscany with the thunders of the Church; the army, although compromised on the 27th of April, nevertheless harboured some discontented spirits, who from time to time gave ear to the emissaries of the prince who awaited his recall. But all this not only did not daunt Ricasoli, but seemed to give him new strength and new firmness."

The representation here given of the position of Ricasoli, during that period of painful and dangerous suspense, is actu-

regards the antagonism of the forces opposed to

him. But the phrase which classes among the difficulties he had to contend with the dislike of the Florentines requires a word of remark. There are people's men in governments whose assiduities rarely fail to obtain their reward in "vivas" and "hurrahs." But the confidence and trustful regard of a nation must be sought by, and will be accorded to, other qualities than those which are best adapted to gain the holiday cheers of a mob. Ricasoli is certainly not in the latter sense a people's man. In his manners, tastes, habits, associations, he is essentially patrician,—possibly more so than may be pleasing to many of those with whom he is brought in contact among a people still, as four or five hundred years ago, the most thoroughly democratic in sentiment and social habits of any in Europe. Strangers who have received a travelling "milordo's" allowance of profound reverences and broadcast "eccellenzas" may think that this description of the Tuscans is a mistake. But those who have had the means of becoming sufficiently acquainted with the people to have studied their social theories and practice, and comprehend the significance and working of them, will know that it is accurately true. Ricasoli possibly may not have cared to make himself the favourite of the *piazza*, and the hero of the carnival in Florence; but he has won the confidence and the esteem of the nation. It is impossible to know Florence and mistake this fact. He has won them in a higher degree, no doubt, than he possessed them when he started on his difficult career. And it is creditable both to the leader and the led that such should be the case. But at no period could it be said that the Tuscan people were otherwise than desirous of intrusting the national guidance to his hands. It is just to Signor Dall' Ongaro, who is himself scrupulously anxious to speak fairly of one whose political opinions and connections are very different from his own, to cite from a subsequent page of his biography his virtual concession that the Tuscan statesman obtained by intrinsic worth the favour of those whom he had not sought to captivate by conciliating manners. "The people," he says, "did not manifest any great affection for him; they did not cheer him as he passed; they did not cry *vivas* under his windows. But when they saw him labouring in the cause from six in the morning till midnight, and that for no possible interested motive, but manifestly to the injury of his own interests, and influenced by no ambition save that of conducting the great enterprise to a happy ending, they accustomed themselves gradually to that haughty manner of his, and to that short and decisive mode of speech, which was in fact an indication of resolution and energy." In truth, this passage may contain the explanation of the entire accusation against Ricasoli's bear-

ing. Those who have talked much on business with Tuscans, who do that and every thing else as if they really were secure, as the song has it, "that their lives would endure, as of old, for a thousand long years," will comprehend that a man labouring some eighteen hours a day may have been driven to have recourse occasionally to that "short and decisive mode of speech" which was probably the head and front of his offending.

The steady and courageous firmness with which Tuscany adhered to her declared wish and purpose through all the intrigues, persuasions, and threats of those months,—a firmness which obtained the surprised respect and admiration of Europe,—was in truth the firmness of Ricasoli, well supported undoubtedly by the patriotism, unanimity, and good sense of the nation, but still preëminently his own. The short and decisive speech had to be resorted to in communications with others than his own Tuscans. Tempter after tempter came to his cell in the Palazzo Vecchio, striving to cajole or frighten him into abandoning his high aim. Indeed the story of those days in Tuscany, and of the long and triumphant resistance of her champion, discomfiting snare after snare, and emissary after emissary, almost presents the inflexible baron to our imagination under the semblance of a St. Anthony exposed to all the various temptations of Satan.

But the pilot, who so manfully breasted and finally succeeded in weathering the Tuscan storm, had another class of difficulties to encounter, arising from quite other sources, which had to be met by quite other qualities and means, and the meeting which has called down on him bitter reproaches from a widely different class of assailants. We quote again from Signor Dall' Ongaro, observing, in justice to Ricasoli, that it must be borne in mind that his biographer belongs by conviction and sympathies to the party from whom the reproaches alluded to have come; and observing also, in justice to Signor Dall' Ongaro, that none of the bitter hostility with which these accusations have been urged by others of the same party is to be found in his temperate statement of them; and that the evident and frankly-avowed admiration with which he regards the noble qualities of one to whom he is in a great degree opposed is equally honourable both to the statesman and his critic.

"I will not pass over in silence" (writes the biographer, p. 58) "the blame which has been cast on Ricasoli for the never-ceasing diffidence he has shown of every manifestation that had any tint of democratic colouring in it. He constantly opposed the liberty of the press, and [illegible] the heavy caution-money which the old government exacted from publishers of newspapers]. He opposed the establish-

ment of the national guard; and when he at length recognised the necessity of it, he restricted it within the narrowest limits he could, reserving to the government the nomination of the officers, and to himself the supreme command. He opposed the popular element in the cities, maintaining in the elections of deputies to the Tuscan parliament the narrow electoral law of 1848. These measures may have been good and necessary; but the necessity of them was not evident to all."

Had the necessity of them been "evident to all," they would have ceased to be necessary. No restriction of human liberty can ever be necessary except precisely because some men are incapable of perceiving that such curtailment of their freedom of action is needful to the well-being of themselves and society. "The result," Signor Dall' Ongaro candidly and fairly admits in the following page,—"the result absolves Ricasoli. I neither accuse nor absolve him. I limit myself to narrating and describing." Indeed, history will be inclined to pronounce in this matter something more than an absolution. History will not have forgotten the miscarriages of 1848-49, nor the causes of them. We can undertake to assure the English public that the statesman who will have to take a large and prominent part in organising and starting on its path of civilisation and progress the young nation, which will be, at least for the present, the only one among the great Powers of Europe to whom England can look for sympathy in her ideas and principles of social life and civil government,—we can venture to assert, we say, that the opinions of Ricasoli are not opposed to the most complete freedom of the press, nor to the principle of intrusting the protection of the nation to its own hands, nor to a very liberal basis for the electoral suffrage. But, as usual in all such differences of opinion, it was, and is, only the old question of going too fast or too slow. We are strongly persuaded that very few Englishmen will be of opinion that social and material power has been too grudgingly, or too cautiously, intrusted to the young and inexperienced hands which had and have to exercise it. If the retrospect of 1848-49 be insufficient to convince any who may feel doubts on this point, the events of the last few months, and those which are even now passing, will show the most uncompromising advocates of self-government that a more rapid pouring of the new wine into the old bottles would risk all that has hitherto been gained.

There is another point respecting which the policy of Ricasoli, during the period of his dictatorship, has been blamed. And we refer to it not so much for the sake of examining the comparatively insignificant question, whether the line of conduct alluded to were, at that time, the most judicious that could

have been adopted, as for the infinitely more important purpose of laying before the English public what we have good reasons for knowing to be the Tuscan statesman's views and principles upon the subject in question. We allude to that most important of all questions, the position to be taken up by the civil government towards the Church. During that anxious period of Ricasoli's supreme power, the clergy—the dignified clergy especially—were undeniably conspiring against the new government. Their unconcealed disaffection and ill-concealed intrigues were more or less producing an ill effect on the minds of a portion of the people. Our knowledge of the Tuscan people would lead us to believe that the priestly influence for mischief in this direct manner was very small indeed. More inconvenience, perhaps, was to be apprehended from their exasperating the popular mind to a dangerous degree against themselves. Under these circumstances, Ricasoli, and the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Salvagnoli, his most worthy second in this matter, not only consistently refused to avail themselves of any of the opportunities which these prelates and canons were ostentatiously offering to gratify them with a martyrdom, which, if accorded them in the mildest possible form, they would have well known how to turn to large account; but they went a step further in the same direction, and strove to induce these recalcitrant ecclesiastics to lend the new order of things their countenance by taking part in the various services and solemn functions which, according to the fashion of the country, were needed to celebrate and solemnise the acts and occurrences of the transition of the nation to its new *régime*. Thinking men, who are very apt to omit from their thoughts a sufficient measure of allowance for the unthinking majority, were displeased at this. They would have had the Government set out at once on the path which it unquestionably will have to follow in this matter. They would have gladly seized the opportunity of making that complete breach between Church and State which all Italian thinkers agree will have to be made. We do not care to examine whether the goodness of the opportunity which offered itself for doing this might or might not have outweighed the objection to such a line of conduct arising from the inopportuneness of presenting further startling novelties to the public mind, at a moment when it might well be supposed to be reeling a little with the mass of new ideas it was called upon to assimilate. We will only remark that the decision of such a point must depend on a delicate feeling of the public pulse, and an appreciation of its indications so exact and so extensive, as is not easy for any one not possessing for the attain-

ment of this the means which a government has at its disposal for such a purpose, to criticise the decision of a government on such a point. But what we are anxious to express is our conviction, we may say our knowledge, of the great Tuscan statesman's views and opinions on this all-important question itself. If lay tyranny has held the bodies of the people in its grip, sacerdotal tyranny has so debased their souls as to render such holding possible. It has been the atheist conspiracy of priest and king, the godless compact by which each tyrant agreed to help the other, that has alone rendered possible such degradation as the people of Italy have for so many centuries been condemned to. Ricasoli knows this to be the truth. No real uprising of the nation can be hoped unless this corrupting connection be wholly severed. The first condition of the possibility of the spiritual regeneration of the people is the perfect freedom of conscience and the utter severance of their religion, be it what it may, from all connection with the duties of a subject to his civil ruler. The only security for the honesty, truthfulness, and impartiality of the government lies in its utterly eschewing any special attachment for any special form of creed. And this also Ricasoli believes and professes. It is a matter of almost incalculable importance to all Christendom that one who must have so large a part in shaping the social forms of the great nation now rising out of chaos should have attained convictions which, if duly carried to their practical results, will go further than any other possible national characteristic or policy to place Italy once again in the position of the leader of European civilisation.

At length, despite all difficulties, the task which Ricasoli had set himself was accomplished. Tuscany was part of the kingdom of Upper Italy. The country had persistently and unanimously asserted its choice of sovereign, and the sovereign of its choice had at length accepted the fealty offered him. And this, together with the similar occurrences in the smaller Duchies and Romagna, was, as Signor Dall' Ongaro well observes, by far the most important fact which had been accomplished in Italy. One Emperor had given Lombardy to another, who had made a present of it to his friend. But this furnishes a precedent of little value for the future conduct of the world's affairs. "But the fusion of Central Italy" (we quote Signor Dall' Ongaro, p. 62), "despite the open protests of its former sovereigns, and the ill-concealed difficulties thrown in the way by European potentates, is an historical fact of the highest importance; and those who accomplished it, and sealed it in the name of the people, have for that act alone secured for their names the grateful memory of posterity." It is not diffi-

cult to believe, therefore, that Ricasoli was anxious then to have rested from labour which few men could have endured, to have harvested a glory which few could hope to compete with, and to have left the remainder of the work to fresh labourers. But where were any such to be found competent to take up the task? It was no longer, it is true, an equally arduous one. The dictator would have to subside into a minister. Where he used to command, it would be his province to obey. It was a hard trial of patriotism to be asked, after having commanded the ship during the storm, to take the still laborious post of first lieutenant during the comparatively calm voyage. It was hard, and Ricasoli would fain have escaped the uninviting duty. But Count Cavour, the King, and the Prince de Carignan, alike pleaded that there was none to do all that remained to be done for the amalgamation of Tuscany with the monarchy—none who had the requisite knowledge of the country, and the needful prestige and influence, if Ricasoli should desert them. And Ricasoli was not the man to resist these appeals. He felt that in truth his country needed him, and he consented to take again the labouring oar, though it was no longer the post of honour.

It is by no means improbable that the former Dictator may be called upon to take that post once again, though not, as before, to assume the supreme command of the vessel. There is, on the other hand, we fear, little hope to be held out to him that Italy can, for some time to come, permit him to enjoy the repose which it must be admitted he has so well earned. The celebrated Ricasoli vineyards must produce their famous wines for sundry vintages yet unsuperintended by the presence of their proprietor. Italy cannot afford to cut blocks with razors, or use statesmen for the improvement of her rural economy. Nay, the time may very soon come when, not only for Tuscany, but for the united kingdom of Italy itself, this statesman's services may be indispensable. Those who know the exigencies of Italy best at the present moment,—who know the critical position of affairs between Garibaldi and Cavour,—and the need of a statesman with all Cavour's firmness and experience who may be better able to act with Garibaldi, believe that the only man for the situation is Ricasoli. Never was there a grander field opened to the genius and ambition of a statesman than that offered by the birth-time of the new nation of Italy. Never was there more urgent need of an organising and ordering mind of first class power, of unshakable firmness, of unimpeachable loyalty and sincerity, and of largest philosophic grasp of intellect. Such a man, for the infinite good fortune of Italy and of mankind, we [illegible] that the country possesses in Baron Ricasoli.

Art. IX.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam, 1846.

The Snow-Image, and other Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Bohn, 1851.

Twice-told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. A new edition. Routledge, 1852.

A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Bohn, 1852.

The Scarlet Letter. A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Routledge, 1851.

The House of the Seven Gables. A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New edition. Routledge, 1860.

The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1852.

Transformation; or, the Romance of Monte Beni. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., 1860.

Life of Franklin Pierce. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1852.

Mr. Hawthorne speaks more than once in his various thoughtful and artistic tales of the "moonlight of romance," and the phrase has a special applicability to the fictions which it is his delight to weave. It is one of his favourite theories that there must be a vague, remote, and shadowy element in the subject-matter of any narrative with which his own imagination can successfully deal. Sometimes he apologises for this idealistic limitation to his artistic aims. "It was a folly," he says in his preface to the *Scarlet Letter*, "with the materiality of this daily life pressing so intrusively upon me, to attempt to fling myself back into another age, or to insist on creating the semblance of a world out of airy matter, when, at every moment, the impalpable beauty of my soap-bubble was broken by the rude contact of some actual circumstance. The wiser effort would have been to diffuse thought and imagination through the opaque substance of to-day, and thus to make it a bright transparency; to spiritualise the burden that began to weigh so heavily; to seek resolutely the true and indestructible value that lay hidden in the petty and wearisome incidents and ordinary characters with which I was now conversant. The fault was mine. The page of life that was spread out before me was so dull and commonplace

only because I had not fathomed its deeper import. A better book than I shall ever write was there; leaf after leaf presenting itself to me, just as it was written out by the reality of the flitting hour, and vanishing as fast as written, only because my brain wanted the insight and my hand the cunning to transcribe it. At some future day, it may be, I shall remember a few scattered fragments and broken paragraphs and write them down, and find the letters turn to gold upon the page." But the dissatisfaction with his own idealism which he here expresses has at least not sufficed to divert his efforts into the channel indicated. In the *Blithedale Romance* he tells us that he chose the external scenery of the Socialist community at Brook Farm "merely to establish a theatre, a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives. In the old countries with which fiction has long been conversant, a certain conventional privilege seems to be awarded to the romancer; his work is not put exactly side by side with nature; and he is allowed a license with regard to every-day probability, in view of the improved effects which he is bound to produce thereby. Among ourselves, on the contrary, there is as yet no such Faëry Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which, the inhabitants have a propriety of their own. This atmosphere is what the American romancer wants. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals,—a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible." And once more, in the preface to his latest work, *Transformation*, he reiterates as his excuse for laying the scene in Italy, that "no author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor any thing but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable event of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow." These passages throw much light on the secret affinities of Mr Hawthorne's genius. But it would be a mistake to conclude from them, as he himself would

have us, that he is a mere romantic idealist, in the [illegible] these words are commonly used,—that he is one

all whose dramatic conceptions are but the unreal kaleidoscopic combinations of fancies in his own brain.

We may perhaps accept Mr. Hawthorne's own phrase,—"the moonlight of romance,"—and compel it to help us to a distinction which will explain something of the secret of his characteristic genius. There are writers—chiefly poets, but also occasionally writers of fanciful romances like Mr. Longfellow's *Hyperion*—whose productions are purely ideal, not only seen by the light of their own imagination but constituted out of it,—made of moonshine,—and rendered vivid and beautiful, if they are vivid and beautiful, merely with the vividness and beauty of the poet's own mind. In these cases there is no distinction at all between the delineating power and the delineated object; the dream is indistinguishable from the mind of the dreamer, and varies wholly with its laws. Again, at the opposite extreme there is a kind of creative imagination which has its origin in a deep sympathy with, and knowledge of, the real world. That which it deals with is actual life as it has existed, or still exists, in forms so innumerable that it is scarcely possible to assert that its range is more limited than life itself. Of course the only adequate example of such an imagination is Shakespeare's; and this kind of imaginative power resembles sunlight, not only in its brilliancy, but especially in this, that it casts a light so full and equable over the universe it reveals, that we never think of its source at all. We forget altogether, as we do by common daylight, that the light by which we see is not part and parcel of the world which it presents to us. The sunlight is so efficient that we forget the sun. We find so rich and various a world before us, dressed in its own proper colours, that no one is reminded that the medium by which those proper colours are seen is uniform and from a single source. We merge the delineative magic by which the scene is illuminated in the details of the scene itself. Between these two kinds of creative imagination there is another, which also shows a real world, but shows it so dimly in comparison with the last as to keep constantly before our minds the unique character of the light by which we see. The ideal light itself becomes a more prominent element in the picture than even the objects on which it shines; and yet is made so, chiefly by the very fact of shining on those objects which we are accustomed to think of as they are seen in their own familiar details in full daylight. If the objects illuminated were not real and familiar, the light would not seem so mysterious; it is the pale uniform tint, the loss of colour and detail, and yet the vivid familiar outline and the strong shadow, which produces what Mr. Hawthorne calls the "moonlight of romance." "Moonlight in a familiar room," he says in his preface to the

Scarlet Letter, "falling so white upon the carpet, and showing all its figures so distinctly, making every object so minutely visible, yet so unlike a morning or noontide visibility,—is a medium the most suitable for a romance-writer to get acquainted with his illusive guests. There is the little domestic scenery of the well-known apartment; the chairs, with each its separate individuality; the centre table, sustaining a work-basket, a volume or two, and an extinguished lamp; the sofa, the bookcase, the picture on the wall;—all these details, so completely seen, are so spiritualised by the unusual light, that they seem to lose their actual substance, and become things of intellect. Nothing is too small or too trifling to undergo this change, and acquire dignity thereby. A child's shoe, the doll seated in her little wicker carriage, the hobby-horse,—whatever, in a word, has been used or played with during the day, is now invested with a quality of strangeness and remoteness, though still almost as vividly present as by daylight. Thus, therefore, the floor of our familiar room has become a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairy-land, where the Actual and the Imaginary may meet, and each imbue itself with the nature of the other." Sir Walter Scott's delineative power partakes of both this moonlight imagination and the other more powerful and brilliant and realistic kind. Often it is a wide genial sunshine, of which we quite forget the source in the vividness of the common life which it irradiates. At other times, again, when he is in his Black Douglas mood, as we may call it, it has all the uniformity of tint and the exciting pallor, of what Mr. Hawthorne terms the moonlight of romance.

At all events, there is no writer to whose creations the phrase applies more closely than to Mr. Hawthorne's own. His characters are by no means such unreal webs of moonshine as the idealists proper constitute into the figures of their romance. They are real and powerfully conceived, but they are all seen in a single light,—the contemplative light of the particular idea which has floated before him in each of his stories,—and they are seen, not fully and in their integrity, as things are seen by daylight, but like things touched by moonlight, *only so far* as they are lighted up by the idea of the story. The thread of unity which connects his tales is always some pervading thought of his own; they are not written mainly to display character, still less for the mere narrative interest, but for the illustration they cast on some idea or conviction of their author's. Amongst English writers of fiction, we have many besides Shakespeare whose stories are merely appropriate instruments for the portraiture of character, and who therefore never conceive themselves to confine themselves scrupulously to the one

aspect most naturally developed by the tale. Once introduced, their characters are given in full,—both that side of them which is, so to say, turned *towards* the story, and others which are not. Other writers, again, make the characters quite subsidiary to the epical interest of the plot, using them only to heighten the colouring of the action it describes. Mr. Hawthorne's tales belong to neither of these classes. Their unity is ideal. His characters are often real and vivid, but they are illuminated only from one centre of thought. So strictly is this true of them, that he has barely *room* for a novel in the ordinary sense of the word. If he were to take his characters through as many phases of life as are ordinarily comprised in a novel, he could not keep the ideal unity of his tales unbroken; he would be obliged to delineate them from many different points of view. Accordingly his novels are not novels in the ordinary sense; they are ideal situations expanded by minute study and trains of closely-related thought into the dimensions of novels. A very small group of figures is presented to the reader in some marked ideal relation; or if it be in consequence of some critical event, then it must be some event which has struck the author as rich in ideal or moral suggestion. But it is not usually in his way—though his latest novel gives us one remarkable exception to this observation—to seize any glowing crisis of action when the passion is lit or the blow is struck that gives a new mould to life, for his delineation; he prefers to assume the crisis past, and to delineate as fully as he can the ideal situation to which it has given rise, when it is beginning to assume more of a chronic character.

But, however this may be, almost all his tales embody single ideal situations, scarcely ever for a moment varied in their course in any essential respect. For instance, to take his shorter tales, the mockery of the attempt to renew in wasted age the blasted hopes of youth is crystallised into a *tableau vivant* in the *Wedding-Knell.* The absolute spiritual isolation of every man's deepest life, and the awe which any visible assertion of that isolation inspires, even when made by the mildest of our guilty race, is translated into an ideal picture in the *Minister's Black Veil.* So in the *Great Stone Face* we have an embodiment of the conviction that *he* is best fitted to fulfil any great human hope or trust whose heart is constantly fed upon the yearning to find the perfect fulfilment of it in another. So in *Roger Malvin's Burial* we are shown how an innocent man, who is too cowardly to face the mere appearance of guilt, may thereby incur a remorse and guilt as deep as that from the faintest suspicion of which he shrank. And so we may run through almost all the *tales* properly so called. We do not mean that in any of

them the author thinks the thought first in its abstract form, and then condenses it into a story. We should suppose, on the contrary, that the artistic form is the one in which the idea of the tale first flashes on him, and that the work of elaboration only gives more substance and greater variety of colour to the parts. But not the less is the essence originally ideal, since every touch and line in his imagined picture is calculated to impress some leading thought on the reader.

But it is only when we look at his longer tales, whose dimensions would lead us to expect more variety of aspect in the characters, more circumstance, and less sameness of leading *thought*, that this characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's tales becomes striking. The stories of the *Scarlet Letter*, of the *House of the Seven Gables*, and of *Transformation*, might all have been included, in their full ideal integrity, and with all the *incident* they contain, in the *Twice-told Tales* without adding more than a few pages to the book. We do not mean that thus compressed they would produce the same, or any thing like the same, imaginative impression, but only that, as far as either the *aspect* of his characters or the circumstantial interest of the stories is concerned, there need be no compression in thus shortening them. The omissions would be most important, indeed, to the effect, but they would be the omission of minute contemplative touches, imaginative self-repetitions, and so forth, which seldom indeed give us a single glimpse of any other than the one side of his characters, or add a second thread to the one interest of the tale.

In the *Scarlet Letter*, for instance, there is but one conception, which is developed in three—perhaps we should say four—scenes of great power, and that is the analysis of the deranging effect of the sin of adultery on the intrinsically fine characters of those principally affected by it, with a special view to its different influence on the woman, who is openly branded with the shame, and on the man, whose guilt is not published and who has a double remorse to suffer, for the sin, and for the growing burden of insincerity. The effect of the sin on the child who is the offspring of it is made a special study, as are the false relations it introduces between the mother and child. Throughout the tale every one of the group of characters studied is seen in the lurid light of this sin and in no other. The only failure is in the case of the injured and vindictive husband, whose character is subordinated entirely to the artistic development of the other three.

In the same way the predominant idea of the *Blithedale Romance* is to delineate the deranging effect of an absorbing phi[illegible] on a powerful mind,—the unscrupulous sacrifices

of personal claims which it induces, and the misery in which it ends. There is scarcely one *incident* in the tale properly so called except the catastrophe, and what there is is so anxiously shrouded in mystery as to have really all the enigmatic character of a *tableau vivant* of clear general meaning but doubtful interpretation as to details. The author seems to say to the reader, 'Here is a group of characters in relations tending to illustrate how much more sacred are personal affections than any abstract *cause* however noble; what these relations exactly are, except as they illustrate my idea, I will not say, as that is quite non-essential; you may imagine them what you please,—I tell you only enough to impress you with my predominant conviction.'

Again, in the *House of the Seven Gables* we have a picture studied to impress on us that both personal character, and the malign influences of evil action, are transmitted, sometimes with accumulating force, even through centuries, blighting every generation through which they pass. This subject would apparently involve a series of sketches; but only two are introduced from the past, and the family characteristics are so anxiously preserved as to make even these seem like slight modifications of some of the living group. But Mr. Hawthorne with rare art pictures the shadow of the past as constantly hanging, like a baneful cloud, over the heads of his figures; and every detail, even the minutest, is made to point backwards to the weary past from which it has derived its constitutional peculiarities. Even the little shop which "old maid Pyncheon" reopens in the dark old house is not new. A miserly ancestor of the family had opened it a century before, who is supposed to haunt it, and the scales are rusty with the rust of generations. The half-effaced picture of the ancestral Pyncheon which hangs on the walls, the garden-mould black with the vegetable decay of centuries, the exhausted breed of aristocratic fowls which inhabit the garden,—every touch is studied to condense the dark past into a cloud hanging over the living present, and make the reader feel its malign influence. The only incident in the tale is the light thrown upon a crime,—which had been committed thirty years before the story opens,—by the sudden death of the principal representative of the family, from the same specific disease, in the same chair, and under the same circumstances, as that of the old ancestor and founder of the family whose picture hangs above the chair.

The same criticism may be made on Mr. Hawthorne's latest work. The sole idea of *Transformation* is to illustrate the intellectually and morally awakening power of a sudden impulsive sin, committed by a simple, joyous, instinctive, "natural" man. The whole group of characters is imagined solely with a view to the development of this idea. Mr. Hawthorne even hints, though rather

hesitatingly, that without sin the higher humanity of man could not be taken up at all; that sin may be essential to the first conscious awakening of moral freedom and the possibility of progress. The act of sin itself is the only distinct incident of the tale; all the rest is either extraneous dissertation on Art, or the elaboration and study of the group of characters requisite to embody this leading idea. A tale containing the whole ideal essence of the book, and in this instance, though only in this instance, almost equally powerful, might have been told in a few pages.

And yet we are very far indeed from meaning to say that the microscopic diffuseness with which Mr. Hawthorne enlarges these ideal studies into the length of an ordinary novel is wasted. For the secret of his power lies in the great art with which he reduplicates and reflects and re-reflects the main idea of the tale from the countless faces of his imagination, until the reader's mind is absolutely saturated and haunted by it. There are many among his shorter tales, which now occupy perhaps only five or ten pages, which would have gained infinitely in power by similar treatment, without the addition of a single fresh incident or scene. As they read now they have almost a feeble effect; they give the writer's idea and no more; they do not fill the reader with it; and Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar genius lies in the power he possesses to be haunted, and in his turn to haunt the reader, with his conceptions, far more than in their intrinsic force. Look at the central notion of his various minor tales, and you will be perhaps struck with a certain ideal simplicity, and a strange dash of lurid colour in them that will impress you as promising, but no more. But let him summon this idea before you in the innumerable Protean shapes of his own imagination, with alterations of form just striking enough to make it seem at once the same and something fresh; and before he has done with you you are pursued, you are possessed, you are beset with his notion: it is in your very blood; it stares at you with ghastly force from every word of his narrative; it is in the earth and in the air; and every mouth that opens among his characters, however little they may be involved in the mystery of the tale, only sends it thrilling with greater force through your heart. What a story, for instance, might he not have made out of the very eerie tales called *Roger Malvin's Burial*, or *Rappacini's Daughter*, if he had elaborated them with any thing like the art shown in the *House of the Seven Gables!*

Mr. Hawthorne was quite aware of the slight ideal structure of his earlier and shorter tales. He has himself criticised them with rare candour and subtlety, though not with a fair appreciation of the deeper power which they contained, in his prefaces to the new editions of the *Twice-told Tales.*

"At all events, there can be no harm in the Author's remarking that he rather wonders how the *Twice-told Tales* should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual. They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the Author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humour; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see any thing in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages. With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the productions of a person in retirement (which happened to be the Author's category at the time), the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer's part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which mark the written communications of a solitary mind within itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by any body who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood. This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world."

This passage contains some of the truest and finest touches in the way of literary self-criticism with which we are acquainted; but it does not, as we said, do justice to the undeveloped germs of power in many of the pieces comprised in this and Mr. Hawthorne's other collections of shorter tales. It is true, indeed, that, throughout almost all he has yet written, sentiment takes the place of passion, and it is not seldom true, though it by no means holds of the majority of his finished studies of character, that, in the place of "pictures of actual life, we have allegory not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver." But there is enough even in the early tales of which Mr. Hawthorne here speaks to prove that the allegorical turn which his tales are apt to take was not with him, as it often is, a sign of meagre or shallow imaginative endowments,—a proof that

fancy predominates in him rather than genuine imagination. When a man sits down professing to paint human life and character, and in place thereof succeeds only in representing abstract virtues, vices, passions, and the like, under human names, we may fairly say that with him the allegorical vein proves the general poverty of his spiritual blood. He has peeled off the outer surface where he professed to model the substance. But when, on the other hand, the same truth, which by an ordinary intellect would be expressed in a purely abstract form, naturally takes shape in a man's mind under an imaginative clothing which savours of allegory, no inference of the kind is legitimate. In the one case the allegory is a degenerate romance, in the other it is a thought expressing itself in the language of the imagination. The weakness in the former case is measured by the inability of the imagination to see the broad chasm between the reality and the allegorical shadow. In the latter case there is no such inability, but the thought which would have entered an ordinary mind in a purely abstract form presents itself to this in the form of a vivid shadow-picture.

And it is a sign that Mr. Hawthorne's genius has not the weakness usually belonging to allegorists, that the longer a subject rests in his mind, the more certainly do the allegorical shadows of its first outline gather solidity of form and variety of colour, and gradually substantiate themselves into real living men. In the ideal situation or conception, as it first presents itself to the author's mind, the places of the human actors are perhaps occupied by appropriate symbols of some predominant sentiment or characteristic which each of the group subsequently embodies. If written down in that faint early form, the tale seems allegorical. But if allowed to lie by in the imagination, it deepens into a real dramatic situation; a body of real human life and character gathers round, and clothes, each of the ideal skeletons in the original plan, turning the faint allegory into a chapter of vivid human experience. So clearly did Mr. Edgar Poe perceive this vein of genuine imaginative power in Mr. Hawthorne's writings, even at a time when he had published only his shorter tales, that he boldly asserted,—in this, as we think, overleaping the truth,—that the conspicuously ideal scaffoldings of Mr. Hawthorne's stories were but the monstrous fruits of the bad transcendental atmosphere which he had breathed so long,—the sign of the Emersonian school of thought in which he had studied. "He is infinitely too fond of allegory," said Edgar Poe, "and can never hope for popularity so long as he will *not* do, for allegory is at war with [redacted]re, which disports itself never so well [redacted] mysticism of his Goodman Browns

and White Old Maids into the hearty, genial, but still Indian-summer sunshine of his Wakefields and Little Annie's Rambles. Indeed, *his* spirit of metaphor run mad is clearly imbibed from the phalanx and phalanstery atmosphere in which he has been so long struggling for truth. He has not half the material for the exclusiveness of authorship that he possesses for its universality. He has the purest style, the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humour, the most touching pathos, the most radiant imagination, the most consummate ingenuity, and with these varied good qualities he has done *well* as a mystic. But is there any one of these qualities which should prevent his doing doubly well in a career of honest, upright, sensible, prehensible, and comprehensible things? Let him mend his pen, get a bottle of visible ink, come out from the Old Manse, cut Mr. Alcott, hang (if possible) the editor of the *Dial*, and throw out of the window to the pigs all his odd numbers of the *North-American Review*."

The caustic American critic was, we think, confusing two things in this brief summary of Mr. Hawthorne's qualifications and deficiencies. He saw that Mr. Hawthorne could produce the most skilful studies from real life, as, for instance—to take one amongst many—in his sketch of the old Apple Dealer; he saw also that almost all his tales proper embodied an idea or a truth, and he thought the former the natural bent of Mr. Hawthorne's mind, the latter the imported mannerism of a clique. But the truth is, that both are equally natural to him, the ideal framework being quite as essential to him in putting together a tale as an unlimited store of unforeseen coincidences and exciting emergencies is to Fennimore Cooper or G. P. R. James, or a picturesque episode in history to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hawthorne could never weave his studies of human nature into a continuous narrative, based on mere circumstantial incident and striking adventure. The constructive talent, probably the special tastes and interests, requisite for that kind of framework of a tale are not a part of his genius. He must have an ideal centre and an ideal bond for his characters, or they would fall asunder into loose unconnected atoms. He has either no power or else no desire to construct what is ordinarily meant by a plot; that is, a a chain of circumstantial coincidences in which the interest depends on the unusual and unforeseen character of the contingent events. The purely ideal clue of his stories supersedes entirely the function of the ordinary circumstantial thread.

But notwithstanding the simplicity and ideality which invariably mark the outline of Mr. Hawthorne's stories, the most notable characteristic of his genius distinguishes him widely from the school of allegorists. His imagination only departs

from that basis of New England simplicity which is the foundation and staple of its creations, to represent in his figures and excite in the reader those fearfully blended and yet mutually repellent emotions which thrill us with a sense of something at once real and preternatural,—true to a life and a moral state which has in it a dash of sin and of ghastly contradictions, and yet exciting those fitful pulses, those flushings and shiverings of the spirit, which testify to an uncanny or unholy origin. If we want to find Mr. Hawthorne's power at the very highest, we must look to this instinctive knowledge of what we may call the laws, not exactly of *discordant* emotions, but of emotions which *ought* to be mutually exclusive, and which combine with the thrill and the shudder of disease. This is almost the antithesis of Allegory. And he makes his delineation of such "unblest unions" the more striking, because it stands out from a background of healthy life, of genial scenes and simple beauties, which renders the contrast the more thrilling. We have often heard the term "cobweby" applied to his romances; and their most marking passages certainly give the same sense of unwelcome shrinking to the spirit which a line of unexpected cobweb suddenly drawn across the face causes physically when one enters a deserted but familiar room. Edgar Poe, indeed, is much fuller of uncanny terrors; but then there is nothing in his writings of the healthy, simple, and natural background which gives sin and disease all its horror. It is the pure and severe New England simplicity which Mr. Hawthorne paints so delicately that brings out in full relief the adulterous mixture of emotions on which he spends his main strength. We might almost say that he has carried into human affairs the old Calvinistic type of imagination. The same strange combination of clear simplicity, high faith, and reverential reality, with one reluctant, but for that very reason intense and devouring, conviction of the large comprehensiveness of the Divine Damnation which that grim creed taught its most honest believers to consider as the true trust in God's providence, Mr. Hawthorne copies into his pictures of human life. He presents us with a scene of clear severe beauty, full of truthful goodness, and then he uncovers in some one point of it a plague-spot that, half-concealed as he keeps it, yet runs away with the imagination till one is scarcely conscious of any thing else. Just as Calvinism, with all its noble features, can never keep its eyes off that one fact, as it thinks it, of God's calm foreknowledge of a wide-spread damnation; and this gradually encroaches on the attention till the mind is utterly absorbed in the fascinating terror of the problem how to combine the clashing

e and horror which its image of Him inspires;—

's finest tales, with all the fair simplicity of

their general outline, never detain you long from some uneasy mixture of emotions which only deep disease can combine on one object, until at last you ask for nothing but the disentangling of the infected web.

There are many illustrations of this peculiarity of Mr. Hawthorne's genius in his earlier and shorter tales. In one of them he exclaims, and it is the key to his genius, "Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blazes of the infernal regions." The tale in which Mr. Hawthorne makes this remark, *Rappacini's Daughter*, itself exemplifies in a somewhat fanciful but striking form this constant bent of his imagination. Dr. Rappacini is a professor of medical science in the University of Padua. He has devoted himself to the study of deadly poisons, and learnt how to infuse them so subtly into both animal and vegetable natures as to render that which would be fatal in the ordinary way, essential to life and health, and even productive of unusual lustre and bloom. Mr. Hawthorne has evidently based his tale on the physiological fact—which, at least in the case of arsenic, is well attested—that a malignant poison, if gradually administered, may at length become a condition of life and conducive to beauty. Dr. Rappacini has filled his garden with flowers so poisonous that he himself dare not touch them, and can scarcely venture to breathe the air around them. But the life of his daughter Beatrice has been imbued and fed with the same poisons which give so rich a bloom and so sweet but deadly a perfume to these rare plants; and to her they are health and added loveliness. Her breath is instantly fatal to the insect or the butterfly that drinks it in, and even her touch is deadly. But her heart is stainless and noble, and she shudders herself at the malign influences which she involuntarily puts forth as insects fall dead around her. Her great beauty fascinates one of the students, whose lodging looks out above this strange garden; and by Rappacini's skill, exercised without the young man's knowledge, he is gradually imbued with the same poisons which enter so deeply into the life and constitution of Beatrice. The point and art of this eerie tale lie in the conflict of emotions which Beatrice's true spiritual beauty and malignant physical influences raise in the mind of her lover, filling him with a passion blended equally of love and horror; and in the description of the despair with which he discovers that the same malignant influences are already part of himself.

The same tendency of imagination, in perhaps quite as characteristic, but in a far more unpleasant form, is shown in the tale called the *Birth-Mark*, which turns on the morbid horror inspired by a slight birth-mark on the cheek of a beautiful

woman in the mind of her husband, who is at the same time passionately attached to her and bent on eradicating it. This tale has no imaginative beauty, and is only remarkable for the diseased mixture of emotions which it depicts. Again, in the tale concerning "The Man with the Snake in his Bosom" and "Young Goodman Brown," with all the most remarkable of Mr. Hawthorne's shorter tales, the same prominent feature, in some form or other, may be discerned.

But it is in the more elaborate tales that Mr. Hawthorne has most scope, at once for the relieving elements which these morbid interests, if they are to be artistically treated at all, especially require, and for the fuller development and *justification*, so to say, of emotions so subtle and unhealthy. In the *Scarlet Letter* he has a subject naturally so painful as exactly to suit his genius. He treats it with perfect delicacy, for his attention is turned to the morbid anatomy of the relations which have originated in the sin of adultery, rather than to the sin itself. There are two points on which Mr. Hawthorne concentrates his power in this remarkable book. The first is the false position of the minister, who gains fresh reverence and popularity as the very fruit of the passionate anguish with which his heart is consumed. Frantic with the stings of unacknowledged guilt, he is yet taught by those very stings to understand the hearts and stir the consciences of others. His character is a pre-Raphaelite picture of the tainted motives which fill a weak but fine and sensitive nature when placed in such a position; of self-hatred quite too passionate to conquer self-love; of a quailing conscience smothered into insane cravings for blasphemy; of the exquisite pain of gratified ambition conscious of its shameful falsehood. The second point on which Mr. Hawthorne concentrates his power is the delineation of anomalous characteristics in the child who is the offspring of this sinful passion. He gives her an inheritance of a lawless, mischievous, and elvish nature, not devoid of strong affections, but delighting to probe the very sorest points of her mother's heart, induced in part by some mysterious fascination to the subject, in part by wanton mischief. The scarlet A, which is the brand of her mother's shame, is the child's delight. She will not approach her mother unless it be on her bosom; and the unnatural complication of emotions thus excited in Hester Prynne's heart present one of the most characteristic features of the book, and are painfully engraved on the reader's mind. The scene of most marvellous power which the book contains contrives to draw to a focus all the many clashing affections portrayed. [illegible]mmesdale, the unhappy minister, eager to invent vain [illegible] expiation of the guilt which he dares not avow, [illegible]midnight in his canonical robe to stand for an hour

on the scaffold on which Hester and her child had been pilloried years before. It is the night when many are watching by the dying-bed of the governor of Massachusetts, and one of the minister's reverend colleagues, who has been praying with the governor, passes under the scaffold, lantern in hand. In his nervous and excited mood, Dimmesdale almost addresses him aloud, and then, paralysed by dread and his limbs stiffened by cold, it occurs to him that he will never be able to descend the steps of the scaffold, and that morning will break to show him there to all his revering flock:—

"Morning would break, and find him there. The neighbourhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely-defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then—the morning light still waxing stronger—old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages, who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth, with his King James' ruff fastened askew; and Mistress Hibbins, with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night-ride; and good Father Wilson too, after spending half the night at a deathbed, and liking ill to be disturbed thus early out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither likewise would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolised their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms; which now, by the by, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantly have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom, but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half-frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

'Pearl! Little Pearl!' cried he, after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice, 'Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?' 'Yes; it is Hester Prynne!' she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side-walk, along

which she had been passing. 'It is I, and my little Pearl.' 'Whence come you, Hester?' asked the minister. 'What sent you hither?' 'I have been watching at a death-bed,' answered Hester Prynne; 'at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.' 'Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,' said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. 'Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together.'

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

'Minister!' whispered little Pearl. 'What wouldst thou say, child?' asked Mr. Dimmesdale. 'Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noontide?' inquired Pearl. 'Nay; not so, my little Pearl,' answered the minister; for, with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure, that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him; and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which, with a strange joy nevertheless, he now found himself, — 'not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow.'

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast. 'A moment longer, my child!' said he. 'But wilt thou promise,' asked Pearl, 'to take my hand, and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide?'"

At this moment a sudden meteoric light flashes across the sky, and lights up the scaffold; after describing it, the tale proceeds:—

"There was a singular circumstance that characterised Mr. Dimmesdale's psychological state at this moment. All the time that he gazed upward to the zenith, he was nevertheless perfectly aware that little Pearl was pointing her finger towards old Roger Chillingworth, who stood at no great distance from the scaffold. The minister appeared to see him, with the same glance that discerned the miraculous letter. To his features, as to all other objects, the meteoric light imparted a new expression; or it might well be that the physician was not careful then, as at all other times, to hide the malevolence with which he looked upon his victim. Certainly, if the meteor kindled up the sky, and disclosed the earth, with an awfulness that admonished Hester Prynne and the clergyman of the day of judgment, then might Roger Chillingworth have passed with them for the arch-fiend, standing there with a smile and scowl to claim his own. So vivid was the expression, or so intense the minister's perception of it, that it seemed [illegible] pain painted on the darkness, after the meteor had vanished, [illegible] effect as if the street and all things else were at once

'Who is that man, Hester?' gasped Mr. Dimmesdale, overcome with terror. 'I shiver at him! Dost thou know the man? I hate him, Hester!'

She remembered her oath, and was silent.

'I tell thee, my soul shivers at him!' muttered the minister again. 'Who is he? Who is he? Canst thou do nothing for me? I have a nameless horror of the man!'

'Minister,' said little Pearl, 'I can tell thee who he is.'

'Quickly, then, child!' said the minister, bending his ear close to her lips. 'Quickly! and as low as thou canst whisper.'

Pearl mumbled something into his ear that sounded, indeed, like human language, but was only such gibberish as children may be heard amusing themselves with by the hour together. At all events, if it involved any secret information in regard to old Roger Chillingworth, it was in a tongue unknown to the erudite clergyman, and did but increase the bewilderment of his mind. The elvish child then laughed aloud."

This strange vigil, the grim hysteric humour of the minister, the proud and silent fortitude of Hester, the mocking laughter of the child as she detects her unknown father's cowardice, together make as weird-like a tangle of human elements as ever bubbled together in a witches' caldron. Yet this scene, though probably the most powerful which Mr. Hawthorne has ever painted, scarcely exemplifies his uncanny fashion of awakening the most mutually-repellent feelings at the same moment towards the same person so characteristically as many of his other tales.

In the most striking chapter in the *House of the Seven Gables*, he makes Judge Pyncheon, who has died in his chair from some sudden effusion of blood, holding his still ticking watch in his hand, a subject at once for awe and scorn. He recalls all the judge's engagements for the day,—the bank-meeting at which he was to take the chair,—the business appointment he was to keep,—the private purchases he was to make,—the little act of charity which he had thought of, time and purse permitting,—the half-formal call on his physician concerning some trifling symptoms of indisposition,—the political dinner to discuss the election of the next State Governor; and then he taunts the judge with his forgetfulness. He had resolved to spend only half-an-hour in this house. "Half-an-hour! Why, judge, it is already two hours by your own undeviatingly accurate chronometer. Glance your eye down on it and see. Ah! he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head or elevate his hand, so as to bring the faithful time-keeper within his range of vision. Time all at once appears to have become a matter of no moment with the judge!" And so Mr. Hawthorne goes on through the list of his engagements, reminding him separately of each as the time comes for it, recalling to the dead man the im-

portance he had attached to them when he made his plans in the morning. The private dinner would, in all probability, determine the next election,—and Judge Pyncheon was a candidate, and with rare chances of success. "Make haste, then; do your part! . . . . Drink a glass or two of that noble wine!—make your pledges in as low a whisper as you will—and you rise up from table virtually governor of the glorious old state—Governor Pyncheon of Massachusetts! And is there no potent and exhilarating cordial in a certainty like this? It has been the grand purpose of half your lifetime to obtain it. Now, when there needs little more than to signify your acceptance, why do you sit so lumpishly in your great-grandfather's old chair, as if preferring it to the gubernatorial one?" Thus Mr. Hawthorne goes on throughout the twenty-four hours during which the judge's body remains undiscovered,—mingling with the most powerful picture of the supernatural side of death, which he never ceases to keep vividly before us, the feelings that cluster round petty business, the sarcasms that might sting the sensitive, the urgency that might hasten the dilatory, the incentives that would spur the ambitious, flinging them all in cold irony at the corpse with an eerie effect that only Mr. Hawthorne could produce.

But the most characteristic instance of Mr. Hawthorne's power in studying combinations of emotions that are as it were at once abhorrent to nature and true to life, is in *Transformation*. The one powerful scene in that distended work is the scene of crime. The young Tuscan Count Donatello,—the "natural man" of the book, who is rumoured to be a descendant of an ancient Faun, and described in the opening of the tale as possessed only of the happy spontaneous life of the natural creatures, but who is afterwards awakened to the higher responsibilities and life of man by his remorse for an impulsive crime,—has fallen in love with Miriam, a lady artist of warm and passionate nature, high powers, and mysterious origin. This young lady is pursued by some half-madman, half-demon, who from some (unexplained) connection with her previous life has power to torment her by his threats to the very verge of unsettling her reason. Walking with Donatello, one moonlight night, at a little distance from their party, on the verge of the Tarpeian rock, this tormenting being is discovered, dogging her footsteps as usual, under the shadow of an archway. Donatello seizes him, holds him over the precipice, catches Miriam's eye, reads in it eager and fierce assent to the act he is meditating, and drops him down; there is a dead thump on the stones below and all is over. Up to this instant Miriam had felt nothing but pity for her young lover. Now for the first time, in this hideous moment, horror and love are born together in her breast, and

the monstrous birth, the delirium of love born in blood, is thus powerfully described;—except, by the way, that Miriam certainly never addressed Donatello at such a moment as "Oh, friend!" either "with heavy richness of meaning" or otherwise: this is clearly a sentimental blot on Mr. Hawthorne's picture.

"'Did you not mean that he should die?' sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. 'There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two, while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance, when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will—say that he died without your whole consent—and, in another breath, you shall see me lying beside him.' 'Oh, never!' cried Miriam. 'My one own friend! Never, never, never!' She turned to him—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman—she turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture. 'Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!' said she; 'my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!' They threw one other glance at the heap of death below, to assure themselves that it was there; so like a dream was the whole thing. Then they turned from that fatal precipice, and came out of the courtyard, arm in arm, heart in heart. Instinctively, they were heedful not to sever themselves so much as a pace or two from one another, for fear of the terror and deadly chill that would thenceforth wait for them in solitude. Their deed—the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant—had wreathed itself, as she said, like a serpent, in inextricable links about both their souls, and drew them into one by its terrible contractile power. It was closer than a marriage-bond. So intimate, in those first moments, was the union that it seemed as if their new sympathy annihilated all other ties, and that they were released from the chain of humanity; a new sphere, a special law, had been created for them alone. The world could not come near them; they were safe!. . . . 'Oh, friend,' cried Miriam, so putting her soul into that word that it took a heavy richness of meaning, and seemed never to have been spoken before,—'oh, friend, are you conscious, as I am, of this companionship that knits our heart-strings together?' 'I feel it, Miriam,' said Donatello. 'We draw one breath; we live one life!' 'Only yesterday,' continued Miriam; 'nay, only a short half-hour ago, I shivered in an icy solitude. No friendship, no sisterhood, could come near enough to keep the warmth within my heart. In an instant, all is changed! There can be no more loneliness!' 'None, Miriam!' said Donatello. 'None, my beautiful one!' responded Miriam, gazing in his face, which had taken a higher, almost an heroic aspect from the strength of passion. 'None, my innocent one! Surely, it is no crime that we have committed. One wretched and worthless life has been sacrificed, to cement

two other lives for evermore.' 'For evermore, Miriam!' said Donatello; 'cemented with his blood!' The young man started at the word which he had himself spoken; it may be that it brought home, to the simplicity of his imagination, what he had not before dreamed of—the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt. Cemented with blood, which would corrupt and grow more noisome for ever and for ever, but bind them none the less strictly for that! 'Forget it! Cast it all behind you!' said Miriam, detecting, by her sympathy, the pang that was in his heart. 'The deed has done its office, and has no existence any more.' They flung the past behind them, as she counselled, or else distilled from it a fiery intoxication, which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through those first moments of their doom. For guilt has its moment of rapture too. The foremost result of a broken law is ever an ecstatic sense of freedom. And thus there exhaled upward (out of their dark sympathy, at the base of which lay a human corpse) a bliss, or an insanity, which the unhappy pair imagined to be well worth the sleepy innocence that was for ever lost to them. As their spirits rose to the solemn madness of the occasion, they went onward—not stealthily, not fearfully—but with a stately gait and aspect. Passion lent them (as it does to meaner shapes) its brief nobility of carriage. They trode through the streets of Rome as if they too were among the majestic and guilty shadows that, from ages long gone by, have haunted the blood-stained city."

This is very finely conceived and yet revolting. Have we not reason for saying, that Mr. Hawthorne's chief power lies in the delineation of unnatural alliances of feeling, which are yet painfully real,—of curdling emotions that may mix for a moment, but shrink apart again quickly, as running water from clotted blood?

But it would be very unjust to Mr. Hawthorne to represent him as in any degree addicted, like Edgar Poe, to the invention of monstrosities and horrors. We only mean that his genius naturally leads him to the analysis and representation of certain outlying moral anomalies, which are not the anomalies of ordinary evil and sin, but have a certain chilling unnaturalness of their own. But under Mr. Hawthorne's treatment these anomalies are only the subtle flaws or passionate taints of natures full of fine elements; they are never superlatives of iniquity and abomination, like Edgar Poe's. They are the dark spots in a fine picture, never the very substance of the whole. There is, for instance, every palliation which a charitable imagination can invent for Hester's sin and Dimmesdale's cowardice in the *Scarlet Letter*; and even the child's elfish wantonness, though in some degree preternatural, is not demoniacal, but the mere lawless taint in an otherwise warm and open heart. So too in *Transformation* [illegible] sense that circumstances can give to the crime commits and Miriam sanctions;—after the first

moment of mad excitement is over, it fills them with unspeakable anguish; it rouses all the tender devotion of the woman in Miriam for the man who had thus stained his conscience under the impulse of love to her; it awakens the sleeping soul of Donatello;—and the book is meant to record their uninterrupted upward progress from that moment. Moreover, in the two other characters we find a peaceful contrast to the turbid hearts of the sinful lovers. Neither in this nor in any other tale does Mr. Hawthorne cast any slur on human nature. He loves to picture it in its highest and tenderest aspects. And when he delineates what is revolting, one of the main elements that makes it so revolting is the Manichean incarceration of some noble and half-angelic affection in a malignant body of evil, from which it vainly seeks to be divorced.

This bent of Mr. Hawthorne's genius is no doubt in great degree determined by the speculative character of his mind. Even his *imagination* is inquisitive and—shall we call it what he calls it himself in the *Blithedale Romance?*—rather *prying* than ardent. It is fertile, but in a cold and restless way. It is used more to help him to explore mysteries than from the glowing creative impulse that cannot choose but paint. He states to himself a problem, and sets his imagination to work to solve it. How was it the woman felt who wore publicly the symbol of her own sin and shame fancifully embroidered on her bosom? What would be the state of mind of one who had unhappily killed another, and could never clearly determine in his own conscience whether his *will* had consented to the deed or not? What would be the result of a wrongful life-imprisonment on a soft æsthetic nature made for the enjoyment of the beautiful? How would a sin of passion work on a healthy, innocent, natural man of unawakened spirit? These are the kind of hypotheses on which Mr. Hawthorne's imagination works; and from the nature of the case, images summoned up in obedience to such questionings cannot always be of a very wholesome kind. The problems that Mr. Hawthorne starts are usually connected with the deepest mysteries of the human mind and conscience; and the imagination which attempts to keep pace with the inquisitive intellect cannot but paint strange and thrilling anomalies in reply to its queries. "That cold tendency," says Mr. Coverdale, the hero of the *Blithedale Romance*, who has many points of intellectual affinity with its author,—"that cold tendency between instinct and intellect, which made me pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses, appeared to have gone far towards unhumanising my heart." We do not mean to say that it has gone far, or any way at all, towards unhumanising Mr. Hawthorne's heart, which is evidently tender. But no

doubt, he is led by the speculative bias of his mind to steep his imagination in *arcana* on which it is scarcely good to gaze at all.

It is remarkable, and perhaps a symptom of the same imaginative constitution, that while Mr. Hawthorne has the most eager desire to penetrate the secret attitudes of minds painfully or anomalously situated, he has little or no interest in picturing the exact combination of circumstances which brought them into these attitudes. His imagination is the very converse of De Foe's. De Foe seizes the outer fact with the most vivid force; indirectly only, by the very force and minuteness of his conception of the visible circumstances, actions, and gestures he narrates, do you get at the inward mind of his characters. Mr. Hawthorne, on the contrary, is often positively anxious to *suppress* all distinct account of the actual facts which have given rise to his ideal situations. He wishes to save the mental impression from being swallowed up, so to say, in the interest of the outward facts and events. He sees that people of a matter-of-fact turn of mind attach more value to knowing the exciting causes than to knowing the state of mind which results. If they hear what seems to them an insufficient cause for a heroine's misery, they set her down as feeble-minded, and give up their interest in her fate. If they hear a *too* sufficient cause, they say she deserved all she suffered, and for that reason discard her from their sympathies. Mr. Hawthorne sees the difficulty of inventing facts that will exactly hit the shade of feeling that he desires to excite in his readers' minds, and so he often refuses to detail the facts distinctly at all. He often gives us our choice of several sets of facts which might be adequate to the results, declines to say which he himself prefers, and insists only on the attitude of mind produced. Thus, in the *Blithedale Romance*, he preludes a far from explanatory or lucid conversation with this mystifying sentence, "I hardly could make out an intelligible sentence on either side. What I seem to remember I yet suspect may have been patched together by my fancy in brooding over the matter afterwards." Again, in another part of the same book, "The details of the interview that followed being unknown to me, while notwithstanding it would be a pity quite to lose the picturesqueness of the situation, I shall attempt to sketch it mainly from fancy, although with some general grounds of surmise in regard to the old man's feelings." But he has carried this preference for delineating states of mind, and obscurely suggesting the class of facts which may have given rise to them, to the furthest point in his new work *Transformation*. [illegible] it may be," he tells us, in a chapter justly headed "Fragments," at a critical conjunction in the tale, "to

this moral estrangement,—this chill remoteness of their position, —there have come to us but a few vague whisperings of what passed in Miriam's interview that afternoon with the sinister personage who had dogged her footsteps ever since her visit to the catacomb. In weaving these mystic utterances into a continuous scene, we undertake a task resembling in its perplexity that of gathering up and piecing together the fragments of a letter which has been torn and scattered to the winds. Many words of deep significance,—many entire sentences, and these probably the most important ones,—have flown too far on the winged breeze to be recovered. If we insert our own conjectural amendments, we may perhaps give a purport utterly at variance with the true one." And then Mr. Hawthorne continues, "Of so much we are sure, that there seemed to be a sadly mysterious fascination in the influence of this ill-omened person over Miriam; it was such as beasts and reptiles of subtle and evil natures sometimes exercise over their victims. . . Yet let us trust there may have been no crime in Miriam, but only one of those fatalities which are among the insoluble riddles propounded to mortal comprehension — the fatal doom by which every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons, as well as of the single guilty one." In other words, Mr. Hawthorne wishes us to picture a mind perturbed, flushed, on the verge of despair, but does not wish us to know how far the exciting causes had involved her in real guilt, or merely in misery. It is not essential, he thinks, to the purpose of the book, which is rather to trace the effects of the subsequent guilt on the relation between Miriam and Donatello than to develop fully the previous character of the woman who draws the poor young Count into crime. As far as regards Miriam, the problem set himself by the author in this book is only to delineate the influence exerted over her heart by Donatello's plunge into guilt on her behalf. He thinks it enough to indicate that she who led Donatello into guilt was either herself guilty, or at least intimately imbued with all the infectious fever of a guilty atmosphere. More is not essential to the author's purpose, and more he will not tell us. He seems to hint, perhaps truly, that the chasm between guilt and wretchedness in a woman's mind is not always so clear as in a man's; and that, at all events, there is as much power in any deeply roused affection to extricate her from the one as from the other. For like reasons, we suppose, the end of the tale is as shadowy as the beginning. The *transformation* is accomplished; the Faun is no longer a Faun; and all the author contemplated is therefore attained. The wreath of mist which hangs over Miriam's past is allowed also to settle over her own and Donatello's future. The prob-

lem has been solved in the dissolving colours of two richly-painted minds. And their earthly destiny is nothing to the reader; to know it might even divert his attention from the artist's true purpose, to concentrate it on the *dénouement* of a commonplace story.

This predominance of moral colouring over the definite forms of actual fact in Mr. Hawthorne's novels is to us, we confess, unsatisfactory. And the degree to which it is absent or prevails in his several works, seems to us a fair measure of their relative artistic worth. The *Scarlet Letter*, in which there is by far the most solid basis of fact, is, we think, also considerably the finest and most powerful of his efforts. The *House of the Seven Gables*, in itself nearly a perfect work of art, is yet composed of altogether thinner materials. Yet the details are worked up with so much care and finish,—the whole external scenery of this, as well as of the *Scarlet Letter*, is so sharply defined, so full of the clear air of New-England life,—that we can bear better the subtle moral colouring and anatomy with which they both abound. In the *Blithedale Romance* we observe the first tendency to shroud certain portions of the narrative in an intentional veil, and to attempt to paint a distinct moral *expression* without giving a distinct outline of fact. The effect is powerful, but vague and not satisfying. The figures wander vagrant-like through the imagination of the reader. They seem to have no distinct place of their own assigned to them. You know what sort of characters you have beheld, but not when and under what circumstances you have beheld them. In *Transformation* these defects are at their maximum; and the evil is exaggerated by the mass of general padding—artistic criticisms, often powerful, and always subtle, upon Italian art;—puffs, not in very good taste, of the works of American sculptors;—silly attacks upon nude figures, and the like,—which distend, alloy, and ungracefully speckle the ideal tenor of the tale.

But we must draw to a conclusion. The most distinguishing deficiency in Mr. Hawthorne's mind, which is also in close connection with its highest power, is his complete want of sympathy not only with the world of voluntary action, but with the next thing to action, namely, the world of impulsive passion. With exceedingly rare exceptions,—the scene of crime and passion which we have quoted from *Transformation* is the only exception we can recall,—the highest power of Mr. Hawthorne is all spent on the delineation of *chronic* suffering or sentiment, in which all desire to act on others is in a measure paralysed. He likes to get past the rapids any way he can;—as we have seen, he not seldom introduces you to his tale with only the distant rush of them still audible behind you, his delight being to

trace the more lasting perturbations which they effect for winding miles below. But what he does paint for you, he likes to study thoroughly; he loves to get beneath the surface, to sound the deeper and mysterious pools, measure the power of the fretted waters, and map carefully out the sandy shallows. The result is necessarily a considerable limitation in the field of his genius. The excitement which other writers find in delineating the swaying fortunes of an active career, he is—we will not say *obliged* to find, for of course the positive capacity of his genius, not its incapacity for other fields, leads him in this direction—but he is obliged to find *only* in rare and often painful pictures of unhealthy sentiment. This is what circles so closely the range of his characters. They are necessarily very limited both in number and in moral attitude. We have but two studies, in his tales, of characters with any active bent—Hollingsworth in the *Blithedale Romance*, and Phœbe in the *House of the Seven Gables*. Both are carefully drawn, but both are far slighter sketches, and more evidently taken from observation only, than his other characters. His nearest approach to the delineation of impulsive passion is seen in the sketch of Zenobia in the *Blithedale Romance*, and of Miriam in *Transformation*. But in neither case is it real impulse to act on others which he draws well; it is rather the turbid tossing of a rich mind ill at ease with itself, and casting about for sympathy and help. The characters which he draws most completely,—though they are not always the pleasantest,—are those which, like Mr. Coverdale in the *Blithedale Romance*, and Holgrave in the *House of the Seven Gables*, have "no impulse to help or to hinder," caring only "to look on, to analyse, to explain matters to themselves." Clifford too, in the latter tale,—who evidently represents the sensitive and æsthetic side of the author's own mind, "that squeamish love of the beautiful" (to use his own expressive phrase) which is in him, when stripped of that cold centre of contemplative individuality, which seems to us to be at the centre of Mr. Hawthorne's literary genius and personality,—is a fine study.

But one criticism more. The moral ideal which Mr. Hawthorne keeps before himself and his readers throughout his works is on the whole not only pure but noble. It is defective, however, as we might expect, on the same side on which his genius seems to fail. He is, in political and social conviction, a democratic quietist; one might almost say a fatalist. Is it not a part of this fatalistic disposition, we may ask in passing, to encourage the cultivated and thinking portion of society to resign to the masses the duty of forming the political judgment of his nation, and to permit himself to be quietly sucked in by that fatally

fascinating and overmastering tide called the Will of the democracy? However this may be, in political and social life, he is one who deprecates all spasmodic reforms, and attaches little value to reformatory efforts at all, except as the indispensable conditions of generous hopes and youthful aspirations. Speaking of such an experiment of social reform, he says, "After all, let us acknowledge it wise, if not more sagacious, to follow out one's day-dream to its natural consummation, although, if the vision have been worth the having, it is certain never to be consummated otherwise than by a failure." Again he says, in another tale, and with much of true moral insight, though it be the one-sided moral insight of the quietist recluse, "the haughty faith with which he [the enthusiastic practical reformer] began life would be well bartered for a far humbler one at its close, in discerning that man's best-directed effort accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities." Nor should we find fault with him for his very deeply-rooted conviction that, so far as any real and deep reform is accomplished, it may in a certain sense be said to *accomplish itself*, instead of being forced on society by the enthusiastic patronage of crusading philanthropists, could he but confine this theory within modest limits,—did he not press it into the service of what seems to us the grossest political immorality. We can sympathise with him when he so finely moralises at the end of the *Blithedale Romance* on the dangers of philanthropy:

"Admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulses to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out and distilled into alcoholic liquor by an unnatural process; but should render life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end."

Yet more; we can even go with him, quite as far as he wishes his readers to go, when he ironically prescribes a universal slumber as the only cure for the world's overstretched nerves:

"The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity, and while preternaturally wide awake is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions and avoiding new ones,—of regenerating our race so that it might in due time awake as an infant out of dewy slumber,—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right and the single-hearted desire to achieve it, both of which have long been lost in consequence of this

weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe."

For none of these thoughts and sayings, however depreciative of effort, or destructive of the sanguine hopes with which effort spurs itself on, do we reproach Mr. Hawthorne. It is fitting that, after the preacher of one-sided action and overstrained vigilance has spoken, this too restless age should also hear the invitation to distrust its own "earnestness," and renew its highly-strung energies by rest. Nay, we are quite willing to admit that the function of the contemplative man, who keeps clear of the many streams of human energy, and passes his solitary criticisms upon their tendency from some nook of seemingly selfish retirement, is justified in the scheme of Providence by the very existence of the philanthropic class of one-sided workers. But it is when Mr. Hawthorne comes to apply his quietistic creed to the actual political world in which he lives, that we find his moral shortcomings painfully evident, and see that he has permitted a mere theory to confuse "that simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it," of which he speaks so well, as grievously as ever did the one dominant idea of a professional philanthropist.

Little as Mr. Hawthorne is disposed to mix in the strife of the political arena, once at least he was not willing to let that *vox populi* in which he places so much confidence speak without a suggestion from himself. In the little electioneering volume on the life of Franklin Pierce, who was then (in 1852) a candidate, and as it proved a successful candidate, for the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Hawthorne offered his suggestion in the form of an application of his theory on the subject of spasmodic philanthropy to the question of slavery. The contest, at the time of General Pierce's election, turned, as all the recent contests have done, chiefly on this question. General Pierce represented the party of conciliation to the South,—the party of union at almost any sacrifice of Northern principles. The fugitive-slave law had just been passed, and the higher-minded politicians of the Northern States were eager to get a reversal of that disgraceful Act. General Pierce had pledged himself to sustain that Act and the whole system of which it was a part, and it became Mr. Hawthorne's duty to justify the policy of his friend.

After condemning the Northern men, who think that the world stands still except so far as the anti-slavery cause goes forward, for their narrowness, he proceeds thus:

"There is still another view, and probably as wise a one. It looks upon slavery as one of those evils which Divine Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which, in its own good time, by some means impossible to be anticipated, but of the

simplest and easiest operation, when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, it shall vanish like a dream. There is no instance in all history of the human will and intellect having perfected any great moral reform by methods which it adapted to that end; but the progress of the world at every step leaves some evil or wrong on the path behind it, which the wisest of mankind, of their own set purpose, could never have found the way to rectify."*

Accordingly Mr. Hawthorne's recommendation to the people of the Northern States is to acquiesce in the Southern encroachments, and trust to Providence for the removal of this foul blot on American institutions. He eulogises General Pierce as "the man who dared to love that great and grand reality—his whole united native country—*better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory.*"† And he warns the anti-slavery party, in General Pierce's name, that the evil of disunion would be certain, while the good was at "best a contingency, and (to the clear practical foresight with which he looked into the future) scarcely so much as that, attended as the movement was, and must be during its progress, with the aggravated injury of those whose condition it aimed to ameliorate, and terminating in its possible triumph,—if such possibility there were,—with the ruin of two races which now dwelt together in greater peace and affection, it is not too much to say, than had ever elsewhere existed between the taskmaster and the serf."‡

This is the most immoral kind of political fatalism. It is true enough, and is often forgotten by philanthropists, that men can do little enough for each other's highest good by any voluntary effort. Most men who undertake such causes fall a victim not perhaps to the "mistiness" so much as to the narrow definiteness "of philanthropic theory." They forget that philanthropic tastes can only be safely humoured by those who keep constantly before their inmost hearts the exhortation, "Physician, heal thyself." But there is a wide distinction between a philanthropic cause and a concession of the barest justice to the oppressed. Measured by Mr. Hawthorne's standard, there is no criminal national custom, however oppressive, with which it would be our duty to proclaim open war. He might denounce the political advocates of any such war as sacrificing the national peace to the "mistiness of philanthropic theory." Is there, then, no distinction in moral sacredness between the claims of schemes for doing good to others,—little good of the deeper kind as we can do for any but ourselves,—and the duty of removing obstructions which entirely blot out the proper voluntary existence of other men? Is the duty of restoring moral freedom to a whole race to be classed as one of the doubtful visionary phi-

* [illegible] of Franklin Pierce, pp. 113, 14. † Ibid. p. 31. ‡ Ibid. pp. 111, 12.

lanthropies of modern times? Is it not obvious that, little as we may be able to organise mutual spiritual help of the higher kind, we are most fearfully competent to organise mutual moral injury of the lowest kind, and that slavery is one of the grandest of diabolic devices for that end? We do not say that Mr. Hawthorne is bound to be an anti-slavery agitator. We do say that he prostitutes the noblest speculative faculties when he attempts to perpetuate a fearful national crime, on the dishonest plea that those who strive to resist its extension and to limit its duration are endangering the Union for the sake of a "misty philanthropic theory." The fatalism which Mr. Hawthorne rather suggests than advocates in *Transformation*, when he presents sin as the necessary condition of moral growth, receives a terrible elucidation when he calmly deprecates all impatient criticism of the providential "uses" of slavery as if they were the affair of Providence alone. When men cease to cling to the abuses of slavery, and are indifferent to the gratification which it affords to many of man's worst passions, we may look to see the *Providential* uses of slavery pretty easily disposed of.

We need scarcely apologise for treating Mr. Hawthorne as something more than a mere writer of fiction. His writings have a very wide and justly-deserved influence in America; for as a literary artist, if not in mere rough genius, he may safely be considered almost the first, and quite the highest, fruit of American culture. He has himself recognised the close connection between the political and literary condition of nations in his plea that America is too happy, too prosperous, too free "from any picturesque and gloomy wrong," to be made the scene of a romance. Let us sum up our criticism on his literary deficiencies in a single sentence by expressing our conviction, that if he conceded less to his "squeamish love of the beautiful," if he could cultivate a deeper sympathy with action and its responsibilities, he would not only begin to take some interest in the removal of wrongs that are gloomy enough without being picturesque, but might widen greatly the range of his artistic power, and deepen indefinitely the spell of the fascination which he wields over his countrymen.

Art. X.—NATURE AND GOD.

The present Relations of Science to Religion: a Sermon preached on Act Sunday, July 1, 1860, before the University of Oxford, during the Meeting of the British Association. By Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., Head-Master of Rugby School. Oxford and London, 1860.

The Correlation of Physical Forces. By W. R. Grove, M.A., F.R.S. Second Edition. London, 1850.

The Mutual Relations of the Vital and Physical Forces. By Dr. Carpenter (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1850).

Principles of Human Physiology. By Dr. Carpenter. Fifth Edition, 1855.

The Order of Nature, considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation. By Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London, 1859.

The Intellectual Development of Europe, considered with reference to the Views of Mr. Darwin and others, that the Progression of Organisms is determined by Law. By Prof. Draper, M.D., of New York. Communicated to the Zoological Section of the British Association (*Athenæum*, July 14, 1860).

Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us. By T. E. Poynting. London, 1860.

The two brothers Humboldt, it is well known, applying each a fine genius to different pursuits, diverged in their convictions with regard to the supreme objects of thought and faith. William, in sympathy with the life of humanity, studious of its expression in language, in literature, in law, and in all the vicissitudes of civilisation, never lost the traces of a Divine Government over the world, and even in the superstitions of mankind saw only a barbarous jargon attempting an eternal truth. Alexander, at home in the great Kosmos, familiar with the ways of Nature from her rude Titanic workshops to her finest harmonies of life, significantly declared himself to be of "the religion of all men of science." That his implication of "all men of science" in his own negative doctrine is far too sweeping,—not less so, indeed, than the Bishop of Oxford's counterpart assertion that "no men great in science favour Mr. Darwin's hypothesis,"—is evident not only from the older examples of Newton, Boyle, Cuvier, and Davy, but from many of the newest representative names, Oersted, Herschel, Owen, Faraday. Still, there is ample evidence of a certain general tendency in Natural Science to foster habits of thought embar- [redacted] to religious conviction. On a first view it certainly

appears strange that the men most conversant with the Order of the visible universe should soonest suspect it empty of directing Mind; that they should lose their first faith on the very field where natural theology gleans its choicest instances of design: and on the other hand, that humanistic, moral, and historical studies,—which first open the terrible problems of suffering and guilt and contain all the reputed provocatives of denial and despair,—should confirm and enlarge, rather than disturb, the prepossessions of natural piety. The result, however, ceases to be paradoxical, on closer inspection of the relation between physical and moral knowledge.

The jealousy between natural science and religion is of very long standing. From the time of Anaxagoras onward, every attempt to explain by secondary causes phenomena previously unreduced has been regarded as an audacious wresting of some province from the gods. And, on the other hand, as early at least as Epicurus, the investigators of nature began to tolerate the reference to Divine agency merely as a provisional necessity, to be superseded in each field as it was explored, and serving only as a decent disguise for our residuary ignorance. The dialogue of the *De Naturâ Deorum* exhibits, in the persons of Balbus and Velleius, the same rivalry between Theology and Physics which often animates the Section-rooms of the British Association. The antiquity of the controversy attests its deep-seated origin, in causes beyond the range of the Biblical records and the peculiarities of the Christian doctrine. The Scriptures, in the presence of the Baconian logic, have merely encountered the inevitable fate of any inflexible *litera scripta* existing side by side with ever-widening inductions. A consecrated theory of the phenomenal universe, embodying the perishable imaginations of one age or people, necessarily blends with every religion, however charged with essential and inspired truth; and, as necessarily, comes to be discredited as discovery extends, till it has to be discharged from its spiritual receptacle. The series of questions on which the conflict has been renewed in modern times between the closed "Word" and the opening Works of God is as long as the chain of inductive sciences themselves; and the result has been invariable,—the patience of nature overcoming the authoritative plea of miracle. Copernicus, in spite of the hierarchy, has cried with more effect than Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still!" Ships are daily chartered to those Antipodes which Lactantius declared to be impossible, and Augustine unscriptural, and Boniface of Metz, beyond the latitude of salvation. Witchcraft, so long preserved by the Mosaic Law among our list of crimes, has disappeared from every European code; and demoniacal possession in mania

and epilepsy, though in the Gospels giving form to the miracles and evidence to the Messiahship of Christ, has been unable to hold its ground against the exorcism of the College of Physicians. The common parentage of the human race, already rendered distasteful by Prichard's suggested probability of a black Adam and Eve, has become an open question with the advance of ethnology, notwithstanding the absolute dependence upon it of the whole scheme of ecclesiastic theology. The tower of Babel faded into a myth, as the affinity of languages was better understood. Egypt, so long measured by the patriarchal chronology, and cowed by the song of Moses and Miriam, has at last taken a strange revenge upon her fugitives, by discrediting their traditions, and exposing the proofs of her dynasties and arts beyond the verge of their Flood, nay, prior to their Eden. The terrestrial cosmogony of Genesis, in spite of all the clamps and holdfasts of a perverted exegesis, has long been knocked to pieces by the geologic hammer. And now it would seem doubtful whether, even with regard to the specific types of organised beings, the idea of sudden creation may not have to be altogether relinquished in favour of a principle of gradual modification.

One by one, these questions may be determined and pass away. And if this were all, a mere glance at the past results, without appealing to the supreme security of truth, ought to tranquillise all religious alarms: for who that has in him any intelligent image of our modern Kosmos would think it "for the glory of God" to have back again the little three-storied, or seven-storied structure, in which the Hebrew and early Christian imagination found room and time for every thing, earthly, devilish, and Divine? Every thing has turned out grander in the reality than in the preconception: the heavens that open to the eye of a Herschel, the geologic time whose measures direct the calculations of a Lyell, the chain of living existence whose links are in the mind of a Hooker, Agassiz, or Darwin, infinitely transcend the universe of Psalmist's song and Apocalyptic vision. However obstinate the battle may seem to be on each of these particular points, as it arises, the combatants again and again fight out a peace at last:—why, indeed, should the theologian object to find the scene of Divine Agency larger, older, more teeming with life, than he had thought? But all these collisions have a significance far deeper than the special topic of each occasion. They are signs of a more fundamental conflict, whose essence remains when they are set at rest;—of a real, ultimate, irreducible *difference*, easily mistaken for *contradiction*, between the whole scientific and the whole religious mode of approaching and viewing the external world.

Christianity, engaged in establishing immediate relations between Man and God, takes little notice of Nature; which might in fact be absent altogether without material injury to a scheme pervadingly *super*natural; and which was actually to vanish in order to the final realisation of the Divine purpose for Humanity. The defining lines of the religion run, so to speak, overhead of Nature, and pass direct from spirit to Spirit: Given, the human consciousness of sinful need and the sigh for holy life; given also, the Divine response of forgiveness, rescue, and communion; and the essential idea is constituted. The circle of thought and feeling which it collects around it has only a negative relation to the outward Kosmos, and finds Nature rather in its way. Still, when compelled to look the visible world in the face and recognise it as the depository of some permanent meaning, Christianity, like all pure and spiritual Theism, can only regard the universe as the manifestation and abode of a Free Mind, like our own; embodying His personal thought in its adjustments, realising His own ideal in its phenomena, just as we express our inner faculty and character through the natural language of an external life. In this view, we interpret Nature by Humanity; we find the key to her aspects in such purposes and affections as our own consciousness enables us to conceive; we look every where for physical signals of an ever-living Will; and decipher the universe as the autobiography of an Infinite Spirit, repeating itself in miniature within our Finite Spirit. The grandest natural agencies are thus but servitors of a grander than themselves: "the winds are His messengers; and flaming fire, His minister." Using Nature as his organ, He transcends it: the act in which he does so is the exercise of his own Free Volition, rendering determinate what was indeterminate before: it is thus the characteristic of such act to be *supernatural*: and Man, so far as he shares a like prerogative, occupies a like position; standing to that extent outside and above the realm of necessary law, and endowing with existence either side of an alternative possibility. At both ends therefore of the scheme of Kosmical order, are beings that go beyond it: all that is natural lies enclosed within the supernatural, and is the medium through which the Divine mind descends into expression and the Human ascends into interpreting recognition. The effect of this faith upon the study of objects and phenomena is obvious enough. They will be interesting, not on their own account, but as signs of the Thought which issues them: in quest of this, conjecture will turn inwards; and, taking counsel from the higher moral consciousness, will come back to them and see meanings and motives they do not contain. The

observer will be in danger of converting the universe into the mere reflection of his own conscience and emotions; of overlooking its calm neutralities; of reading some special smile in its sunshine and judgment in its storms; or, when experience and culture have rendered these simple interpretations no longer possible, of following some more elaborate, but still premature, clue of design, and losing himself in a labyrinth of misconstrued relations. The disposition of the human soul to seek for its own prototype and start at its own shadow in the outward universe, is a solemn and significant fact. But it can no more do the work of natural knowledge, than the inspection of a foreign people's expressive looks and gestures can supersede the patient study of their language,—a language formed by the working of the same feelings and ideas, yet not intelligible through mere sympathy with these. At a moment when our thirteen inches of summer rain are episcopally explained, in diocese after diocese, as a punishment of some unspecified sin, and are about to be stopped by deprecation, we can scarcely wonder at the well-known contempt with which both Bacon and Spinoza have visited the applied doctrine of Final causes.

Science, on the other hand, brings to the scrutiny of Nature quite a different order of faculty and feeling. It lays aside, as intrusive, the inner moral consciousness with its postulates and beliefs; and enters the field under pure guidance of the Perceptive and Comparing powers. It might accomplish the whole of its avowed aim, with less embarrassed speed, if the mind could actually be reduced to an unmoral, impersonal mechanism of intellectual elaboration; transfusing nothing of itself into the universe, but logically working up, in crystalline arrangements of resemblance, coexistence and succession, the phenomena given from without. This *a priori* limitation of its instruments involves a corresponding limitation of its field; precluding it from the whole area of free causality, and enclosing it within the range of phenomena now determinate. For the same reason, the order of its advance through this field must be ever one and the same,—from sensible particulars to related groups, from minor to major laws, from classifications with a single base to others that take account of many. Beginning with the rudest raw materials of observation,—the *πρότερον πρὸς ἡμᾶς*,—it carries up the rules they yield into the next rank of things, taking on some refined addition to make the expression adequate to the case; and so on, till the formula which shaped itself at the bottom of nature finds its way upward to the top, and humanity itself, as a scientific object, seems to come out as a mere culminating development of the earliest and lowest term. The hierarchy of laws which

Science constructs accomplishes the grand end, of enabling her to predict the course of nature. In part, they are direct rules of empirical and concrete succession, simply describing the order of bodies and their appearances, as in Plane Astronomy. In part, as in Physical Astronomy, they are rules combined out of the decomposed conditions of analysed phenomena. In either case, the power of prediction is attained; and equally so, whether the rules present the *ipsissima vestigia* of nature, as we believe to be the case with Kepler's laws, or whether, by some device of reduction and substitution, they furnish mere equivalent elements, tantamount, in all their combinations, to the natural facts. The Ptolemaic foreknowledge of eclipses was manifestly due to artifices of this latter kind: and we incline, with Adam Smith, to refer even the Celestial Dynamics of Newton to the same head. Be this as it may, the mere ability to reason out future individual phenomena by strict deduction from some equation of abstract conditions impresses us with a sense of Fate: the logical cogency of the inferential steps is mistaken for a material nexus among the objective facts: and, when taken in conjunction with the uniformity revealed by inductive observation, fixes upon the scientific fancy that nightmare of Universal Necessity, beneath which every higher faith either is suppressed or cries out in agony. In a universe thus regarded there is no room for any thing but determinate phenomena: and the semblance of somewhat else in man is readily explained away, by simply throwing him in among natural objects, studying him exclusively from the outside, and disparaging the possibility or the validity of self-knowledge. Had he ever so free a causal power, *its* phenomena also, once summoned to exist, must be determinate, must vary with the scope and weight of his limiting conditions, must be no less open than any other facts to the statist's method of averages: so that you have only to shut the door on the inner consciousness, and restrict us to the gate where the facts come out, in order to lose witness of the supernatural in man, and draw him also within the meshes of inevitable Law.

The radical antithesis, then, between Religion and Science consists in this:—that the former, proceeding on the data of our Voluntary and Moral faculties, carries a supernatural interpretation through the universe, and sees in nature the expression of affections and will like our own; while the latter, proceeding on the data of our Perceptive and Generalising faculties, discovers uniformities of phenomena, and accepts the conception of necessary law not only as the key to Nature, but as exhaustive and ultimate. Let the maxims which are self-

evident to either of these sets of faculties be applied to the sphere of the other, and the effect can only be to discredit and dissipate the objects in that sphere. If every phenomenon is the momentary expression of free volition,—if the supernatural reigns every where and alone, then is nature an illusion, and the demarcation is erased between Primary causality and Secondary law. If, on the other hand, "we know nothing but phenomena,"—if our cognitive endowments are exhausted upon "resemblances, coexistences, and successions,"—then is the Order of nature our only reality,—its Causality, our dream; and of God,—who is not "a phenomenon,"—we cannot rationally speak.

The most obvious way of escape from this dilemma is, to restrain the pretensions of each class of faculties within its own province, and protest against its ambition of universal empire. Let the moral and spiritual intimations, it is said, have their own authority and sustain their own beliefs; they need not be meddled with, so long as they stop at home and do not overrun the Kosmos with their theology. Let the observing and inductive tendency push on,—the mensurative and deductive calculus work out its results;—they can but give us new truth, so long as they deal only with finite things, and do not trespass upon the sphere of Personality and Infinitude. This is the tone prevailingly assumed both by liberal divines and by reverential or cautious men of science; and it suffices to establish an armistice between them which is at least an agreeable change upon open war. To this compromise Bacon habitually resorted: and quite in the sense of his philosophy it is found pervading the writings of the late lamented Baden Powell. To us, we confess, it is profoundly unsatisfactory: especially when the two separated provinces are treated, not as two independent and incommensurate kinds of knowledge or kinds of faith, but the one as knowledge, and the other as faith. Mr. Baden Powell intended, we are sure, to be not less loyal to his Christian Theism than he was to his Inductive philosophy. When, however, after volumes of proof that the universe discloses nothing but immutable law and material development, so orderly indeed as to bespeak Thought, but so inexorable as to be silent of Character, after treating the supernatural as intrinsically incognisable, and the moral and spiritual as entirely out of relation to the rational faculty, he briefly relegates us to "faith" for our grounds of religious conviction, we certainly feel that the door is rather rudely slammed in the face of our inquiry, and that we are turned out of the select society of the philosophers who know, to take our place with the plebs who believe. It is utterly destructive of the equipoise of authority between

the two spheres, to characterise the one as "knowledge," which involves objective certainty, the other as "faith," which goes no further than subjective assurance. This it was which exposed Bacon to the false, but not unnatural, suspicion of Atheism: and the painful negative impression of unsolved problems, so generally left on Mr. Baden Powell's readers, is mainly due to the same crudeness of distinction. The truth is, he had effectually thought out the one side of the question which was congenial with his intellectual habits and pursuits, without gaining any corresponding command of the other: and his imagination, left alone with the astounding revelations of modern science, was not simply possessed but overpowered by the conception of all-comprehending and necessary laws. A more balanced reflection would at once have shown the futility of the distinction he wished to establish. If by "*faith*" he meant reliance on a principle as self-evident, *i. e.* recommended only by its psychological necessity;—if by "*knowledge*," distinguished from faith, he meant an acquired apprehension of truth on evidence other than its own;*—then there is just as much "faith" concerned in Science as in Religion; and just as much "knowledge" in Religion as in Science. Not a step could Geometry, Arithmetic, Physics, advance without assumptions respecting Space, Time, external Substance, which are no less pure and absolute gifts of our psychological constitution than the moral assurance of our responsibility. And in Ethics, the propositions—that it is wrong to punish an unconscious act, that extreme temptation mitigates guilt;—in Religion, that the hypocrite's prayer is unavailing, that to the pure in heart God is best revealed,—are *known* not less certainly than in Science the place of the North from the pointing of the needle, or the recent birth of an animal from the mother's milk.

Even apart from the inexact and unequal balance maintained by Mr. Baden Powell between the rival claims, a mere compromise founded on a division of territory is intrinsically impracticable. The *savant* cannot help advancing his lines of thought into human and moral relations and esteeming them amenable to him. The theologian cannot help applying his faith to the universe, for the supernatural is conceivable only in relation to the natural, and the transcendency of God involves the subordination of the world. And if a man be at once *savant* and theologian, how is he to manage the partition of his creed? One side of him denying all knowledge but of necessity and nature, the other believing only freedom and

* We do not propose these as satisfactory definitions of "faith" and "knowledge:" but the terms, if treated as mutually-exclusive opposites, appear to admit of no others. And this is the case with which we have to deal.

God, is he to take turn and turn about with the "Yes" and "No," and care nothing about their discord or their harmony? Whether as a logical invention or as a work of art, we cannot admire this composite figure, half *philosophe*, half saint; on the left of the mid-line, a Diderot, on the right, a Fenelon. No earnest mind can endure a life of double consciousness, or excuse it on the pedantic plea of different faculties. Many or few, their testimony must all converge on the unity of truth, and is falsely construed till it does so. If the report of "the moral and spiritual powers" be trustworthy,—if there lives an Eternal Will immanent in the universe and communing with ourselves, it is impossible to avoid the inquiry, in what relation this Primary and Voluntary Cause subsists to those Secondary Laws of phenomena which it is the business of Science to define. How are the seemingly contrary beliefs forced on us by our outward and by our inward apprehension to adjust themselves in reconciled coexistence?

Is there any middle term which can aid the mutual understanding between the Religious and the Scientific view of nature?—any fundamental thought common to both, or passing as an essential from the one to the other? We think there is, viz. the idea of *Force*. That this really is an intermediate conception, more than physical, less than theological, will probably be conceded on both sides. It is less than theological: for, in league with the epithet "material," it can quit the Theist, and take service with the Atheist. It is more than physical: for the term certainly goes beyond the meaning of the word "Law;" it expresses neither any observable phenomenon, nor any mere order of coexistence or succession among phenomena. To our objective Perception and Comparison nothing is given but movements or changes; to our Inductive Generalisation, nothing but the sifting and grouping of these in space and time. Such mental aggregates or series of phenomena complete what we mean by a Law; but are only suggestive *signs* of a Force in itself imperceptible. As defined by Mr. Grove, the word denotes "that active principle inseparable from matter which induces its various changes" (p. 14). So well aware, indeed, are the more rigorous Inductive logicians (as Comte and Mill) of the hyperphysical character of this notion, that they would expel it as a trespasser on the Baconian domain; or, if it stays, strip it of its native significance, in order to reduce it to their service. Let any one, however, only imagine the sort of jargon into which, agreeably to this advice, our language of Dynamics would have to be translated; let him try to express the several intensities in terms of Time-succession, and he will [illegible] no other proof of the utter helplessness of physics with-

out this hyperphysical idea. Mr. Grove most justly remarks: "The word 'Force,' and the idea it aims at expressing, might indeed be objected to by the purely physical philosopher as representing a subtle mental conception, and not a sensuous perception or phenomenon. To avoid its use, however, if open to no other objection, would be so far a departure from recognised views as to render language scarcely intelligible" (p. 12).

It is admitted, then, that we have here a physical postulate indispensable to the interpretation of nature, yet not physically known. Its objective reality is guaranteed, the suspicion of its being a "mental figment" is excluded, by the same security on which we hold the infinitude of Space and the impossible coexistence of different Times, viz. its subjective necessity as a condition for conceiving objects and phenomena at all:—a necessity, we must add, evident in the habitual language, not only of those who consciously acknowledge it, but equally of those who, like the Positivists, affect to believe in a γένεσις of things without a δύναμις. Being thus, at the same time, real in its existence, and ideal in its cognition, Force admits of being investigated both physically and metaphysically: and take it up in which aspect you will, the results are remarkable and concurrent.

The tendency of natural science in its earlier stages is to establish a plurality of "Forces." Each separate family of phenomena throws back its distinctive characteristics on the dynamic source to which they are referred: and Nature is conceived to have on stock as many powers as she has kinds of product to display. Thus it is that we fill out our list of mechanical, chemical, vital, mental forces. The only differences actually observed lie among the phenomena: but these are taken as exponents of corresponding differences in the causes behind. The very distinction and organisation of the Sciences themselves proceed upon this principle: each science taking up from among the properties of matter some one type, and chasing it, as it were, through the universe, and writing out the history of its achievements. Latterly, however, especially since the application of a more refined research to the so-called "imponderable agents," the old lines of classification have been losing their mechanical straightness and sharpness, and the colouring of the several provinces has faded into softer contrast, tending to something more than harmony. The first effect of the prism, in the hands of Newton, was to destroy the simplicity of light, and to disengage it in idea from heat: the last effect, in the hands of Bunsen, has been, in the very act of giving extension and precision to the analysis, to twine together, in a web of wonderful relations, the luminiferous, the calorific,

and the chemical rays. By the undulatory theory, the same calculus embraces the measurement of sound and of light. Galvanism, manipulated by Davy, became the most powerful of chemical agencies. And, by both direct and converse proofs, Oersted and Faraday have compelled electricity and magnetism to exchange effects. The several modifications of motion produced by all these agents carry in them mechanical momentum, and avail to overcome cohesion and gravitation. By combining such facts as these, Mr. Grove has shown, in his ingenious and striking Essay cited at the head of this Article, that all the forces comprised under the term "Physical" are so "correlated" as to be no sooner expended in one form than they reappear in another,—in fact, to be convertible *inter se;* and therefore to be not many, but one,—a dynamic self-identity masked by transmigration. Not content with a dead pause at Mr. Grove's resting-place, Dr. Carpenter, in his communication to the Royal Society, has carried the argument to a higher point, and shown that the law extends to the Vital forces: and, in his *Human Physiology,* he conducts it to its climax in the Mental forces. The energy of volition communicates itself to the motory nerves; these again hand over the stimulus to the muscular fibre; by whose contraction, finally, some mechanical movement is produced: each step of the process being marked by a waste or consumption of the transmitting medium, but an undiminished propagation of the transmitted force. It is not within the scope of our present design critically to estimate this subtle speculation; but simply to record it as the last result of dynamic generalisation. The conclusion is, that the plurality of forces is an illusion; that in reality, and behind the variegated veil of heterogeneous phenomena, there is but one force, the solitary fountain of the whole infinitude of change.

This position, however, immediately opens a further question. If we are to reduce our numerical variety of forces to one, *which* member of the series is to remain with us as the type of all? Where is the initial point of these migrations? How are we to know the *propria persona* of the power from its disguises? Shall we more rightly presume that the lowest term,—the mechanical,—passes upwards and reappears in the form of mind?—or that the highest rather descends, divesting itself of prerogative qualities at each step, and appearing at last with quantitative identity alone? For answer to these questions we must turn from the physical to the metaphysical scrutiny of the main conception. We have seen that it is a hyperphysical idea, a postulate of Reason, applied to nature: and to [redacted] essence and true type, we must disengage ourselves

from its applications and detect its pure form in our intellectual constitution. Cast your eye, then, along the series enumerated by Grove and Carpenter, and ask yourself in which of these forms the dynamic idea originally necessitates itself. Is it that you have to supply it on seeing an external body change its place? or, on witnessing some chemical phenomenon, as an acid stain of red on a blue cloth? or, on noticing the needle quiver to the North? It will be admitted that, if we ourselves were purely passive, all these changes might cross our visual field with only the effect of a time-succession,—first, one movement or condition, then another: while, conversely, if, without any of these phenomena exhibiting themselves before us, we ourselves were in the active exercise of Volition more or less difficult, the idea of Force would be provided for. It follows that *Will* is the true type of the conception, identical with it as a primitive intuition; and that its lower forms are but an attenuated transcript of this, stripped, by artificial abstraction, of all that is superfluous for the exigencies of scientific classification. The habitual resort of philosophers to this, when they want an illustration of the dynamic idea, might convince them that it is *more than* an illustration,—that it is the sole and exhaustive case, of which the rest are but mutilated conceptual repetitions, and without which there would be no others. Dr. Carpenter, with his usual clearness in penetrating to the essential point, seizes at once on the "sense of effort" as the ground of all our causal thought,—as the "form of Force *which may be taken as the type of all the rest*;" declares that "our consciousness of force is really as direct as is that of our own mental states;" and admits that, "in this particular case, Force must be regarded as the direct expression or manifestation of that Mental state which we call Will." But he stops short, as it seems to us, of the true breadth and simplicity of his reduction, when he adds,—"In the phenomenon of voluntary movement, we can scarcely avoid seeing that Mind is *one* of the dynamical agencies which is capable of acting-on Matter; and that, like other such agencies, the mode of its manifestation is affected by the nature of the material *substratum* through which its influence is exerted."* If Force is known to us from within, if it is the name we give to self-conscious exercise of power, then that is just the whole of it known to us at all;—not "*one* particular case," leaving "other such agencies" to be learned in some different way; but the absolute dynamical conception itself, coextensive with every actual and possible instance. Take away the "consciousness of force" in ourselves, and with the keenest vision we should

* Human Physiology, § 585.

see it nowhere in nature. Endow us with it; and we have still no more ability than before to *perceive* it as an object in the external world, observation giving us access only to phenomena as distributed in space and time. Nor, from knowing it within, do we acquire any logical right to *infer* it without, except in virtue of an axiom of Reason inseparably present in it,—that "all phenomena are the expression of Power,"—the counterpart of that power which issues our own. This it is which constrains us to think causation behind nature, and under causation to think of Volition. "Other force" we have no sort of ground for believing,—or, except by artifices of abstraction, even power of conceiving. The dynamic idea is either this, or nothing: and the logical alternative assuredly is, that Nature is either a mere Time-march of phenomena, or an expression of Mind.

The physical and the metaphysical scrutiny of this indispensable scientific conception converge, then, upon one conclusion;—that all Force is of one type; and that type is Mind.

This resolution of all external causation into Divine Will at once deprives the several theories of kosmical creation or development of all religious significance. Not one of them has any resources to work-with that are other than Divine: you may try what you can do with this kind of force or with that: but you cannot escape beyond the closed cycle where each is convertible with Volition. To you it may not appear under its full aspect: for "Force" is precisely Will from which *we omit* all reference to the living thought: but its objective character is unaffected by this subjective default. We lament to see the question between a sudden and a gradual genesis of organic types discussed on both sides,—not indeed by the principals in the dispute but by secondary advocates,—too much as if it were a question between God and no-God. In not a few of the progressionists the weak illusion is unmistakeable, that, with time enough, you may get every thing out of next-to-nothing. Grant us,—they seem to say,—any tiniest granule of power, so close upon zero that it is not worth begrudging; allow it some trifling tendency to infinitesimal increment; and we will show you how this little stock became the Kosmos, without ever taking a step worth thinking of, much less constituting a case for design. The argument is a mere appeal to an incompetency in the human imagination; in virtue of which magnitudes evading conception are treated as out of existence; and an aggregate of inappreciable increments is simultaneously equated,—in its cause to *nothing*, in its effect to *the whole of things*. You manifestly want the same Causality, whether concentrated on a moment, or distributed through incalculable ages: only, in drawing

upon it, a logical theft is more easily committed piecemeal than wholesale. Surely it is a mean device for a philosopher, thus to crib causation by hairs-breadths, to put it out at compound interest through all time, and then disown the debt. And it is vain after all:—for dilute the intensity, and change the form, as you will, of the Power that has issued the Universe, it remains, except to your subjective illusion, nothing less than Infinite and nothing lower than Divine. And hence it is an equal error in the Theist to implicate his faith in resistance to the doctrine of progressive development,—be it in the formation of the solar system, in the consolidation of the earth's crust, or the origination of organic species. That doctrine would be atheistic only if the first germ on the one hand, and the evolution on the other, were root and branch undivine,—some blind material force that could set itself up in rivalry to God's. Inasmuch, however, as all forces are convertible, and that, too, not by culmination into Volition but by reduction from Volition, they are but His mask and can never be His competitors: and if ever they seem less than Will, it is only by a self-abnegation which is itself one of the highest acts of Will. Why, but for the fallacious suspicion to which we refer, should you object to recognise a law of progression in nature any more than in human history? You think it Providential that *Man* should be conducted from low beginnings, through the struggles of a various experience, to a civilised existence beyond the dreams of an early world. You follow, not without a solemn piety, the steps of a Lessing or a Bunsen tracing the Education of our race. From the painful impression left upon you by the long and wide spectacle of savage life, by the meanness of a thousand superstitions, by the cruelties and flagitiousness which darken even the most brilliant and sacred eras, you fly for relief to the thought, that these are but transitory stages on the way to better things;—that they do not in themselves give the true idea of the world;—that they must be viewed in connection with the ulterior destination on which all the lines of the past converge. You even argue that, were there nothing of this movement in advance,—were every thing human stationary as Chinese society or periodic as the Stoic's universe,—all would look too much like Fate: it is not in a perpetual noon, but only in a brightening dawn, that Divine hope rises in the heart. Why, then, if it be reverential to think thus of man, should it be atheistic to think the same of nature? What is kosmical development but the counterpart of human progression? Without an ever-living movement of idea, how can we conceive of an Eternal Mind at all? And if there be a Divine plan through all, how is its law to be read off and its drift

deciphered, but, as every infinite series is found, by legibly exposing some adequate segment of its terms, and spreading its steps along the ages? We pronounce at present no opinion on the scientific question to which Mr. Darwin's book has recently imparted a fresh interest. Looking at the speculation with rather a logician's than a naturalist's eye, we confess that our prevailing impression, at a little distance from the fascinations of the author's skill, is of the extreme exility of the evidence compared with the immensity of the conclusion. Should, however, the doctrine of Natural Selection become as well-established as that of successive geologic deposition, we venture to predict that works on Natural Theology will not only survive this new shock to the idea of creative paroxysms, but will turn it to account as a fertile source of theistic evidence and illustration. It is matter for regret and surprise that Mr. Darwin himself should have set forth his hypothesis as excluding the action of a higher intelligence:

> "Nothing" (he says) "at first can appear more difficult to believe than that the more complex organs and instincts should have been perfected, *not* by means superior to, though analogous with, human reason, *but* by the accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the individual possessor" (p. 459).

Surely the antithesis could not be more false, were we to speak of some patterned damask as made, *not* by the weaver, *but* by the loom; or of any methodised product as arising *not* from its primary *but* from its secondary source. All the determining conditions of species,—viz. (1) the possible range of variation, (2) its hereditary preservation, (3) the extrusion of inferior rivals,—must be conceived as already contained in the constituted laws of organic life; in and through which, just as well as by unmediated starts, "Reason superior to the human" may evolve the ultimate results. In a perfectly analogous case the products of human industry distribute themselves over the earth according to the laws of Political Economy, all springing from the spontaneous pressure of human desires: yet who would think it a just antithesis to say, that the ebb and flow of wealth and arts are due, *not* to any Providence of God, *but* to the hunger of mankind?

At the same time, though Primary and Secondary causation do not exclude each other, we own the difficulty of clearly adjusting their relation in our thought: nor can we pretend [redacted] resolving all power into Will. In the [redacted]ceed,—the communion of Spirit with the Human,—this Personal concep[redacted]gency; because here the relation

all depends on the free play of affection and character. But the governance of *Nature* by Personal Volition is less easy to conceive, the more we are impressed by the inflexibility, the neutrality, the universal sweep of her great laws. For mere manageable clearness, if that were all, some credit might be given to the old Deistical representation, of God as once contriving the universe, and then stocking it with properties and powers which dispensed with his further agency. Unfortunately, these properties and powers once installed in the kosmical executive, are too apt, like mayors of the palace, to set up for themselves: and the more all definite idea of a creative epoch, marked by sudden birth of the heavens and the earth, breaks up and distributes itself, the less has this theory to hold it together, and the more urgent becomes the cry for an immanent and living God. The religion of the present age, in all its newer and more vigorous manifestations, represents this cry. Reacting against the usurpations of secondary causation, wearied of its distance from the Fountain-head, it flings itself back with pathetic repentance into the arms of the Primary Infinitude, and tries to feel even the iron clasp of nature as the immediate embrace of God. It is a pure and high impulse: yet, when tranquil enough to go in search of its philosophical ground, it must become conscious of dangers and self-variance on this side too. It is impossible to resolve all natural causation into direct Will without raising questions (we say it plainly, but with reverence) of the Divine psychology. You say, He personally issues all the changes in the universe. Is there, then, a volition for each phenomenon? and if so, what constitutes a single phenomenon?—each drop of rain, for instance, or, the whole shower? or, the wider atmospheric tide which includes the other term of the broken equilibrium? or, the system of aerial currents that enwrap the earth, and of which this is as much an element as the rain-drop of the shower? or, the tissue of conditions, without which such currents would not be what they are,—including, at a stroke, the constitution of water and of air, the laws of caloric, the distribution of land and sea, the terrestrial rotation, the inclined equator, the solar light and heat? Where, in this mighty web of relations, are we to fix, and how to insulate, the *unit of volition?* Driven, by the infinite multiplicity of phenomena, to recognise in some form the occurrence of *generic* volition, you encounter the ulterior question, what, then, constitutes *the principle* of grouping for each genus, whereby what is manifold towards us is *one* from Him? Are the objects of his determining Thought concrete things and integral beings, individuals or kinds, such as Natural History deals with in its classifications? Or, are they rather those functions or proper-

ties into which we analyse bodies,—which run together to constitute an individual, and separate to traverse a host;—so that he thinks in the order of Science, with a volition for each Law,—now gravitation and all that it carries,—then, Electricity throughout its sweep? Lay out the conception which way you will, the two divisions cross each other. In the contemplative religion of many a cultivated man, they doubtless come, the one or the other, as may turn uppermost, with no sense of inconsistency. But down in subtler depths the perplexing mystery has been felt, ever since Plato's εἴδη, after vainly grappling with it, left it to the consciousness of the world.

Mr. Poynting, in his *Glimpses of the Heaven that lies around us*, assumes the *Scientific* order of Divine volition; supposes the Kosmos to be thought-out, Law by Law, in the track of Newton's, Dalton's, Oken's, Faraday's generalisations; and feels every shadow gone in the simple recognition of God as personally executing the whole scheme. His book is not less picturesque in exposition and ingenious in combination than it is bright and joyous in tone; and to young readers, able to adapt themselves to its somewhat fantastic form, it gives a valuable *coup-d'œil* of the newer methods of scientific thought, though perhaps with too little discrimination of positive results from speculative interpretation. For our fastidious gravity, we must confess, the visionary and supernatural dress of the first part of the work,—in which the author, escaped from the body, has the world explained to him by a celestial lecturer,—is more a burden than a help. But doubtless we are heavy of wing: and in compassion to such infirmity, the author, in a second part of the volume, reappears in the flesh, and takes his stand upon the level earth again, and gives a prose version of the "Divina Commedia" that precedes. From this part we gather the theory that God's supreme end is the revelation and spiritual reproduction of Himself in humanity; that history, Scripture, nature, are constituted throughout to serve as the school and discipline of our race; that the lower ranks of organised beings are sent forth as prefigurements, in advancing series, of man; that the several orders of force,—mechanical, chemical, vital, mental,—by which nature is built up, are developed modes of atomic attraction and repulsion; which again are resolvable, atoms and all, into a direct exercise of Divine power in lines converging on given points of space. An atom is a geometrical centre on which God directs force in all radii, thus constituting an attraction thither. Did the radii mutually impinge with perfect precision, they would give a statical resultant: but arriving with slight inaccuracy, they form an eddy round the centre, and so surround it with a zone of repulsion. Two atoms

unite, when, through rotation in opposite directions, their osculating surfaces are moving in the same; while under reverse conditions they retreat. An atom quivering makes its lines of gravitating force quiver too; and hence the phenomena of light and sound, and whatever else is reducible to undulation. By changes, often ingeniously rung, upon these elementary assumptions, the atoms are made to climb into their place and build the world and its organisms; and the lines to vibrate in such mode and degree as to furnish law after law in every science from physics to physiology. The hypothesis, in its resolution of matter into force, bears an essential resemblance to Boscovich's; and, as might be expected, breaks down at the same point,—the attempt to step, with only quantitative help, to the qualitative phenomena of nature. All the optical history, for instance, of a sunbeam is elaborately deduced: and the physiological changes along the visual nerve are also set forth: and both series of propagated movements are regarded as wonderful provision for enabling us to see. But when the question is asked, how it is that one vibration of atoms gives the sensation of heat, another that of light, a third that of sound, the only answer is, such is the will of God, who, "as soon as the quivering beats on eye or spirit," "raises in the mind the idea of light," or of heat, &c., as it may be. Were it not, then, for this interposed special volition, the visual idea would not arise, and trains of vibratory processes would be as inoperative on the eye as they are upon the ear. There is thus no more fitness in one of the mechanisms than in another, or in any than in none at all, to produce its appended perception: for this flows from a Divine act which might just as well interchange the antecedents or dispense with them entirely. And when we further remember that all the prior movements are also described as God's own volitional force, we seem to lose ourselves in a gratuitous circuit, in which He devises and works his own complex machinery for providing his own occasions for interposing his own volitions. We are reminded irresistibly of Malebranche: who, in the chain of material causes and effects, saw a scheme of nature offered to the apprehension of Minds; and, in the constituted faculties of minds, beheld a provision for the cognition of Nature; yet sunk an impassable chasm between them, and made intercommunication impossible, except by miracles, *mero arbitrio*, that superseded both. With Malebranche, however, the direct Divine act was limited to the intermediation between Mind and Matter, each of which could operate in its own sphere though not cross over to the other. But Mr. Poynting's spinning machinery of atoms is the immediate activity of God: the whole mental life of man, and the

ordinary exercise of his faculties, are so too; not less than the intercourse between the one and the other. When the objectivity of Nature, and the subjectivity of Man, and the whole scheme of relations uniting them, are all thrown into the Infinite together, all distinctions of being disappear, all problems vanish, and complex tissues of adaptation seem to lose all serious meaning and take the aspect of an empty play of thought, evoking conditions in order to meet them. For our own part, we confess to a very sceptical appreciation of the whole atomic doctrine, so unfortunately mixed up by Dalton with the law of definite proportions: and cannot help regarding the idea expressed by the word "atom" as a purely fictitious contrivance for escaping the contradictions of infinitude, an arbitrary stop in face of the perils of that wilderness, a logical thrust of the ostrich-head into the sand. And it may be due perhaps to this disrespectful estimate, that we find it painful to picture the Divine agency expending itself in rectilinear descents upon these centres, and in eddies round them, and quiverings from them, and a continuous evolution of nature from nothing else than such questionable rudiments. If such things really go on, we are not anxious to wrest them from the men of science and their "secondary laws," in order to claim them for the Primary.

But besides the questionable character of this atomic starting-point, and the incongruous mixture of necessary deduction and interpolated miracle, the exposition is open to the objection which attaches to every scheme of mere Divine self-evolution: it is, or in the mind of consequential thinkers it must become, Pantheistic. We use this word, not as a loose term of current reproach,—reproach often directed against precisely what is most pure and true in the religion of thoughtful men,—but rigorously, to mark the absence in a scheme of the universe of any thing or being properly objective to God: and this feature we cannot but regard as a fatal loss of philosophical equilibrium. Mr. Poynting anticipates this objection, and meets it thus:

"I have been told that some people will suspect the views of the universe here set forth of being Pantheistic. If there should be any such persons, let me beg them not to be frightened by their own spectral fancies. The views here given, instead of being Pantheistic, are the antidote for Pantheism.

Pantheism is the conception of the Universe as God. According to it, nature and human minds are all only parts of one Mysterious All, called God, but not thought of as a personal Being, as having thoughts and affections like the Christian God.

Now instead of saying that the Universe is God, I distinctly say that the Universe is only the *sign and effect* of God—his word, just as our words are signs and effects of our being. Instead of saying the

mind of man is only a part of God, I distinctly say that the very explanation of our existence is, that God desires not to multiply *Himself*, but that He craves otherness—beings not Himself; but only like Himself, sympathising with Him,—sons and heirs, not members of his own being.

The conception of God here presented is intensely unpantheistic, because it is intensely personal. God is thought of here as a being of love, goodness, thought; as, in fact, a Father. The whole doctrine of the book depends upon the soundness of our attributing to Him sympathies like those which we ourselves possess." (*Introduction*, p. xxi.)

This emphatic disclaimer is perfectly satisfactory, so far as the author's own faith, and the conscious aim of his teaching, are concerned. It is also true that, throughout his volume the Personality of God, and his Transcendency beyond Nature, are never compromised; and that the ascription to Him of emotions and conceptions akin to ours is carried even to the verge on which reverence begins to tremble. But it is not enough that you save the Divine personality, if you sacrifice the Human; without relation to which lesser, as substantive moral object, the greater, left to shed affections only on its own phenomenal effects, cannot sustain itself alive. Our author's theory appears to us to make no adequate provision for the personality of Man,—to treat him merely as the highest natural product, the last organism prefigured by the imperfect approaches of other animals, and crowning the long line of homogeneous development. Mr. Poynting, indeed, himself believes, and *intends* to work out the belief, that God "craves *otherness*, beings not Himself:" and if this intention be successfully carried out, our scruple is groundless. How far the discrimination of man from God is adequately made,—how far it establishes them in real relations of Person to Person,—may be estimated by the following statements:

"How often had a poor doubting mind confessed to me, 'You say that God is in contact with us, and gives his Holy Spirit to those who ask Him. Yet I look back through all my life, and I am not aware of any inspiration, any revelation, any suggestion, that has not come, like all my thoughts and feelings, by my ordinary faculties and instincts. It seems to me that I have been left alone with my own mind, and God has not at all interfered in its workings.' *I now saw that what we call the ordinary working of the mind itself, the law of its faculties, the movement of its impulses, was the very flowing of the Holy Spirit*" (p. 75).

The same doubt is met with the same answer in the Second Part: where it is said:

"We have watched our minds, we have prayed and striven, but we have been able to detect no trace of any stirring in our spirits beyond the natural action of our faculties and instincts.

Let us, then, consider these ordinary impulses and faculties. When we feel the impulse of Benevolence, the love of the Beautiful, the love of Knowledge, when we feel the Sentiment of Conscience approving or disapproving, when we feel the Reason leading us on from step to step of truth we know not how,—whence do these impulses and movings come? what is their fountain? Do *we* invent these movements? Do *we* originate or direct them ourselves? No, the movements seem to come in upon us like streams of life from a source outside our Will. Now what is the *source* from which these streams or movements come? Is there an inexhaustible supply of such streams, powers, impulses, shut up in secret wells within us, and is there some mechanical contrivance for unlocking these wells at our need, and letting these streams flow in upon our consciousness? I reply, we know of no such wells; we cannot, indeed, imagine them. We have never had experience of any such contrivance. On the other hand, there is a Cause, a real known cause at hand all around us—God himself, the Eternal fountain of Life and Power—quite sufficient to account for the phenomena" (p. 365).

If every feeling which streams in upon me, and every facultative activity that goes out from me, is thus foreign to me and is the Personal agency of another Mind, what remains to be my own? Where am I? My subjective experience, my objective energies, all given away, the whole essence is gone, and I have no longer any pretension to rank as a Person. The only conceivable residue of humanity left, after the Holy Spirit has thus claimed its own, is an empty capacity for the reception and transmission of alien influences and emanations. Mr. Poynting accordingly speaks of the soul as "an organ,—God's great organ,"—the music of which is from the breathing and inflowing of God's Holy Spirit (p. 310):—the very image employed, if we remember right, by Tertullian, in order to express the entire superseding of the human personality by Divine inspiration in the sacred writers. To say that we stand related to God, as the artfully-constructed instrument to the skilled hand that makes it speak, is to exclude the conditions of moral life, and make us His fabric rather than His sons. Perhaps our author would refer us to other passages, in which he seems to reserve *the Will* as man's peculium: as in this sentence:

"Every sensation, every thought, every feeling, every motion of every muscle, destroyed a fibril in the *voluntary, or man's part* of the frame; every motion of heart, every motion of the lungs, and each other organ connected with the preparation and circulation, destroyed a fibril in the *involuntary, or God's part* of the frame" (p. 158).

Will, however, cannot stand alone, to make *a person*, when every thing else has been alienated. It fails of the very condition of its exercise, unless surrounded, within the same in-

dividuality, by the data, and aided by the light, of other faculties, forming with it the proper nature or constitution of the living *self*. To will, without affection to desire, and reason to compare, is impossible: the *style*, so to speak, of affection, and the style of reason, are just as personally characteristic, as the style of willing: and to banish the two former into the Divine Personality, while retaining only the third for the human, is at once to "confound the persons" and "divide the substance." In proof of the impersonal and alien nature of our Reason, Conscience, Benevolence, &c., our author appeals to their *involuntary* character, and asks whether "*we* originate and direct them." He may test the value of the argument by putting the same question respecting *God's* Reason, Benevolence, Holiness, &c. Are these products of His Will? Did He "originate" or "invent" them? And if not, are they foreign to Him? On the contrary, they are of His innermost essence; forming the spiritual background of pre-requisites to Volition; more than all else defining His real and ultimate Self, precisely because *not* effects of His Will, but beyond Him to create or to destroy. In short, if it is Will that goes to make personality, it must carry with it, not its products alone, but its indispensable conditions. And these are just the circle of impulses and faculties which our author forbids us to appropriate.

We think, then, that Mr. Poynting has not adequately guarded his doctrine on this side; and has left, in strictness, but one Person in the Universe. Let us add that, in this, he stands associated with a great and holy company, and with them yields only to the excess of a noble affection. It has ever been the tendency of intense and paramount devotion to take nothing to itself, and give every thing to God. Minds engaged in habitual contemplation of the Infinite seem to become conscious, not of littleness only, but of nothingness in the Finite: and the vain attempt to hold the two in coexistence ends in passionate casting of the Finite away. They pass by meditation into a certain speculative form of Christian self-abnegation; and feel, with Augustine, that, ethically, Humanity has no standing before God; with Malebranche, that, intellectually, it has no light but His; with Tauler, that, spiritually, its only strength is to pass, exposed and weak, into His hand; with Spinoza, that, substantively, it vanishes into a mode of His reality. Transiently, every religious man, it is probable, touches one or other of these dizzy verges of thought, where the spirit trembles between the supreme height and nothingness. And there are seasons in the history of every church and nation when, in reaction from a temper of false security and pragmatical self-assertion, it is well for the consciousness of a people

to be snatched away, and planted for a while where it may look into the solemn space and feel the awful breath. But the permanent equilibrium of human thought is not there. The sense of Duty returns; the strife of Reason starts afresh; the toil of the Will resumes its tools;—and the latent assurance of personal faculty and of real freedom to use it, feeling its natural root, grows up into the light again; and pushes its green terrestrial margin ever further upon the overpowering expanse of Divine Necessity. Augustine converts the world: but Pelagius is its counsellor day by day. And we hold it indispensable to any tenable theory of Religion, that finite natures, and especially the human personality, should be secured in their real rights, and so interpreted as to remain, in some intelligible sense, objective to God.

This condition, it is evident, no theory can fulfil which represents God as evolving the universe "*out of Himself.*" He is then both its substance and its phenomena; and it is in no way differenced from Him, except by His transcending it. A blunt way of avoiding this consequence was resorted to by the more Judaically-minded Fathers of the Church in their doctrine of "creation out of *Nothing*;"—a doctrine which, holding its ground so far as material or fabricated nature is concerned, yielded, at the higher stage of human and spiritual existence, to the Alexandrine notion of the extension of the Divine Logos: and thus made way for the distinction between a mere *creature* and a *son* of God. This blank "Nothing,"—whatever philosophers may say against it,—was at least effectual for cutting off all obligations to antecedent material, whether within or without the Eternal substantive Being, and compelling the recognition of the world as something *other* than God. To this grand Hebrew distinction, a true instinct led the Church to cling through all the seductions of Gnosticism: and though the formula embodying it may give way, philosophical Theism cannot afford to surrender the distinction itself in any reaction towards Greek and German modes of thought. Our age professes itself weary of the old mechanical Deism, and cries out for the Immanent and Living God. It is well: but, even for Immanency itself, there must be something wherein to dwell; and for Life, something whereon to act. Mind, to think out its problems,—unless those problems are a dream,—cannot be monistic,—a mere subjective infinitude,—its tides and eddies all within. What resource, then, have we, when we seek for something objective to God? The first and simplest, in which accordingly philosophy has never failed to take refuge, is *Space*. Inconceivable by us except as coextensive and coeternal with [illegible] independent of Him, it lies ready, with all its con-

tents of geometrical property, for the intuition of his Reason. And to Thought, which thus comes out of its eternity, and engages itself upon determinate relation, we cannot help ascribing the cognition of *Time*, with its attendant, *Number*. Thus, the circle of quantitative data is complete, and the ground of all mensurative and deductive intellect is there. Will this, then, suffice? Can we follow out the Kosmical problem to its end upon this track? The experiment has been too tempting for philosophers to resist; and again and again they have worked in this vein, and tried to exhibit the universe as a *deduction*, thought-out "*more geometrico*" from axioms of Eternal Reason; to dispense altogether with creative *volition*, as the source of order; and to connect even physical qualities and phenomena by a conceivable chain of logical necessity with the self-evidence at fountain-head. But though in these attempts the most has been made of quantitative methods and conceptions,—though, for instance, *Extension* has been set up as the essence of Body, in the same way as Thought is the essence of Mind,—it has proved impossible to avoid resort to other conceptions, —as Substance, Attribute, Cause. Still, with these purely metaphysical and *a-priori* ideas added to the mathematical, it was supposed possible for Reason to evolve the world by following out the steps of a demonstration. The Necessity of things was coincident with the Necessity of thought: the *nexus* of Nature's development was the nexus of logical sequence: cause and effect were identical with premiss and conclusion: creation of being was discovery of truth: and final causation was the attainment of a Q. E. D. To complete the organism of such a system has been the vain ambition of many a keen and spacious intellect: and in the Ethics of Spinoza and the Dialectic of Hegel the pretension has, in modern times, twice culminated and twice fallen. The principle of their failure is this: they did not,—for, in truth, they could not,—keep their promise of borrowing nothing from experience and observation, and working every thing from ontological self-evidence. Physical postulates lurk in their metaphysical axioms: and however ready we may be to admit the *a-priori* necessity of such ideas as "Substance" and "Cause," and so far to let them stand on the same list of primary entities with "Space,"—as Real yet not empirically Known, Ideal yet not mental fictions, —still there is this difference;—that they are intrinsically *relative* notions, each of them member of a pair, and that the other and correlative term—"Attribute" antithetive to Substance, "Effect" or "Phenomenon" to Cause—is simply physical and an indispensable condition of its companion. Under the cloak therefore of stately metaphysical axioms, as they march in

plenipotentiary array, concealed entrance is given to material assumptions: and in the subsequent logical progress, it is just these inductive principles which cunningly slip out and lay the plank across many a chasm that were else impassable. Thus, the unsatisfactory results of these bold attempts, their inevitable slip out of their pure Monism, may well confirm our reasonable presumption, that nature cannot be treated as a geometrical or logical necessity; that, were God alone with the inner Laws of Thought and the outer data of Quantity, no universe need ever have been; and that to evolve the result intelligibly, we must go beyond the assumptions of the mathematics and metaphysics. In other words, there must be something else than Space objective to God.

Whether it is rationally conceivable that God should,—so to speak,—*supply Himself* with objectivity, by a "creation out of nothing,"—or whether, as Sir W. Hamilton contends, the conception is absurd and self-destructive, we need not pause to inquire. The idea is in any case discredited by modern science. It arose from an interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony: it belongs to the doctrine of the six days and the sudden "beginning" of their work; and loses all support, even from the imagination, as soon as the creative process is deprived of starts and catastrophes, and construed into a slow perpetuity of change. An instantaneous summons of a Kosmos out of nothing seems to require as its product a world perfected at once, in simple answer to the call; as the idea is enounced, so must it be realised; and nothing could be more incongruous with the ecclesiastical notion of absolute origination than that, in response to the Creator's *fiat* there should appear, for instance, a red-hot earth, requiring millions of years before its human and historic purpose could even open. The measure of its ulterior progress inevitably becomes the measure of its earlier emergence. But if we must pronounce this conception superseded, there is only one resource left for completing the needful objectivity to God; viz. to admit, in some form, the coeval existence of matter, as the condition and medium of the Divine agency and manifestation. We freely allow that this is an assumption, resting on quite other grounds than those which support our belief respecting Space. But it is an hypothesis which neither religion nor philosophy, beyond the pantheistic circle, has been able to avoid; which, at one extreme, Hebraism admits in its Chaos; and, at the other, Hellenism in the *ἄπειρον*, *ἀνάγκη*, *τὸ μὴ ὄν*, of Plato, and the *ὕλη* of Aristotle. Our mental constitution itself, indeed, seems to contain a provision for [illegible] as every phenomenon, necessitating the idea of [illegible] us to God; so every attribute, necessitating

the idea of Substance, refers us to Matter. And all the physical indications point unambiguously the same way. Stupendous as the chronometry is which the Geologist places at our command, its utmost stretch into the Past brings us apparently no nearer to a lonely God; nature is still there, with no signs of recency, but still in the midst of changes that have an immeasurable retrospect. May we not, then, fairly say that the burden of proof remains with those who affirm the absolute origination of matter at a certain or uncertain date? Failing the proof, we are left with the Divine Cause and the material Condition of all nature in eternal copresence and relation, as Supreme subject and rudimentary object.

This position, however, needs some obvious limitations. We do not mean, of course, to claim perpetual existence in the past for the particular material objects we see around us: or, for any of the kinds of beings now extant: or, even for all the *properties* which matter now exhibits: for, prior to the appearance of organisation, for instance, the physiological qualities and actions were not assumed. Stripping off, as we retire backward, the more refined, as being the more recent, modes, and endeavouring to reach the simplest skeleton of the constitution of matter, we meet with a familiar distinction which may prevent us, in taking what logical necessity requires, from taking more than it requires. We refer to the distinction which the attacks of a purely sensational philosophy and the neglect of a purely deductive only tend to confirm, between the Primary and the Secondary qualities of Body. The former are those which are inseparable from the very idea of Body, and may be evolved *a priori* from the consideration of it as Solid extension or Extended solidity. The latter are those which we could not thus evolve by reflection, but which, having no necessary implication with the definition of body, must be learned, like all contingent things, from experience. To the former class, for instance, belong Triple Dimension, Divisibility, Incompressibility; to the latter, Gravity, Softness or Hardness, Smell, Colour, &c. As the former cannot absent themselves from Body, they have a reality coeval with it, and belong eternally to the material datum objective to God; and his mode of activity with regard to them must be similar to that which alone we can think of his directing upon the relations of Space, viz. not Volitional, to cause them, but Intellectual, to think them out. The Secondary qualities, on the other hand, having no logical tie to the Primary, but being appended to them as contingent facts, cannot be referred to any deductive thought, but remain over as products of pure Inventive Reason and Determining Will. This sphere of cognition, *a posteriori* to us,—where we

cannot move a step alone but have submissively to wait upon experience, is precisely the realm of Divine originality: and we are most sequacious where He is most free. While on this Secondary field His Mind and ours are thus contrasted, they meet in resemblance again upon the Primary: for the evolutions of deductive Reason there is but one track possible to all intelligences; no *merum arbitrium* can interchange the false and true, or make more than one geometry, one scheme of pure Physics, for all worlds: and the Omnipotent Architect Himself, in realising the Kosmical conception, in shaping the orbits out of immensity and determining seasons out of eternity, could but follow the laws of curvature, measure, and proportion. And so, in the region of the demonstrative sciences, to us the highest that mere intellect attains, where most we feel our thought triumphant and seem to look down on dominated nature, there is His Mind the least unconditioned, and there alone comes into experience of necessity.

There is, then, on the one side and the other of this boundary-line, a ground in Nature for the action of a purely Intellectual Divine power, evolving consequences by necessary laws of thought; and for the action of a purely Voluntary power, weaving in what is absolutely original, and executing the free suggestions of design. And there is a justification for both forms of religious philosophy;—that which attempts the "*a-priori* road," which detects Divine vestiges in the mysterious significance of Space and Eternity and Substance, or in the diagrams which suit alike the terrestrial and celestial mechanics,—which feels it a solemn thing that One and the same Reason pervades the universal Kosmos;—and that which, on the track of experience, recognises marvellous combinations, and delights in the surprises of beauty and design. The only fault of either method lies in its self-exaggeration and intolerance of the other. When, however, we come close to the question, in what way the Volition of God applies itself to the objective material on which it works, the difficulty still recurs: does it move in the lines of nature's general laws and forces, so that each one of these has as it were a volition of itself: or, does it alight upon the concrete and living results in individualised, especially in conscious, and supremely in moral, beings? If we take the first side of the alternative, we throw the aims of God into the order of the Inductive analysis of nature, and seem to withdraw all realised things and persons from his contemplation: we engage him in weaving worlds and creatures to which, except as compounds of a thousand lines of skill, he [redacted] If we take the second side, we relieve indeed [redacted] in rendering each integral being the

object of a distinct and unitary purpose, we throw out of intelligible gear the several laws which science shows to be confluent in that one nature, and seem, in claiming them also for the Will of God, to send the volitions in cross directions.

We do not deny that these conflicting modes of thought are hard to reduce into complete harmony; or into harmony at all without selecting one of them as of superior authority and entitled to exercise a regulative influence over the other. Were we never to look beyond physico-theology, we believe the controversy between the two would be perpetual; the naturalist, and every sympathising observer of individual objects and kinds, being so prevailingly impressed with adaptations of organism and life as to see the final causes there; the student of the physical sciences, on the other hand, being so possessed with the conception of grand imperial laws that override all single integers of being, as to deem all concrete design subordinate or doubtful, and engage the Divine interest chiefly upon the method and tissue of the universal order. The indications of purpose which Paley finds in the fitness of the eye for its special use, Baden Powell rather sees in the symmetry and uniformity of the great optical laws, which still speak of Mind, though they sweep over tracts of time and space where vision cannot be. The scale must be turned and the verdict gained by appeal to the *Moral* sources of religion within us. Volition, in its very nature, is at the disposal of *Character:* and the character of God,—the order of affections in Him,—the ends that are highest in regard,—we learn, not from the tides, the strata, or the stars, but from the intimations of Conscience, and the distribution of authority in the hierarchy of our impulses. The perfection which is our ideal is but His real; the image of Him thrown upon the sensitive retina of the soul by his own essential light. The moment we refer to this interpreter, we know that if intellectual tastes are good, personal affections are better, and reverence for goodness the best of all: we can no longer dream that the sense of symmetry, the delight in beauty of thought or things, can have paramount disposal of the Divine Volition: we must recognise as supreme with Him the Love towards personal beings capable of sympathy with his nature, of trust in his direction and free aspiring to his likeness. If the moral order of the universe be the τελειότατον τέλος, the physical must stand to it in the relation of an instrument: general laws are for the sake of particular beings: and the order of nature, whatever other ends it may embrace, has primary reference to the personal agents on its scene, who, in the endowment of freedom, occupy a position above nature. Does this reduction of the scientific laws to a secondary place withdraw

them from God and convert them into his deputies? Not in the least: they are secondary, not in nearness to his Person, but in rank within his Thought: and there is in this nothing to interfere with his execution of his own design, and letting his Will be the only Force. The volitional character of the several modes of natural power does not require that they be willed upon their own account, so that they carry in their aspect the features and movements of the Divine character. As the methods of his activity they variously traverse, in their classification, the grouping of his purposes. He is immanent in Nature: but his real life is known only beyond Nature. To believe the first alone of these clauses is Pagan, to believe the second alone is evangelical; Christian philosophy must blend them both.

There is, however, a limit beyond which we find it difficult to carry out, with satisfactory clearness of conception, the doctrine of God's *immediate* agency in nature. The secondary qualities of matter, the "physical forces" of the world, may readily be regarded as mere disguises or mere signs of Himself. But *living* beings can hardly be conceived as simply the *nidus* of power not their own,—the organism theirs, the function not. We cannot follow Descartes in treating them as mere automata. Their whole distinctive significance lies in their being separate centres of at least incipient individuality; and to represent them as only media of a Divine incarnation is offensive alike to science and to religion. Here, then, it seems impossible to dispense with the idea of *delegated* power, detached by one remove from the universal source, and lent but for a term of life to work the conditions of a distinct existence. The instincts and spontaneities of animals constitute a true Divine guidance, adjusted as they are in accurate relation to their external position, and restrained within definite limits of possibility: but this very method and preconception imply an abstinence for the time being of direct and momentary volition, and a consignment of the whole phenomena, in group or system, to a determinate "nature" or "constitution." The difference is perhaps, after all, incident only to our point of view, and would disappear could we contemplate the world "under the form of eternity." We live down from moment to moment, we deliver forth our volitions one by one in linear detail; we have experience enabling us to interpret generic acts of Will inclusive of complexity of relations and a persistence in time: and cannot present to ourselves the Divine power running into fixed types, or trace the deep-rooted unity of these seeming islands in the sea of things with the continuous continent of the Infinite Will. Be it remembered too, that there are two

kinds of union with God,—dynamic and moral; and that moral union requires dynamic separation; which accordingly widens as we ascend in the scale of being, till a true Self,—a free Personality,—appears, sufficiently beyond the verge of Nature to give an answering look to the very face of the Most High. At this culminating extreme we have a real trust of independence,—subjectivity perfected,—causality realised. At the other and initial extreme where the material datum lies, we have passive potentiality,—mere objectivity, causality not yet begun. Between this inframundane commencement and supernatural end, the Creative agency moves, to build and animate the mighty whole which we call Nature; at each advance receding from the bare receptivity of matter, and approaching, through the spontaneous vital energies, the actual individuality of personal existence. In this great cycle, Matter is the negative condition of Divine power; Force, its positive exercise; Life, its delegation under limits of necessity; Will, under concession of freedom. And if we may venture to speak of a yet higher stage which evades the reach of words,—that saintly posture of the soul which Scripture designates by the term Spirit, may we not say, it is the conscious return, by free identification, of every delegated power into harmony with its Source? And so, the dynamic removal finds its end in moral unity.

But these questions deepen and widen under our hand; and we must close them. We have endeavoured to throw a line or two across the gulf which unhappily divides the *savans* from the theologians of our day. Whether any communication will pass along them we do not presume to say. But of this we are sure;—that the alienation they seek to remedy can be but transitory, having no foundation in the nature of things, arising only in the crossing lights and illusory darkness of human fancy. Inasmuch as Deductive Science represents the Order of God's intellect, Inductive Science the methods of his agency, Moral Science the purpose of his Will, the blending of their voices in one glorious hymn is as certain as the Oneness of his nature and the symmetry of his Universe: and it must be a very poor Science and a very poor Religion that delay by discord the approach of that great harmony.

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